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CLARKE

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THE MARCUS CLARKE MEMORIAL VOLUME.

CAMERON, LAING AND CO., PRINTERS,
MELBOURNE.

Truly Yours.

Marcus Clarke

THE

MARCUS CLARKE

MEMORIAL VOLUME,

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF

MARCUS CLARKE,

TOGETHER WITH LORD ROSEBERY'S LETTER, ETC.,

AND A BIOGRAPHY OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HAMILTON MACKINNON.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."
—MACBETH.

MELBOURNE:
CAMERON, LAING AND CO.,
1884.

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TO

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE,

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

MARIAN CLARKE,

IN

GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF HIS

KINDNESS TO HER AND HER CHILDREN.

MELBOURNE, JANUARY, 1884.

LORD ROSEBERY'S LETTER ACCEPTING DEDICATION.

Government House, Melbourne,
January 16th, 1884.

MRS. MARCUS CLARKE.

DEAR MADAM—

I AM honored by your request that I should allow the Memorial Volume of your late husband's works to be dedicated to me. I am very chary about dedications because I never feel I deserve them. But this one, perhaps, I am least unworthy of, and, therefore, if you think that my name can be of the slightest service to the book, pray make use of it as you please.

I say that I am not wholly unworthy of this honor, and for this reason. I think, perhaps, that of those who live in England I am one of the oldest and warmest of your husband's admirers; so warm that I remember, when I read of his death, feeling that my visit to Australia (which has always been a floating dream of mine) would lose one great attraction to me in his absence. Long ago I fell upon "HIS NATURAL LIFE" by accident, and read it not once or twice, but many times, at different periods. Since then I have frequently given away copies to men whose opinions I valued, and have always received from them the same opinion as to the extraordinary power of the book.

There can, indeed, I think, be no two opinions as to the horrible fascination of the book. The reader who takes it up and gets beyond the Prologue—which is for many reasons the least satisfactory, albeit a very necessary part of the narrative—though he cannot but be harrowed by the long agony of the story and the human anguish of every page, is unable to lay it down: almost in spite of himself he has to read and to suffer to the bitter end. To me, I confess, it is the most terrible of all novels, more terrible than "Oliver Twist," or Victor Hugo's most startling effects, for the simple reason that it is more real. It has all the solemn ghastliness of truth.

Since I have been in Australia I have employed some of the little time at my disposal in carefully examining the blue books on which "HIS NATURAL LIFE" is founded, and during my recent visit to Tasmania I made some personal enquiries on the same subject. The result has been to bring conviction to my

mind that the case is not one whit overstated—nay, that the fact in some particulars is more frightful than the fiction. Perhaps the most appalling chapter in the book is that which describes the escape and cannabalism of Gabbett, yet this is taken with almost verbal accuracy from the narrative of the escape of Pearce and Cox from Macquarie Harbor, in the appendix of the Transportation Report of 1837-8. That this should be so only enhances, to my mind, the merit of the book.

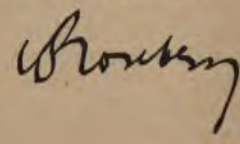
The materials for great works of imagination lie all around us; but it is genius that selects and transposes them.

I fancy that your husband's works are not sufficiently appreciated in Australia. I am sure that they are insufficiently appreciated in Great Britain. It is not, perhaps, wonderful as regards Great Britain, but it is certainly wonderful (if it be true) as regards Australia. For it is rare, I think, that so young a country has produced so great a literary force. I cannot believe but that the time must soon come when Australians will feel a melancholy pride in this true son of genius, and Australian genius. While as they read his greatest work (written when he was but twenty-five) they cannot but be thrilled at the thought that the bright present they enjoy is separated by so narrow an interval of time from the infernal tragedy portrayed therein. And in England you may find that like another power in the world of letters, not dissimilar in genius, I mean Emily Brontë, he may have made up to him in posthumous honor what was lacking in his lifetime.

In any case, I rejoice at the publication of a volume of those smaller pieces of your husband's which are out of print; and I hope to see at no distant date a cheaper edition of "His Natural Life," so as to bring it within the reach of the great mass of the reading public.

I am writing in haste, as in an hour or two I leave Melbourne on my way home, so will only ask you to believe me to be,

Sincerely Yours,



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THE BIOGRAPHY.

OWING to the almost morbid reticence of the late Marcus Clarke about his early childhood and later boyhood, it is by no means an easy task to give anything like a fair record of him in those days, when his highly impressionable nature was first subjected to the influences around it; influences which, doubtless, affected his after career in no small degree, and which may be held chiefly accountable for the comparative failure in results of an intellect so richly gifted as was his. Indeed, more information, as to the peculiar surroundings of his boyish days, is to be gleaned from his writings than from any other reliable source; but, in accepting these descriptions as autobiographical, the reader must of necessity allow for the play of an imagination which was of so brilliant a nature as to cast a glamor over the most common-place objects.

With this prefatory explanation, I will enter upon those facts of his biography known to and collected by me.

Marcus Andrew Hislop Clarke was born at Kensington—the Old Court suburb of London—on the 24th April, 1846. His father, William Hislop Clarke, was a barrister-at-law, and was recognised as a man of great ability, both in his profession and as a *littérateur*, albeit, eccentric to a degree. Of his mother little is known beyond that she was a remarkably beautiful woman, of whom her husband was so devotedly fond that, when

her death occurred, some months after the birth of the subject of this biography, he isolated himself from the world, living ever afterwards the life of a man for whom the world had no pleasures, and of which world he had no opinion beyond one of cynical contempt. Besides his father, there were, among other brothers of his, two whose names belong to the history of the Australian colonies; the one is that of James Langton Clarke, once a County Court judge in Victoria, and now living on his pension in Europe, and the other, Colonel Andrew Clarke, K.H., who died at Perth in 1849, as Governor of Western Australia. The latter was the father of one who has somewhat distinguished himself, within the past few years, as a military engineer and public administrator. I refer to Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke, K.C.M.G., Inspector-General of Fortifications in Great Britain, formerly Minister of Public Works in India, and Governor of the Straits Settlements. To the colonists of Victoria he will be better known as Captain Clarke, the first Surveyor-General of the colony, the author of the Existing Municipal Act, and the drawer of a pension from this colony, which is now being disputed.

Whether authentic or not, the late Marcus Clarke claimed a distinguished genealogy for his family, which, though hailing, as regards his immediate ancestors, from the Green Isle, were English from a traceable Norman origin, having only betaken themselves to Ireland in the Cromwellian period. And among his papers were found the following notes, which, doubtless, refer to this matter:—

"In 1612 William Clarke was made a burgess of Mountjoie, Co. Tyrone, and in 1658 Thurloe wrote to Henry Cromwell, desiring him to give Colonel Clarke land in Ireland for pay."

With an inherited delicate constitution and without the love-watching care of a mother, or the attention of sisters, he passed his childhood. And that the absence of this supervision and guidance was felt by him in after years, we have but to read

this pathetic passage from a sketch of his, styled "Human Repetends," to assure ourselves :—

"To most men the golden time comes when the cares of a mother or the attention of sister aid to shield the young and eager soul from the blighting influences of worldly debaucheries. Truly fortunate is he among us who can look back on a youth spent in the innocent enjoyments of the country, or who possesses a mind moulded in its adolescence by the gentle fingers of well mannered and pious women."

When considered old enough to go away from his mother's home, the boy was sent to the private school of Dr. Dyne, situated in Highgate, another suburb of London, hallowed by having been at one time associated with such illustrious names in literature as Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Keats, De Quincey, and others. Here he obtained whatever scholastic lore he possessed, and was, according to the opinion of a schoolfellow, known as a humorously eccentric boy, with a most tenacious memory and an insatiable desire to read everything in the shape of print that he could lay hands on. Owing to his physical inability to indulge in the usual boyish sports, he was in the habit of wandering about in search of knowledge wherever it was to be gleaned, and not infrequently this restless curiosity, which remained with him to the last, led him into quarters which it had been better for his yet unformed mind he had never entered. Here again was felt the absence of a mother's guidance, which was unfortunately replaced by the carelessness of an indulgent father. Of his schooldays little is known, save what can be gathered from a note-book—a kind of diary—kept by him at that period; and even in this the information is most fragmentary as, like other and subsequent attempts of his in keeping records, he adhered to no system and was by no means regular in noting down passing occurrences. According to this book he seems to have had only two friends, with whom he was upon terms of great intimacy. They were brothers, Cyril and Gerald Hopkins, and they appear,

judging from jottings and sketches of theirs in his scrap album, to have been talented both as versifiers and pen and ink sketchers; in both of which their schoolfellow was equally good. Among other jottings to be found in this school record is one bearing the initials G. H., and referring to one "Marcus Scrivener" as a "Kaleidoscopic, Parti-colored, Harlaquinesque Thaumatropic" being. Another item which may not be uninteresting to read, as indicating the turn for humorous satire, which, even at so early a period of his life, Marcus Clarke had begun to develop, is an epitaph written by himself on himself, and runs thus :—

Hic Jacet
MARCUS CLERICUS
Qui non malus, 'Coonius
Consideratus fuit
Sed amor bibendi
Combinatus cum pecunie deficione
Mentem ejus oppugnabat—
Mortuus est
Et nihil ad vitam restorare
Posset.

Of his schoolmaster, the Reverend Doctor Dyne, I have been unable to discover anything save the following dedication to a novel ("Chatteris"), commenced by his former pupil shortly after his arrival in Australia. From this it is apparent that the master had not failed to recognise the talents of his gifted pupil, nor yet be blind to his amiable weaknesses. It reads—

To
T. B. DYNE, D.D.,
Head Master of Chomley School, Highgate.
This Work
Is respectfully dedicated in memory of the advice so tenderly given, the good wishes so often expressed, and the success so confidently predicted for the author.

But whatever good influences there might have been at work during his residence at Dr. Dyne's school, they were, most un-

iortunately for their subject, more than counterbalanced by others of a very dissimilar character met with by him at his father's house. It seems scarcely credible that so young a boy was allowed to grow up without any restraining influences except those of a foolishly-indulgent father, as we are led to believe was the case from the following extract, which the writer knows was intended by the subject of the biography as a reference to his boyish days when away from school. Doubtless the picture is somewhat over-colored, but substantially it is true. The extract is again taken from "Human Repetends":—

"My first initiation into the business of "living" took place under these auspices. The only son of a rich widower, who lived, under sorrow, but for the gratification of a literary and political ambition, I was thrown when still a boy into the society of men twice my age, and was tolerated as a clever impertinent in all those witty and wicked circles in which virtuous women are conspicuous by their absence. I was suffered at sixteen to ape the vices of sixty. You can guess the result of such a training. The admirer of men whose successes in love and play were the theme of common talk for six months; the worshipper of artists, whose genius was to revolutionise Europe, only they died of late hours and tobacco; the pet of women whose daring beauty made their names famous for three years. I discovered at twenty years of age that the pleasurable path I had trodden so gaily led to a hospital or a debtors' prison, that love meant money, friendship an endorsement on a bill, and that the rigid exercise of a profound and calculating selfishness alone rendered tolerable a life at once deceitful and barren. In this view of the world I was supported by those middle-aged Mephistopheles (survivors of the storms which had wrecked so many Argosies), those cynical, well-bred worshippers of self, who realise in the nineteeth century that notion of the Devil which was invented by early Christians. With these good gentlemen I lived, emulating their cynicism, rivalling their sarcasm, and neutralising the superiority which their existence gave them by the exercise of that potentiality for present enjoyment, which is the privilege of youth."

Again, in another sketch he wrote, referring to this period of his life—

"Let me take an instant to explain how it came about that a pupil of the Rev. Gammons, up in town for his holidays, should have owned such an acquaintance. My holidays, passed in my father's widowed house, were enlivened by the coming and going of my cousin Tom from Woolwich, of cousin Dick from Sandhurst, of cousin Harry from Aldershot. With Tom, Dick, and Harry came a host of friends—for as long as he was not disturbed the head of the house rather liked to see his rooms occupied by the relatives of people with whom he was intimate, and a succession of young men of the Cingbars, Ringwood, and Algernon Deuceacre sort made my home a temporary roosting-place. I cannot explain how such a curious *ménage* came to be instituted, for, indeed, I do not know myself, but such was the fact, and 'little Master,' instead of being trained in the way he should morally go, became the impertinent companion of some very wild-bloods indeed. 'I took Horace to the opera last night, sir,' or, 'I am going to show Horatius Cocles the wonders of Cremorne this evening,' would be all that Tom, or Dick, or Harry, would deign to observe, and my father would but lift his eyebrows in indifferent deprecation. So, a wild-eyed and eager school-boy, I strayed into Bohemia, and acquired in that strange land an assurance and experience ill suited to my age and temperament. Remembering the wicked, good-hearted inhabitants of that curious country, I have often wondered since 'what they thought of it,' and have interpreted, perhaps not unjustly, many of the homely tenderness which seemed to me then so strangely out of place and time."

In the midst of this very peculiar and doubtful state of existence for a youth, his father died suddenly, leaving his affairs in an unsatisfactory state. This unexpected change brought matters to a climax, and at seventeen years of age Marcus Clarke found that instead of inheriting, as hoped, a considerable sum of money, he was successor to only some few hundred pounds, the net result of the realization of his late father's estate. With this it was arranged by his guardian

relatives that he should seek a fresh field for his future career, and accordingly in 1864 he was shipped off to Melbourne by Green's well-known old liner "The Wellesley," consigned to his uncle, Judge Clarke, above mentioned. Referring to this episode of his life, he has written in "Human Repetends" in the following sarcastic and somewhat injured strain :—

"My father died suddenly in London, and to the astonishment of the world left me nothing. His expenditure had been large, but as he left no debts his income must have been proportionate to his expenditure. The source of this income, however, it was impossible to discover. An examination of his bankers' book showed only that large sums (always in notes or gold) had been lodged and drawn out, but no record of speculations or investments could be found among his papers. My relatives stared, shook their heads, and insulted me with their pity. The sale of furniture, books, plate, and horses, brought enough to pay the necessary funeral expenses and leave me heir to some £800. My friends of the smoking-room and of the supper-table philosophised on Monday, cashed my I O U's on Tuesday, were satirical on Wednesday, and cut me on Thursday. My relatives said "Something must be done," and invited me to stop at their houses until that vague substantiality should be realised, and offers of employment were generously made ; but to all proposals I replied with sudden disdain, and, desirous only of avoiding those who had known me in my prosperity, I avowed my resolution of going to Australia."

After one of those lengthy voyages for which the good and comfortable old ship "The Wellesley" was renowned, the youth of bright fancies and disappointed fortune set foot in Melbourne ; and, after the manner of most "new chums" with some cash at command and no direct restraining power at hand, he set himself readily to work, fathoming the social and other depths of his new home. The natural consequence of this was that one who had already seen so much "life" in London, soon made his way into quarters not highly calculated to improve his morals or check his extravagantly formed habits. In other words, he began his Bohemian career in Australia with a zest

not altogether surprising in one who had been carefully tutored in London Bohemianism. For a description of how he passed his time in these, his first Australian days, reference need only be made to the sketch—"Austin Friars,"—which appears in this volume. In this the characters are drawn from life, and to those who knew him in the Austin-Friarian days, some of the likenesses will be recognised as those of men living in our midst at the present time. As a matter of course, a youth with such exceptional powers of quaint humor, playful satire, and *bonhomie* became a universal favorite where-ever he went, much, unfortunately, to his own future detriment. But, in due course, a change came of necessity o'er this Bohemian dream, when the ready cash was no longer procurable without work. It was then, through the influence of his uncle the Judge, that Marcus Clarke, or Hislop Clarke, as he called himself in those days, was relegated to a high stool in the Bank of Australasia. As might have been expected of one who had spent most of his time in drawing caricatures and writing satirical verses and sketches, he was a *lusus naturæ* to the authorities of the bank, viz., Messrs. Frank Grey Smith and Henry Giles Turner, and this is not to be wondered at, when one learns that his mode of adding up long columns of figures was by guesswork. For instance, he would run his eye over the pence column and make a guess at the aggregate amount, and so on with the shillings and pounds columns, to the end of the chapter. Indeed, as Mr. Turner puts it, in an article upon him in the January, 1882, number of the *Melbourne Review*:—

"He hated methodical book-keeping, and a column of figures was a weariness of the flesh that would depress him for a whole day; he made the most hideous mistakes, and could never be got to realise the paramount importance of exact accuracy in pass-books or official returns." Yet, despite all these drawbacks, he was such a favorite with all his associates that his *laches* were overlooked on the score of the liveliness of his companionship and the brilliancy of his talents." I cannot, in proof of this, do better

than again quote from Mr. Turner's article as follows :—"But if he failed to satisfy the authorities he was the life and soul of the office during his short novitiate. With a ready faculty of easy versification he was continually delighting his brother clerks with burlesque ballads and heroic verse upon the topics of the hour, in which he satirized his companions or lampooned the ruling officials with indifference and daring. It came to be recognised in the office that a man who could write off tragic passages from Æschylus in the original, or turn some commonplace joke of the moment in excellent Horation verse, ought not to be expected to write up pass-books, and so, rather than see Pegasus in harness, every clerk's hand was ready to help him at his work."

But, despite all this friendliness, it was at last considered, in the interests of all concerned, that he should seek his livelihood at a more congenial avocation, and consequently he left the bank. But here must be mentioned the manner in which the severance took place, as being characteristic of him. Clarke had, after some months' sojourn in the service of the bank, applied for a short leave of absence. The letter containing this request not having been immediately answered, he sought the presence of the manager for an explanation, when the following scene took place :—Clarke : "I have come to ask, sir, whether you received my application for a few weeks' leave of absence." The Manager : "I have, Mr. Clarke." Clarke : "Will you grant it to me, sir?" The Manager : "Certainly, Mr. Clarke, and a longer leave, if you desire it" Clarke : "I feel very much obliged, sir." How long may I extend it to, sir?" The Manager : "Indefinitely Mr. Clarke, if you do not object!" Clarke : "Oh ! I perceive, sir ; you consider it best for us to part ; and perhaps, sir, it is best after all. I suppose I shall receive some compensation, sir?" The Manager : "Most certainly. Please send in an application ;" and Mr. Clarke withdrew from his 'boss,' got the compensation, and ceased to be a banker. Again it will not be inopportune to quote from an article on "Business Men," written by him sub-

sequently, and in which he refers to his banking experiences :—

"It has always been my misfortune through life not to be a Business Man. When I went into a bank—The Polynesian, Antarctic and Torrid Zone—I suffered. I was correspondence clerk, and got through my work with immense rapidity. The other clerks used to stare when they saw me strolling homewards punctually at four. I felt quite proud of my accomplishments. But in less than no time a change took place. Letters came down from up-country branches. 'I have received cheques to the amount of £1 15s. 6d., two of which *no* mention is made in your letter of advice.' 'Sir! how is it that my note of hand for £97 4s. 1¾d., to meet which I forwarded Messrs. Blowhard and Co.'s acceptance, has been dishonored by your branch at Warrnambool.' '*Private.*—Dear Cashup: Is your correspondent a hopeless idiot? I can't make head or tail of his letter of advice. As far as I can make out, he seems to have sent out the remittances to the wrong places.—Yours, T. TOTTLE.' I am afraid that it was all true. The manager sent for me, said that he loved me as his own brother, and that I wore the neatest waistcoats he had ever seen, but that my genius was evidently fettered in a bank. Here was a quarter's salary in advance, he had no fault, quite the reverse; but, but, well—in short—I was not a Business Man." In addition to this the following remark, bearing on the same subject, written in one of the "Noah's Ark" papers in the *Australasian*, may also here be quoted: "A Man of Business," said Marston, oracularly, "is one who becomes possessed of other people's money without bringing himself under the power of the law."

Finding commercial pursuits were not his *forte*, the youthful ex-banker bethought him of turning his attention to the free and out-door existence of a bushman. Accordingly he, shortly after leaving the bank, in January, 1865, obtained, through his uncle, Judge Clarke, a "billet" on Swinton Station, near Glenorchy, belonging to Mr. John Holt, and in which the judge had a pecuniary interest. Here he remained for some two years learning "colonial experience" in the manner described in the sketch in this volume, styled "A Bark Hut." It was during his sojourn in this wild and mountainous region that Marcus Clarke im-

bibed that love for the weird, lonely Australian Bush, which he so graphically and pathetically describes in so many of his tales —notably in "Pretty Dick," a perfect bush idyll in the opinion of all who know the full meaning of the words Australian Bush. Although sent up to learn the ways and means of working a station, it is to be feared that the results of the lessons were not over fruitful. Indeed, beyond roving about the unfrequented portions of the run in meditation wrapped, pipe in mouth and book in pocket, in case of thoughts becoming wearisome, the sucking squatter did little else till night set in, and then the change of programme simply meant his retiring after the evening meal to his own room and spending the time well into midnight writing or reading. From one who was a companion of his on the station at the time, viz., that most popular sportsman and genial, generous, good fellow, Donald Wallace, I have learned that though Clarke wrote almost every night he kept the product of his labor to himself. But we now know that the work of his pen appeared in several sketches in the *Australian Magazine*, then published by Mr. W. H. Williams. One of these was "Austin Friars," to which allusion has already been made, and the others were three psychological studies called "The Mantuan Apothecary," "Doppleganger," and "Playing with Fire." These were written under the *nom de plume* of Marcus Scrivener. So it will be seen that even at so early a period of his literary career he had a predilection for those psychological subjects, which he afterwards illustrated in such tales as "Human Repetends," "Canabis Indica," and his last work, "The Mystery of Major Molyneaux." It was while residing in this district that he took stock of the characters which he subsequently utilised in all his tales relating to bush life. For instance, "Bullocktown," is well known to be Glenorchy, the post town of the Swinton Station, and all the characters in it are recognisable as life portraits presented with that peculiar glamor which his genius cast over all his literary work. And to one

of the characters in it—Rapersole—the local postmaster, Mr. J. Wallace, I am under an obligation for supplying me with some incidents in the career of one for whom the postmaster had a very deep regard both from a literary and social point of view. In the notes he has supplied me with, Mr. Wallace states that Marcus Clarke was a great favorite with everybody, and was the life and soul of every local entertainment in the shape of concerts and balls, in all of which he took part with great zest. He was also at that time a regular attendant at the church and a frequent visitor to the local State school, in which he took a lively interest, giving prizes to the boys. He was, moreover, an omnivorous reader, getting, says Mr. Wallace, all the best English magazines and endless French novels from Melbourne regularly. But whatever progress he may have been making in his literary pursuits, it was found by Mr. Holt that as a "hand" on the station he was not of countless price. Indeed, it was discovered after he had been there some months, that not only did the gifted youth pay little heed to his unintellectual work, but that he had to a great extent imbued others engaged on the station, with such a love for reading—more particularly the novels of Honoré Balazac—that the routine duty of their daily existence became so irksome that they sought consolation by taking shelter from the noonday sun under some distant gum tree, listening to their inspired instructor, as he translated some of the delicate passages from the works of the Prince of French novelists.

And this reminds one of an anecdote illustrative of Clarke's feelings and sentiments on the subject of his daily work at that time. He had been drafting sheep all day under a burning sun which registered some 150 degrees, and in the evening had gone to dine with a neighboring station manager, Mr. Locke. During the course of the meal, he gravely addressed himself to his host in these words, "Well, upon my word, Locke, the more I think of it the more absurd it appears, that civilised beings like us,

with skins the fairness of which we value, should work and be blackened with dust as we have been to-day, when a few "sweeps" could do the work as well, if not better, than we could, and not show any signs of disfigurement or change of color. It's simply preposterous, and positively against the laws of Nature."

Accordingly, it was mutually agreed by the employer and employé that the best course to pursue, under the circum stances, was to part company. But, fortunately for the literary bushman, it was just at this time, when he had tried two modes of making a living, and had hopelessly failed in both, that a person appeared on the scene who was destined to direct his undoubted talents into their proper groove. There came, as a visitor to Mr. Holt, in the beginning of 1867, Dr. Robert Lewins. As Dr. Lewins had no small share in shaping the after career of Marcus Clarke, it behoves me to briefly refer here to him and his theories. Dr. Lewins, who had been staff-surgeon-major to General Chute during the New Zealand war, had shortly before this arrived in Melbourne with the British troops, *en route* to England; and, being a friend of Mr. Holt's, went on a visit to him to Ledcourt, on which station Marcus Clarke was then employed. Learning, while there, of the peculiar youth whom Mr. Holt had as assistant, Dr. Lewins, who was, like most thinking men of his class, always on the look out for novelties, whether human or otherwise, sought an introduction to the boy, whom practical Mr. Holt considered a "ne'er do weel." And no sooner was the introduction brought about, than Dr. Lewins discovered that, buried within view of the Victorian Grampians, lay hidden an intellectual gem of great worth. Rapidly a mutual feeling of admiration and regard sprang up between the young literary enthusiast of twenty-one and the learned medico of sixty; and, to some extent, this feeling appears very strange, considering the different intellectual tastes of the two. While Clarke's mind was, on the one hand, volatile, and full of weird romance and playful

satire, that of the Doctor, on the other, was eminently practical and philosophical, without an iota of humor, after the manner of the majority of his countrymen north of the Tweed. Yet they undoubtedly became attached to one another—an attachment which lasted through life. The *savant* admired the rare talents of his *protegé* with the love of a father; while the fanciful boy looked up with the reverence of a son to the learned man who had discerned the worth of his abilities, and placed him on the road to that goal for which he was destined. But the influence of the elder on the younger man did not not cease here. Without doubt, Dr. Lewins fully converted Marcus Clarke to his views regarding existence. What these views were the Doctor explained in more than one pamphlet addressed to eminent men in England and Europe, for be it understood that Dr. Lewins was acknowledged throughout Europe as a learned though daring thinker of the Tyndall and Huxley school of philosophers. As regards his pet theory, which he always affirmed he had proved beyond doubt by experiments upon animals, extending over forty years, in all parts of the world, may be, for the curious, briefly explained, in his own words, as follow :—

"1. That there is no distinct vital principle apart from ordinary inorganic matter or force.

"2. That oxygen is capable of assuming an imponderable form, and that it is identical with the Cosmic "*primum mobile*," the basis of light, heat, chemical affinity, attraction, and electric force.

"3. That the theory of materialism is, in fact, the only tenable theory."

The result of this tuition as regards Clarke was a remarkably able article on "Positivism," which he wrote some months afterwards, and which I believe saw light in one of the Liberal English reviews, it having been refused insertion by the *Australasian*. But I am forestalling the order of the biography.

Having satisfied himself upon the merits of the newly found intellect, Dr. Lewins, on his return to Melbourne, told Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, one of the proprietors of the *Argus*, with whom he was acquainted, of his discovery, advising him to secure the unknown genius for his journal. Mr. Mackinnon, having a high appreciation for the opinion of Dr. Lewins, followed the advice without hesitation, and so, in the course of a few weeks after meeting Dr. Lewins, Marcus Clarke appeared in Melbourne, and in February, 1867, became a member of the literary staff of the *Argus*. After an initiation into the mysteries of a newspaper office, the young journalist was allotted the task of theatrical reporter, which routine drudgery he performed to the satisfaction of his employers, till one night he took upon himself to criticise a performance by Mr. and Mrs. George Case, which, unfortunately, through the indisposition of the lady, did not come off. As might be expected, that watchful contemporary of the *Argus*, the *Age*, did not fail to draw marked attention to the somewhat disconcerting fact that the *Argus* was in the habit of reporting events that had not taken place, and in consequence its reports were not altogether reliable, though ingenious. This carelessness on the part of the imaginative critic led to his withdrawal from the *Argus* reporting staff, and ever afterwards his relations with that paper and the *Australasian* were that of a contributor. But even in this capacity he not long after the Case episode created quite a sensation, and brought down upon the *Argus* an indignant howl from the Jewish residents of Melbourne. The cause of this uproar was a paragraph in the *Argus* report of the Melbourne Cup. Being a characteristic piece of writing it may not come amiss to repeat it here, but in doing so I, writing from memory, cannot vouch for its *verbatim* correctness :—"In one corner (of the lawn) were to be seen the women of Solyma, resplendent with jewels and the gaudiness of their attire. They were striking figures in the scene,

being greasy as to their hair, pulpy as to their lips and heavy as to their noses—and lo! the air was darkened by the shadows of the noses of the daughters of Judah!" The matter, however, was explained away by the paper authorities as an editorial oversight, and so the indignant race was satisfied and the writer censured, but not dismissed, as, although of little value as a reporter, he was invaluable as a writer, and the *Argus* proprietory could not afford to part with the journalist who was then contributing the "Peripatetic Philosopher," which was enlarging the circulation of the *Australasian* rapidly; consequently, the satiriser of the "elect" people continued to brighten the columns of the *Argus* and *Australasian* with his brilliant dissertations. It was during this year that Marcus Clarke contributed to the *Australasian* the two masterly reviews on Dorè and Balzac published in these pages, besides writing weekly for the same journal those sparkling and humorous papers, "The Peripatetic Philosopher" (carefully selected extracts from which appear in this volume), which brought his name prominently before the public and placed him at once in the front rank of Australian journalists—and here it may be mentioned that the letter "Q.," under which he wrote the weekly contributions, was the stock brand of the station on which he had attempted to learn "colonial experience." Apart, however, from his contributions to the *Australasian*, he supplied special articles to the *Argus*, and acted as the theatrical critic of that paper for some time, during which he wrote some admirable critiques on the late Walter Montgomery's performances—critiques which gained for him the admiration and regard of that talented actor, though unhappily they fell out afterwards, for some foolish reason or another. But, peace! they are both gone now.

During the years, 1867-8, Clarke resided in chambers in Collins-street, near Russell-street, above a sewing machine shop there, and where he had as a companion another journalist, who

has also gone over to the majority—Alfred Telo. Though not possessed of the natural abilities of his brother penman, Telo was in some ways a remarkable man. He had travelled a great deal over the face of the earth, and he had seen life, and experienced its hardships and pleasures in many different positions. In consequence he had a quaint philosophical way of looking at things, which counterbalanced the impulsive, sanguine nature of his younger mate—hence they hit it admirably, and remained fast friends till the disposer of all men mowed down poor Telo a few years ago. But besides possessing a happy-go-lucky nature, Telo was a widely-read man in a variety of tongues, being master of most of the European languages, including Russian, from which country he was understood to have originally come, although this was, even to his friends, greatly a conjecture, as he was, in keeping with his Semitic descent, always very reticent about the subject, and was looked upon as a "man with a mystery," as poor Marcus dubbed him, in that happy manner in which he christened most of his friends.

But the active brain of the sparkling *litterateur* was not satisfied with the journalistic work referred to. With the pecuniary assistance of a generous friend and admirer, the late Mr. Drummond, police magistrate—whose death shortly afterwards by poison, received from one of the snakes kept by the snake exhibitor, Shires, whom he held to be an imposter as regarded his antidote, caused so much excitement—he purchased from Mr. Williams the *Australian Magazine*, the journal in which had appeared his earliest literary attempts, some of which are here published. The name of this he altered to the *Colonial Monthly*, and with praiseworthy enthusiasm set about encouraging Australian literary talent by gathering around him as contributors all the best local literary ability available. But, despite his laudable efforts to create an Australian literature, racy of the soil, he was doomed to disappointment and loss. The primary cause of this unfortunate result may be ascribed

to the pooh-poohing which any attempt made by an Australian received at the hands of a few self-sufficient, narrow-minded individuals who, sad to say, had the ear of the then reading public, because, by an unhappy force of circumstances, they happened to be in a position to dictate on literary matters.

In the *Colonial Monthly* it was that Clarke's first novel, "Long Odds," appeared in serial form. Of this, however, he only wrote a few of the first chapters, the remainder being written by others, as shortly after its commencement he met with a serious accident through his horse throwing him and fracturing his skull. For this reason, therefore, it is not fair to look upon the narrative as his, although it bears his name, of which it certainly is not worthy. The accident, it appears, occurred as follows :—Clarke had, in company with the late Walter Montgomery, been out to a meet of the hounds, and on their return home he was dared to take a fence. In his usual reckless way he charged the timber, which the horse failed to negotiate, the result being a hard hit, a bad fall, the horse injured, and the rider rendered senseless by a kick on the head from the struggling animal. So severe was the blow that many days passed before the patient recovered consciousness, and to his dying hour he carried the mark, an indentation at the back of the skull, easily discernible. Indeed, there can be little doubt that had it not been for the motherly care and nursing of his fellow-lodger and pressman, Telo, and the assiduous attentions of Mr. Westby and others, he would not have recovered from the accident. And ever afterwards he occasionally betrayed symptoms indicative of the shock his nerves had received, his memory at times, and suddenly, utterly failing him.

Some months prior to this mishap—about May, 1868—Clarke, in conjunction with some dozen literary friends, started a modest club, which has developed in the course of the past fifteen years into an institution representing literature, art, science, and the

professions in Victoria—The YORICK CLUB. The position occupied by this club now justifies an allusion, in these pages, to its early career, albeit its character is considerably altered.

The Yorick Club is the outcome of the literary and Bohemian —analagous terms in those days—spirits who used then to assemble nightly at the Café of the Theatre Royal to discuss coffee and intellectual subjects. These gatherings grew so large in the course of time that it was found necessary, in order to keep the communion up, to secure accommodation, where the flow of genius, if nothing else, might have full play without interruption and intrusion from those deemed outside the particular and shining pale. Accordingly a room was rented and furnished in Bohemian fashion, with some cane chairs, a deal table, a cocoa-nut matting and spittoons. In this the first meeting was held, in order to baptise, in characteristic liquid, the club. The meeting in question debated, with the assistance of sundry pewters and pipes—not empty, gentle reader—the subject warmly from the first proposition made by Clarke, that the club should be called "Golgotha," or the place of skulls, to the last of Carrington's "alas, poor Yorick!" which name was accepted as appropriate, and the somewhat excited company adjourned to a late Saturday night's supper at a midnight Eating House, too well known to name. The first office-bearers of the club were—*Secretary*, Marcus Clarke; *Treasurer*, B. F. Kane; *Librarian*, J. E. Neild; *Committee*, J. Blackburn, G. C. Levey, A. Semple, A. Telo, J. Towers. The first published list of members gives a total of sixty-four, but Time has made many changes in that list, and Death has been busy too. Of the sixty-four original members there are only left now, in 1884, thirteen, and fourteen have passed away, viz.: B. C. Aspinall, Marcus Clarke, A. Lindsay Gordon, W. T. Doyne, T. Drummond, J. Eville, B. F. Kane, C. W. Ligar, A. Murray, J. C. Patterson, W. P. Simons, H. Smith, Jardine Smith, and A. Telo.

It was at the "Yorick" that Marcus Clarke first met one of

whose abilities he entertained a very high opinion, and towards whose eccentric and mournful genius he was drawn by a feeling of sympathy bordering on affection. Adam Lindsay Gordon, the first poet of Australia, as he was its boldest gentleman rider over a steeplechase course, was that individual; and nothing could have shown more assuredly the deep feeling and regard felt by Marcus Clarke for Adam Lindsay Gordon than the pathetic preface he wrote for the posthumous edition of the poet's works (an extract from which preface is given in this volume under the title of "The Australian Bush") when the poet himself put a sudden end to his life, to the horror of the community, which did not learn till after the heartbroken author's death that it was only the want of the wherewith to live upon which drove one of the brightest geniuses Australia has seen into a suicide's grave. To those who knew Gordon and Clarke intimately, the keen sympathy of genius existing between them was easily understood, for there was, despite many outward differences of manner, a wonderful similarity in their two natures. Both were morbidly sensitive; both broodingly pathetic; both sarcastically humorous; both socially reckless; both literary Bohemians of the purest water—sons of genius and children of impulse. That the deep feeling for the dead poet and friend lasted till death with Marcus Clarke was evidenced by his frequently repeating when in dejected spirits those mournfully regretful lines of the "Sick Stockrider"—

I have had my share of pastime and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
For goods undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

And to see him seated at the piano humming these lines and playing a bass accompaniment, while the tears kept rolling down his cheeks, was proof enough that the tender chords of a beloved memory were being struck, and that the living son of

genius mourned for his dead brother as only genius can mourn.

Turning to a more lively memento of Lindsay Gordon, characteristic of him when the spirit of fun possessed him, the following note, written to Clarke and kept by him sacredly, will interest his many admirers :—

"Yorick Club.

"Dear Clarke,—Scott's Hotel, not later than 9.30 sharp. Moore will be there. Reddock and Lyon, Baker and the Powers, besides us; so if 'the Old One' were to cast a net—eh?"—Yours,

"A. LINDSAY GORDON."

It was shortly after Gordon's untimely and sadly sudden death that Clarke became acquainted with another erratic, though differently constituted, son of genius, through the Yorick Club—namely, Henry Kendall, the foremost of Australian-born poets. As might be expected, Kendall met with warm sympathy from the friend of Gordon, and, moreover, with a helping hand in the hard life-struggle—which the Australian poet himself has described, in his memorial verses to the memory of Marcus Clarke, as—

"The lot austere
That ever seems to wait upon
The man of letters here."

Though the idiosyncrasies of the two men were in many respects widely dissimilar—Clarke's belonging to the polished school of the Old World while Kendall's were akin to those of his own native land, in the New World—still the acquaintanceship ripened into mutual admiration and friendship; and together they worked on *Humbug*, the brilliant weekly comic journal, started about this time by Messrs. Massina and Co., of this city, under the editorship of Clarke. Doubtless one factor which exercised an influence over Clarke in the interests of Kendall, was the poem written to Lindsay Gordon's memory by Kendall, of which the following few lines may here be given :—

"The bard, the scholar, and the man who lived
That frank, that open-hearted life which keeps
The splendid fire of English chivalry
From dying out; the one who never wronged
Fellowman; the faithful friend who judged
The many, anxious to be loved of him,
By what he saw, and not by what he heard,
As lesser spirits do; the brave, great soul
That never told a lie, or turned aside
To fly from danger; he, I say, was one
Of that bright company this sin-stained world
Can ill afford to lose."

These memorial verses were a bond of sympathy between the two ardent admirers of the deceased poet, and remained a bond till the Fell Destroyer took, one by one, within the brief space of one year, the two left to love and mourn the memory of their absent friend.

During this period, 1868-69, Clarke was a regular contributor to the *Argus* and *Australasian*, writing leaders for the former journal, and, besides the "Peripatetic Philosopher" papers for the latter, a series of remarkably able sketches on "Lower Bohemia." These articles, as their name implies, were descriptive of the life then existing in the lowest social grades of Melbourne; and made a great impression upon the public, being full of realistic writing of a high order, reminding one greatly of Balzac's ruthless style of exposing without squeamishness the social cancers to be found among the vagrant section of a community. Indeed, these articles may be looked upon as the masterful precursors of those which have since made the name of Mr. Julian Thomas famous as "The Vagabond." Apart from his connection with the two journals named, the prolific and sparkling journalist contributed at this time to *Punch* some of the best trifles in verse and prose that ever adorned the pages of that comic sheet. This connection, however, he severed about the middle of 1869, on undertaking the editorship of *Humbug*, a remarkably clever rival to *Touchstone*, a weekly journal conducted by Mr. James Smith, between whom and Clarke there existed an absurdly bitter feeling of

rivalry, although both belonged to the literary staff of the same journal. In *Humbug* appeared, perhaps, the best fugitive work Marcus Clarke ever threw off. Some of this is reproduced in these columns under the heading of "Humorous and Satirical." Besides his own racy pen, those of such well-known writers as Dr. Neild, Mr. Charles Bright, Mr. A. L. Windsor and Mr. Henry Kendall were busy on the pages of the new spirited, satirical organ. Notwithstanding, however, all this array of talent, the venture was not financially a success, as at that time the taste for journalistic literature was very much more limited than it is even now, and a writer, however able, had then a poor chance of earning a livelihood by the efforts of his pen. Though that state of things has happily passed away to a great extent, still there is vast room for improvement in the matter of an appreciation for literature in this country at this day.

While thus rapidly rising in the rank of Australia's *litterateurs*, Marcus Clarke was unfortunately induced, by the foolish advice of friends, who felt flattered by his company, to live at a rate far exceeding his income. In other words, he became a member of the Melbourne Club, and, tempted by its glitter, threw himself into its extravagant ways with all the force of his impulsive, Bohemian nature;—and, naturally, got involved in debt. From this there was no recourse but to borrow, and so the presence of the usurer was sought. Thus commenced that course of life which, after a few years of ceaseless worry, brought the brilliant man of genius, with the brightest of prospects before him—long ere his prime—to the grave, broken-hearted, and overcome by the weight of his troubles. Surely those who led him into the extravagances, men his seniors in years and experience, must bear their share of responsibility for the dark end to so bright a beginning. And yet some of these were his bitterest enemies afterwards. Let them reflect.

Undeterred, however, by the pecuniary difficulties in which he

found himself, Clarke, with characteristic thoughtlessness, plunged into matrimony by espousing Miss Marian Dunn, the clever actress, daughter of genial John Dunn, Prince of burlesque actors. This young lady was at the time of her engagement to Clarke playing with great success a series of characters with the talented late Walter Montgomery, who entertained so high an opinion of her histrionic abilities, as to urge her to visit England and America with him. But the little lady preferred to remain in Australia as the wife of the rising journalist, and so they were married on the 22nd of July, 1869, at St. Peter's Church, by Canon Handfield; the only witnesses of the marriage being the bride's parents and the best man, the late Mr. B. F. Kane, Secretary of the Education Department. And the strangest part of the ceremony was that the bridegroom, after the connubial knot was tied, left his bride in charge of her parents, while he went in search of lodgings wherein to take his "better half." But how characteristic of him!

Having settled down as a Benedict, so far as it was possible for such a Bohemian to settle down in such a capacity, our author, doubtless inspired by the society he had married into, set himself to work, for the first time, on the construction of plays. The result of this was the production of a drama styled "Foul Play," being a dramatisation of Charles Reade's and Dion Boucicault's novel of that name. It met with but partial success. But not discouraged by this comparative failure, the newly-fledged dramatist wrote, or rather adapted from other sources, for the Christmas season of 1870, at the Theatre Royal, a clever burlesque on the old nursery story of "Goody Two Shoes," which met with considerable success both from the Press and the public. But even in this, his almost initial piece, he betrayed that weakness, dramatically speaking, which, more or less, marred all his dramatic efforts, namely, writing above the intelligence of the average audience, whose wit is not of the subtle order.

Soon after this time overwork had told its tale upon the restless brain, and the doctors ordered change of air to the more salubrious climate of Tasmania. But as funds were, as usual with him, decidedly short, how was the change to be effected? An idea occurs to the always designing brain of the "ready writer." He would ask the publishers of the now defunct *Humbug* to bring out a tale of his in their *Australian Journal*, a monthly magazine devoted to stories of Australian character. The tale should be full of thrilling incidents relating to the old convict life in Tasmania. Brimming over with the idea, the ingenious journalist sought the presence of the publishers in question—Messrs. Clarson, Massina & Co.—and made his suggestions. The offer was at once accepted, and the needy writer received the needful to take him over to Van Diemen's Land, in order to improve his health and enable him to pore over prison records. Thus was the now deservedly celebrated novel of "His Natural Life" initiated. But as to how it was completed is quite another matter, as the unfortunate publisher can testify through bitter experience. The very thought of the trouble given by the eccentric novelist even now causes a shadow to flit across that publisher's brow. And this is how it was written, or, more properly speaking, dragged out of the author. For one or two issues the necessary instalments of copy would come to hand with regularity and precision, then the next one or two issues would have to go to press without a line of the novel which was "to be continued in our next," much to the disgust of the subscribers to the magazine. In the meantime the author would be frequently interviewed by the publishers, and would as frequently promise the copy. When moral suasion was apparently powerless to effect the required object, payments in advance were made with somewhat better results, but as these could not go on *ad libitum* copy would fall in arrears again. At last it was found that the only way to get the author to finish his tale was to induce him into a room in the publish-

ing house, where, under the benign influences of a pipe, &c., &c., and a lock on the door, the necessary work would be done by the facile pen; and in such manner was "His Natural Life" produced. But the reader must remember that the book, as published by Messrs. Bentley in London, is vastly different in finish, and even in the construction of the story and the portrayal of the characters, to that which appeared in serial form in the *Australian Journal*. In the work of excision and supervision, prior to the publication of the book in London, Clarke had the experienced literary assistance of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, to whom he dedicated the work, and in whose opinion the author held a high position as a man of letters.

As without doubt this is the best and most sustained effort of Marcus Clarke's genius, and the one upon which will chiefly rest his fame in literature, it is only right to publish here some extracts from the various reviews written of the novel in English and German papers.

The Daily Telegraph, London:—"And who," some thousands of readers may ask, "is Mr. Marcus Clarke? Until a recent period we should have confessed the very haziest knowledge of Mr. Marcus Clarke's existence, save that in the columns of Melbourne newspapers his name has appeared. Mr. Marcus Clarke has hardly entered into the ken of perhaps more than a hundred persons in England; but, having read the forcible and impressive novel entitled 'His Natural Life,' we have not only come to an acquaintance as admiring as it is sudden with the author's name, but esteem it by no means a venturesome or hazardous act to predict for it a fame as great as that achieved by any living novelist. Indeed this wonderful narrative, which, despite the thrilling incident, bears on every page the honest impress of unexaggerated truth, has the material of a whole circulating library of tragic romance within itself. The only fault is the over-abundance which necessitates hurry in its disposal. But if Mr. Clarke's future has been embarrassed in some measure by its own riches, the author may well be satisfied with the result, for he has furnished readers in the old and new countries

with matter for grave and earnest reflection; he has re-opened a discussion that has too soon been abandoned to torpor, and he has, in short, rendered better service than the State of Letters is wont to receive at the hands of a mere novel writer. . . . We have by no means over-praised this novel. The temptation to run into superlatives is great, and it has been resisted here for the one reason, if for no other, that, highly meritorious as Mr. Marcus Clarke's first English publication seems in our eyes, we are yet of belief, after its perusal, that he is destined to give the world yet greater and more effective because more concentrated work."

Boston Gazette, America:—"One of the most powerfully written and most absorbingly interesting novels that has lately attracted our notice is 'His Natural Life,' by Marcus Clarke. It is a story dealing with convict life in Australia, and has been written 'for a purpose.' The plot is constructed with remarkable skill, and in the depicting of character the author manifests a talent we have rarely seen surpassed in any modern writer of fiction. A similar high degree of praise may be awarded him for his description of scenery. The book is intensely dramatic both in subject and treatment, but it is quite free from 'sensationalism' in the objectionable sense of the word. The style is healthy, manly and vigorous, and shows a surprising facility in word-painting. Mr. Clarke professes to have drawn his characters, localities and incidents directly from nature, and his work bears internal evidence that he has. It is the most stirring story of its class that has appeared since Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables,' of which it has all the fire and artistic feeling, minus the affectation. This novel cannot fail to make its mark."

The Spectator, London:—"It is something to write a book so powerful, especially as all the power is directed to the noblest end."

Saturday Review, London:—"There is undeniable strength in what Mr. Clarke has written."

Morning Post, London:—"This novel appals while it fascinates, by reason of the terrible reality which marks the individual characters living and breathing in it. The tragic power of its situations, the knowledge of the sombre life which the author shows so vividly in the able handling of its subject, the

pathos which here and there crops up like an oasis in a sandy desert, lead the reader from the beaten track of fiction."

The Graphic, London:—"It is, of course, possible that Mr. Marcus Clarke may turn out to be a man of one book, and out of his element in any atmosphere but that of convict and penal settlements. He shows, however, too much knowledge of human nature generally to make us think this at all likely, and if so, he must be hailed as a valuable recruit to the ranks of novelists of the day."

Vanity Fair, London:—"There is an immensity of power in this most extraordinary book."

The World, London:—"Few persons will read his remarkable descriptions of convict life and antipodean scenery without recognising an author of commanding originality and strength."

The Reform, Hamburg (translated from the German.)—"This novel treats of a terrible subject. The life of the prisoners in Van Diemen's Land is set before us in a panorama painted by a master hand. Ladies of a sentimental turn had better abstain from reading this story, unless they choose to risk a nervous fever. The romance is full of power. The writer illuminates the lowest depths of human nature in a manner which holds us spell-bound, despite ourselves. Marcus Clarke is a master of psychology, and his descriptions of nature are as effective as his style is pure.

And from no less a giant in literature than Oliver Wendall Holmes, of Boston, America, the following complimentary letter was received by Clarke in acknowledgment of a copy of the novel sent to the author of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*:—"The pictures of life under the dreadful conditions to which the convicts were submitted are very painful, no doubt, but we cannot question the fact that they were only copied from realities as bad as their darkest shadows. The only experiences at all resembling these horrors which our people have had were the cruelties to which our prisoners were subjected in some of the southern pens for human creatures during the late war. I do not think they were driven to canni-

balism, but the most shocking stories were told of the condition to which they were reduced by want of food and crowding together. There are some Robinson Crusoe touches in your story, which add greatly to its interest, and I should think that the colonists, and thousands at home in the mother country, would find it full of attraction in spite of its painful revelations. This work cannot fail to draw attention, and make your name widely known and appreciated as an author throughout the world."

Besides contributing this extraordinary story to the columns of the *Australian Journal*, Clarke was busy writing in the *Australasian* those sketches of the early days of Australia, which were afterwards published in book form under the title of "Old Tales of a Young Country." These sketches, though highly interesting as historical records of the colonies, were for the most part worked up from old and dry pamphlets and papers. But in the retelling they were stamped by the genius of the master-hand, which could appropriate and improve upon the appropriation, as only men of his mental *calibre* are able to do. In the meantime the Peripatetic Philosopher ceased to adorn the pages of the *Australasian* with his original and eccentric dissertations, because, through the influence of the noblest patron of letters in Victoria—the late Sir Redmond Barry—the Philosopher had been found a congenial post as Secretary to the Trustees of the Public Library, of whom Sir Redmond Barry himself was the respected President. This appointment was made in June, 1870, and from that time Marcus Clarke ceased to be connected with the staff of any journal, though remaining a luminously voluminous contributor all his life to newspapers, magazines, reviews, &c., instead of, unfortunately, concentrating his exceptional powers on the production of works of a class with "His Natural Life." Among other articles contributed by him about this time were the "Buncle Letters," which appeared in the *Argus* and attracted much

attention, being running comments (of a satirically humorous character) on the social and political events of the day, supposed to be written by one brother, resident in town, to his less sophisticated brother in the country. In the same journal, Clarke wrote a descriptive sketch of the mining mania which had seized upon Sandhurst at the time; and for brilliancy the sketch is among the best efforts of his in journalism. At this period, also, he once more tried his hand at the drama, and adapted for John Dunn, his father-in-law, Moliérie's celebrated comedy, "de Bourgeois Gentilhomme," into English, under the title of "Peacock's Feathers," which was played with great success at the Theatre Royal.

Mention has been made of the interest Sir Redmond Barry evinced in the rising *litterateur*, whom he took under his parental wing, when obtaining for him the secretaryship of the Public Library Trustees. And this interest and regard the respected judge retained for his *protegé*, despite his oft-repeated thoughtless acts, to the end of his life, which end arrived, strange to say, only some few months before that of the much younger man, who, on hearing of Sir Redmond's death, expressed himself as having lost his best and most influential friend; and without doubt the late President of the Trustees of the Public Library did, on more than one occasion, induce his colleagues to overlook the unhappy neglect of duty on the part of their secretary and sub-librarian. But with all the warm regard there existed between the venerable judge and the youthful author, there was always a certain characteristic *hauteur* on the one hand, and a reverental humility on the other, in their official and social relationships. In proof of this a couple of examples may be related.

It was a hot summer's day, and, as was his style in such weather, the librarian was dressed dandily in unspotted white flannel, with a genuine cabbage-tree hat stuck defiantly on the back of his head; and so clothed he was leisurely wending his

way up the steps of the library when he met the President, looking more starched, if possible, than ever, and wearing the well-known, flat-rimmed, tapering, belltopper, which shone in the glare of the noonday sun; and the following brief dialogue ensued: —President: "Good morning, Mr. Clarke." Librarian: "Good morning, sir." President: "I scarcely think your hat, however cool it may be, is exactly suited to the position you occupy in connection with this establishment, Mr. Clarke—Good morning, Mr. Clarke," and with a stiff bend of the erect body the President took his departure with just a glimmer of a smile playing round the firmly, closed, haughty lips. Again, not long before Sir Redmond's death, and when the librarian had got himself into "hot water" among the "unco guid" section of the Trustees, through writing his disrespectful, albeit clever, reply to that noble Anglican bishop, Dr. Moorhouse's article on "Civilisation without Delusion," the President appeared one evening in the librarian's office with a somewhat clouded countenance, and said, "Good evening, Mr. Clarke." The librarian, with an intuitive feeling that a lecture was about to be administered, returned the salutation, asking the President if he could do anything for him. President: "No, Mr. Clarke; but you would oblige me greatly if you were to leave some things *undone.* For instance, that unfortunate article of yours—flippantly attacking so estimable a man as the bishop. Very indiscreet, Mr. Clarke. I—think—I—should require—to—have —some—thousands a year of a private income before *I* would —venture—upon writing such an—article on—such a subject, among so punctillious a community as exists here. Good evening, Mr. Clarke:" and the librarian was left dazed and speechless at the solemnity of the rebuke, and the dignified departure of his President.

Recurring back to where the subject of this biography was left at work, we find that it was during the next two years —namely, in 1872-73—that his prolific pen was in its busiest

mood, for within the space of those twenty-four months he wrote the psychological dialogues styled "Noah's Ark," in the *Australasian*, which were interspersed with those feelingly told stories, subsequently published in book form, under the names of "Holiday Peak" and "Four Stories High." The former was dedicated to him whom he looked upon as one of the brightest gems in the literary firmament, and from whom he had received much literary encouragement—namely, Oliver Wendell Holmes; the latter was dedicated to an appreciative and generous friend, the late tender-hearted though explosive William Saurin Lyster, the ablest, because educated, manager of opera ever seen in Australia, and the man to whom Australian lovers of music owe a deep debt of gratitude. Of these stories, some are reproduced in this volume—notably that perfect bush idyll, "Pretty Dick," perhaps the finest piece of work, both in conception and execution, written by Australia's greatest literary artist. And in this opinion I am not alone, as the following letter, from one who stands very high in the world's estimation as a master of both pathos and humor of the truest kind, will show:—

Boston, 23rd December, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CLARKE,—

I received your letter and MS., with the newspaper extract, some two or three days ago, and sat down almost at once and read the story. It interested me deeply, and I felt as much like crying over the fate of "Pretty Dick" as I did when I was a child and read the "Babes in the Wood." I *did* cry then—I will *not* say whether I cried over "Pretty Dick" or not. But I will say it is a *very* touching story, *very* well told.

I am, Dear Mr. Clarke,

Most sincerely yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

Apart from these tales, there appeared among the *Noah's Ark* papers some excellent original verse, approaching at times to poetry, also several translations from Greek, Latin, German, and French. A selection from these appears elsewhere.

He also composed in this year—1872—his most effectively written drama, "Plot," which was produced at the Princess' Theatre with undoubted success.

Following on "Plot," he wrote, or rather adapted, the pantomime of "Twinkle Little Star," which was played at the Theatre Royal during the Christmas season, and made quite a hit.

It was about this time that the relations between Marcus Clarke and the journals with which he had, from the commencement of his journalistic career, been connected, became strained, as he said in diplomatic jargon, and shortly afterwards all connection between them ceased, never to be renewed, but rather to be severed wider and wider by recriminatory attacks and replies by one or the other.

As a good deal of misconception exists about the breach that took place between the subject of this biography and the proprietary, or, rather, the representatives of the proprietary out here, of the *Argus* and *Australasian*, it will, perhaps, be advisable to publish here some of the correspondence which passed in relation to the matter. But before doing so it is necessary to preface the same by briefly relating what was the immediate cause of the breach. It will be remembered that it was in this year that Mr. Bagot, the "indefatigable" Secretary of the Victoria Racing Club, declined, while under some stupid hallucination, to issue free tickets to the press, as had been the universal custom from time immemorial. The very natural reply of the press to this uncalled-for and blundering insult was simply not to report the races. This was agreed to by the morning journals then published in Melbourne. But in the *Evening Herald*, which was not consulted in the matter, there appeared, the same night that the Cup was run, a remarkably clever report of the meeting—perhaps the cleverest report of the Cup meeting which has been seen in the pages of any Melbourne journal. Naturally, the sparkling report caused no small conster-

nation in the ranks of journalism in the city; more especially among the authorities of the *Argus*, who did not fail to recognise it to be the ingenious brainwork of their own contributor—Marcus Clarke. When questioned on the subject, the erratic journalist denied having been at the races, but admitted having written the sketch, claiming his right to do so, on the ground that, as the *Argus* did not choose to employ him because of a disagreement with Mr. Bagot, he had every moral right to earn an honest penny from the proprietors of another journal who afforded him the opportunity of so doing. This, however, did not satisfy the ruling powers of the *Argus*, who were probably chagrined to read in another journal the work of one whom they looked upon as their property. The result, as already stated, was that the strained relationship became an open rupture, and so remained to the end of the fanciful sketcher's life's chapter.

As all the correspondence referred to was similar in tone, it will serve the purpose to publish one letter of the series, namely, that one in which the then ruling power of the *Argus*, and fortunate representative of the late Edward Wilson, expressed himself as regards the question in dispute, and as to his opinion of the then conductors of the *Herald*. Wrote Mr. Gowen Evans to Mr. Marcus Clarke :

"I quite admit having told you that we should not be too anxious to enquire for whom you wrote, but I don't recollect having been informed that you were writing for the *Herald*. It seems to me that if I had know, I should not have consented to that particular connection. The *Herald* has broken every rule of professional etiquette, and I should not consider it safe to allow anyone connected with that office to come inside ours. I don't mean to insinuate that you would deliberately give any information gleaned from your access to our office, but you might unintentionally mention things that would most certainly be by the *Herald* people put to any use that might suit their interest or their malice. Therefore you must choose between us and the *Herald*, and as long as *I* have anything to do with the editorial arrangements, I will not submit to be

brought in contact with anyone whom I know to come from that office."

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Gowen Evans' opinion of the *Herald*, as egotistically given vent to in this letter, was not complimentary; but, perhaps, the *Herald* proprietary cordially reciprocated the feeling of journalistic love.

This letter is published for two reasons—first, in order to contradict incorrect versions of the "fall out" circulated by interested persons; and, secondly, to show that no *independent* journalist could well be blamed for withdrawing himself from so autocratic a patronage, even at pecuniary loss. And this explains the severance between the *Argus* and Mr. Marcus Clarke.

Having parted from the journals in which he was wont to pour out his brilliant ideas, Marcus Clarke became attached, as a contributor, to the *Herald* and *Daily Telegraph* staffs. In the latter there appeared weekly for some months, a series of caustic sketches styled the "Wicked World," in which various sections of the community were satirised with a grim irony, relieved by touches of playful humor. From these sketches, three are given in this volume, namely—"A Model Legislator," "Collins-street Residents," and "Melbourne Hotels."

The next, most important and unfortunate, event which overtook him about this period was his insolvency. Though long expected, and known to be inevitable, the thoughtless writer of thoughtful literature put off the evil day by every means in his power, thereby sinking deeper and deeper in the mire, till, at last, his doom had to be sealed, and his name appeared in the bankruptcy list. What those who had led him into living beyond his means felt when the disagreeable fact became known can only be conjectured, but, at any rate, their foolish dupe felt the position more acutely than any acquaintance of his could possibly imagine, judging by the light-hearted manner in which he discussed the subject with one and all. Only

those who knew Marcus Clarke intimately—and they were few—realised how keenly he suffered from the thought that one, like himself, with a name and a fame, who had had every chance of being independent, should become what he, poor, generous, thoughtless fellow, had to become. Still, it was unavoidable, and his fate was sealed. Would that the first mistake had acted as a warning, but it was not to be, for no sooner was one difficulty overcome than another commenced, ending only when life was no more.

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But turning to a pleasanter and more interesting subject, the Cave of Adullam has to be mentioned. The Cave of Adullam! "What is that?" may ask the uninitiated reader. Well, the particular cave alluded to was a club house, situated in Flinders-lane, behind the *Argus* office, where stands now some softgoods palatial structure. To this only a very select body of members was admitted, the selectness in this case necessitating that a member should be happily impecunious, and, if possible, be hunted by the myrmidons of the law. From this brief description it will be seen that the Adullamites were a family, *sui generis*. The entrance to the modest building was not easy of access, being only reached by a tortuous lane of ominous appearance, guarded by an animal who boasted the bluest of blue bulldog blood. The pass words were—"Honor! No Frills!" The members were mostly composed of literary Bohemians, whose worldly paths were not strewn with roses, and between whom and the trader there existed a mutual disrespect. Chief among the members of this exclusive brotherhood was the subject of this biography, who,

having discarded the more classical surroundings of the Yorick Club, became a shining light with the shades of the Cave of Adullam. And to commemorate the genius of the members of the Cave was written a Christmas tale, yclept "'Twixt Shadow and Shine," which contains fancifully faithful portraitures of the leading Adullamites. But, alas! the destroyer of all things—Time, found out the hidden spot, and one by one scattered its members, till desolation ruled on the once joyous scene, and the place that knew the members of that eccentric Bohemian band knows them no more. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* And with Hamlet we may say, addressing that once coruscating group—"Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now to mock your own jeering? Quite chap-fallen!"

Despite all his monetary trouble, and the merry goings on in such a peculiar haunt as the Cave, and among such peculiar folk as its members, Marcus Clarke was, perhaps, harder at work in those years than at any other time, although certainly the work was thrown off without much effort, and with as little care for a future reputation. It was at this time he first became a contributor to those journals which he had been wont to attack with his caustic pen, as the free-lance of the *Argus*—namely the *Age* and *Leader*. And his connection with these journals lasted up to the time of his death, having gone through the trying ordeal incident upon the *Age cum* Berry Reform Agitation of 1877, 78, 79, into which he threw himself with all the zest of a thorough hater of Shoddocracy, writing some of the most telling articles which illumined the pages of the *Age* and *Leader* at that time. And he fought the more zealously in the fray, because he wrote under the editorial guidance of one upon whom he looked as, at once, the best read and the ablest journalist on the Australian press—Mr. A. L. Windsor. He also contributed, besides leaders to the *Age*, and reviews and sketches to the *Leader*, the satirical column in the latter paper

purporting to be written by "Atticus." And while at this, to him, congenial work of denouncing the privileged classes of the community with all the invective at his command, he was in confidential communication on political subjects, with the then Speaker of the Assembly, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; and many a Sunday was passed at Sorrento by the writer and the politician, who was in reality the moving spring of all the agitation that culminated in that inhuman act—the Black Wednesday Dismissals. And it was through the friendship thus existing between Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Marcus Clarke, that the latter was offered by Mr. Graham Berry, in December, 1878, the Librarianship of the Parliament Library, which, however, Clarke declined to accept, believing that he would, on the retirement of Mr. Sheffield, his senior in the Public Library, then imminent, owing to age, receive that post. But in this hope he was doomed to disappointment, though it cannot be denied that he himself was mostly to blame in the matter, as beyond a doubt the position was intended for him, for since his death the sub-librarianship, which was created for him, has been abolished. Yet it is a pleasure to Clarke's friends to know that the gentleman (Dr. Bride) who obtained the position was on the most amicable terms with him.

Apart from Melbourne journals, he contributed largely to the *Queenslander*, then under the editorship of a great admirer of his talent, Mr. Gresley Lukin, and also to the Sydney *Mail*, through the introduction of Mr. Hugh George, the gentleman who, as general manager of the *Argus*, raised that paper to a high position, and who now is the much valued general manager of the Messrs. Fairfax's newspapers in Sydney. Of all those connected prominently with the *Argus* when Marcus Clarke was its brightest ornament, Mr. Hugh George alone remained to the end the generous advocate of his exceptional abilities, of which he never lost an opportunity to avail himself in the Sydney journals, over which he exercised a control. And about

the last negotiations Clarke entered into, only a few weeks before his sudden and sad death, were with Mr. George, in connection with a proposal that he should start on a tour through the colonies and South Sea Islands as the accredited "Special" of the Messrs. Fairfax's newspapers, and of the London *Daily Telegraph*, for which widely-known and brilliantly written journal he had been acting for some years as "Australian Correspondent:" and that he was held in high estimation by the authorities of that wonderful paper the following letter, written by its proprietor and editor, speaks for itself. Writes Mr. Lawson Levy:—

"Without having the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I am sure you will pardon me if I venture to address you on a subject which may not be without interest. I have read your books with very great pleasure, and it has occurred to me that you possess most of the qualifications for journalism of the highest order. Has the idea ever occurred to you of adopting this branch of literature, and would it suit your views to come to England? I am, of course, ignorant of what your position may be, and ignorant of any feeling that you may have upon the subject. It is quite possible that ties may bind you to Australia—ties that you cannot break. If, however, the idea should have entered into your mind, tell me in a letter what your position is, what income you would require to entice you to come to London, whether you feel yourself competent for journalistic work, whether you have ever done any, and if you have, you would perhaps think it advisable to send me, by the next mail, samples of such work. If, moreover, for the moment the notion should seem acceptable to you, sit down and write me three or four leading articles on any subjects that may seem best to you—articles that will make about a column of our newspaper matter; and put into them as much of your force and vigor as you can command. Under any circumstances, whether my ideas waken any sympathy in your mind or not, I am sure you will permit me to congratulate you on the success your works have met with here."

Why Marcus Clarke did not avail himself of the chance of going to London under such auspices, it is difficult to imagine,

the more particularly that he was well aware that such talent as his had no possible scope in this, a new country, whereas in London literary circles it would have been appreciated at its full value.

Surely, in the face of such encouragement, a genius, well nigh suffocated by the denseness of the *quasi*-intellectual atmosphere surrounding it, should have seized the opportunity to move from scenes clouded over with trouble, and from a community which gave but a feeble response to its bright efforts? But, somehow, it did not, or could not.

Returning to the year 1876, an event happened which deeply affected Marcus Clarke. In August of that year his father-in-law, genial, witty, John Dunn, for whom he had a deep and sincere affection, fell down dead in the street, and the bitterness of the loss was greatly aggravated by his inability to publish the autobiography of the deceased actor, which most interesting autobiography he had, together with Dr. Neild, revised, at the author's request, with a view to its publication after his death. But the wish of the deceased was not carried out.

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Accordingly, the autobiography of Australia's clever comedian was not brought out, and the early history of the Australian stage has been lost to the public.

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For the next three years, besides the journalistic work alluded to, Clarke was busy at dramatic composition, producing, in conjunction with Mr. Keely, "Alfred the Great," a burlesque,

which achieved a success at the Bijou Theatre, during the Christmas season of 1877.

This was followed by the adaptation for the Theatre Royal of Wilkie Collins' sensational novel "Moonstone." This play was not the success anticipated, but it must be said, in justice to the author, that it was considerably spoiled by the pruning knife of the management, which did its slashing without much reason and less rhyme. Another piece, a comedietta, styled "Baby's Luck," was subsequently written for Mr. J. L. Hall, in which that popular actor appeared to great advantage. Fernande, a clever adaptation of Sardou's emotional drama of that name, was also written about this time, but never produced, owing to a disagreement over the matter. Judging by a comparison with another adaptation of this play, made in America, Clarke's is greatly the superior; and, moreover, more actable than most of his dramas. It may also be surmised that it was during this period that the fanciful extravaganza of "The King of the Genii" was composed. This piece is admitted by judges to be artistically written, being almost Gilbertean in tone, and not unlike that author's "Palace of Truth." But his ability, in this direction, was thrown away, as theatrical managers in the colonies have not, unfortunately, either the capacity to know a good thing, or the enterprise to encourage local talent. But not only was Clarke's pen busy at dramas—it was tempted into an entirely new field—that of history. At the suggestion of the then Minister of Education, the late Mr. Justice Wilberforce Stephen, he was engaged to write a history of Australia for the State-schools, which had just come under the new secular, compulsory, and free, Education Act. This work entailed upon the writer more routine labor than was to his taste, and consequently, instead of devoting himself to the somewhat tedious task, he, after commencing the book, handed it over, in his usual, good-hearted way, to some impecunious friends, who did not possess the necessary qualification for such work, the

consequence being that the book turned out to be a miserable *fiasco*, and was never used in the schools for which it was intended, its place having been filled by Mr. Sutherland's able history. Some notion of its value may be gleaned from the following critical notice of it in a leading journal:—"In short, the book before us is calculated to impress the reader with the idea that it has been compiled by some literary charlatan rather than by an author of Mr. Marcus Clarke's ability and reputation."

But because little or no attention was given by the supposed author of the history to his work, it must not be imagined that the fertile mind was inactive. That clever, though eccentric, *brochure*, *The Future Australian Race*, was written at this period. Of it an English paper wrote:—"It deals with a subject of considerable ethnological and social interest in language more forcible than philosophical. Mr. Clarke considers that vegetarians are Conservatives, and 'Red Radicals,' for the most part, meat-eaters, while 'fish-eaters are invariably moderate Whigs.' He thinks that 'the Australasians will be content with nothing short of a *turbulent democracy*,' and that in five hundred years the Australasian race will have 'changed the face of nature, and swallowed up all our contemporary civilisation,' but it is fortunately 'impossible that we should live to see this stupendous climax. *Après nous, le déluge.*'" Besides this his restless mind was weekly giving out articles, reviews, and sketches, bearing his own mint mark, in the *Age*, the *Leader*, the *Sydney Mail* and *Morning Herald*, and *London Daily Telegraph*. It was also at work on the *Melbourne* and *Victorian* Reviews, in a somewhat significant, albeit imprudent manner, for it was in the *Victorian* that his "disturbing" article on "Civilisation Without Delusion" appeared, and in the *Melbourne* his clever, though disrespectful rejoinder, to Dr. Moorhouse's reply to the original article, saw light. But it is pleasant to have to

record that that much revered Christian gentleman showed the magnanimity of his noble nature by subscribing handsomely towards the fund raised for the widow and children of Marcus Clarke. And it would have been well for Clarke had all those who disagreed with him on the subject of the article in question shown as much liberal mindedness as did the bishop, for it cannot be doubted that this indiscretion on his part was resented with that peculiarly sectarian bigotry which some of the trustees of the Public Library are known to possess, and had not a little to do with his losing his appointment at the library, though nominally it was said to be owing to the compulsory sequestration of his estate.

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The last efforts of Clarke's, in the direction of dramatic work, completed and produced, were the two comedies written for his wife on her re-appearance, after an absence of some years, at the Bijou in the winter of 1880. Of the two, the one, "A Daughter of Eve," was original; the other, "Forbidden Fruit," being an adaptation from the French. The former is undoubtedly clever, though rather short, being on the lines of Sheridan's comedies; and in the leading character of Dorothy Dove, Mrs. Clarke did every justice to her histrionic abilities, though indifferently supported.

In regard to this piece the author held that if produced in London it would meet with a better appreciation than it did here. In order to test the correctness of this opinion, it is likely to be brought out in the great metropolis at an early opportunity. And there is a probability of another dramatic work of his being played in Paris, namely, the Opera Bouffe of "Queen Venus," the libretto of which he was writing for M. Kowalski at the time of his sudden death. Of this two acts were completed, and the third and final one sketched out; and for the words M. Kowalski had composed music, which was admitted by all privileged to hear it as thoroughly Offenbachian in character. The manner in which this work was composed will not readily be forgotten by those who were intimate enough with the authors to be in M. Kowalski's room, in the Oriental Hotel, when the work was being proceeded with. The musician, being French, experienced considerable difficulty in mastering the English pronunciation of the words of the librettist, and in consequence some such scene as the following would take place, much to the amusement of the onlookers:—Kowalski, in reading a line with the word collar in it, would say "cŏllār," with the accent on the last syllable. Clarke: "No! Cōllăr." Kowalski: "Cŏllār." Clarke "No! No! No! Cōllăr." And so it would go on till in desperation the writer would rush about the room, yelling out "Cōllăr, Cōllăr!" while the composer banged away at the piano to show his appreciation of the dramatic situation.

Besides this unfinished libretto the prolific writer left the plots and a portion of the matter of the following:—"Reverses," an Australian comedy—almost completed; "Paul and Virginia," a burlesque; "Fridoline," an opera comique, from which some ballads are given in this volume; and "Salome," a comedy.

And now reference has to be made to that which, more

than any other single cause, led to the unfortunate pecuniary and other complications in which the subject of this memoir became involved during the last year or two of his too short life—namely, his appointment as agent, with power-of-attorney to act as he deemed desirable, for his cousin, Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke, in connection with some landed property owned by that gentleman in this colony. Paradoxical as this statement may appear, it is nevertheless too true that the confidence placed by Sir Andrew Clarke in his cousin's ability to act as his sole and unchecked agent in business matters, was one of the most fatal though amiable errors ever committed, both for the principal and the agent. For the former it meant heavy pecuniary loss, for the latter neglect of all literary work, and being "got at," to use a vulgar phrase, while playing the *rôle* of the landed proprietor. In other words, a ridiculously large amount of money was expended upon the land in question, taking into account its intrinsic value, and, moreover, was expended in a most foolish way as regarded results. That Marcus Clarke was altogether to blame for the "mixed" condition into which the business affairs of Sir Andrew Clarke got is simply absurd. All that can be urged against him in the matter is that he was negligent and thoughtless in connection with them, as he had always been with his own, and, what is not generally known, as easily misled, through an excess of a foolish vanity which imagined itself capable of understanding and accomplishing all things. However, the less said the better in connection with this episode of the brilliant *litterateur's* life, for, after all, it was not his fault but misfortune, as he has said himself, that he was not a Business Man. Indeed, no reference would have been made to this matter were it not that it was the greatest misfortune that ever happened to Marcus Clarke that he had anything to do with this business, as it not only led him to abandon for a time his proper duties, but led him, also, deeper into the clutches of usurers, who eventually wrought him to

death before his time. And it is probably owing to this "bungle" that Sir Andrew Clarke has not seen his way to help the widow and children of him of whose abilities he thought so highly as to induce the Prince of Wales, when on his visit to India, at which time Sir Andrew was Minister of Public Works in that country, to read "His Natural Life." The Prince did read the book, sitting up late one night to finish it, and was greatly struck by its powers, and expressed a desire to meet the author, who, he thought, ought to be in that intellectual centre—London.

It may safely be assumed that it was owing to this unfortunate business craze, which, apparently, seized hold of our author, that there has been left behind, in an unfinished state, a novel which began so brilliantly as "Felix and Felicitas." Commenced years before, it was allowed to lie by during his "landlord" days, and until a few months previous to his demise, when it was re-commenced; but, alas! too late, for the hand of Death was already upon him, as he himself too well knew, and frequently remarked, during the last few weeks of his life—notably on the Queen's Birthday, preceding his decease; when, walking with a friend in the vicinity of the Yarra Bend Asylum, he mournfully remarked, "Which shall it be—the Mad Asylum or the Pauper Grave? Let a toss of the coin decide—head, grave; tail, asylum." And forthwith a florin was tossed, and fell tail uppermost. "Not if I know it, my festive coin. No gibbering idiot shall I e'er be; rather the gleeful, gallows tree."

That English literature has lost a gem through the incompletion of "Felix and Felicitas" no judge, who has perused the opening chapters, will deny; and that the promise of artistic merit held out by these chapters was fully realised by authorities on the subject is proved by the anxiety of Messrs. Bentley and Sons to urge on the writer to complete the work for publication in London; and so capable a critic as Mrs. Cashel Hoey, writing from London to the *Australasian* of the story, in her lady's letter, remarked:—"The literary world here has received with

great regret the intelligence of Mr. Marcus Clarke's death. His tales of the early days of the colonies, and his very striking novel, 'His Natural Life,' made a deep impression here. We were always expecting another powerful fiction from his pen. I fear he has not left any finished work, and I regret the fact all the more deeply that I have been allowed the privilege of reading a few chapters of a novel begun by Mr. Marcus Clarke, under the title of 'Felix and Felicitas.' The promise of those chapters is quite exceptional; they equal in brilliancy and vivacity the best writing of Edward Whitty, and they surpass that vivid writer in construction. It is difficult to believe, while reading tho opening chapters of this, I fear, unfinished work, that the author lived at the other side of the world from the scenes and the society which he depicts with such accuracy, lightness, grace, and humor."

It will be some gratification to the appreciators of literary art to know that unfinished though the story is, it will be published in conformity with the author's known wish on the subject; for he held that what was written of it was in his best style. It was intended to have included the fragment in this volume, but in deference to the wish of Mrs. Clarke, it will be brought out separately.

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And now comes the last scene of all in this "eventful history;" and it is with a sorrowful heart I pen these lines, for Memory flies back to the bright days of our early friendship, when, boys together, we never found "the longest day too long," and whispers, in mournful tones, "Ah! what might have been." But it was not to be, and let us bow our heads in silent submission to the Omnipotent Will.

Some months before the end came the never strong constitution of my friend began to give forth ominous signs of an early break-up. The once-active brain became by degrees more lethargic, and the work which at one time could he executed with rapidity and force, became a task too vast to be undertaken without great effort. The vivid, humorous imagination of the Peripatetic Philosopher assumed a more sombre hue, yielding itself up to the unravelling of psychological puzzles. The keen vein of playful satire, which was so marked a feature of his mental calibre, turned into a bitterness that but reflected the disappointed mind of this son of genius; and hence, for upwards of six months, from the opening of the year 1881 to the day of his death, in the August of that year, no literary work of consequence was done. Indeed, the only contributions to the press during those months were reviews of books, notably the caustic anti-Semitic review of Disraeli's novels, which appears elsewhere. Besides these contributions, he wrote the "Mystery of Major Molineux," which opened in his usual finished style, but which, through force of untoward circumstances as regarded his pecuniary affairs, was finished hurriedly, or, rather, not finished, properly speaking, but wound up suddenly, leaving the mystery as mysterious as ever. He also was, as before stated, engaged at this time on the libretto for M. Kowalski's Opera Bouffe, and had begun anew the long-neglected novel of "Felix and Felicitas," owing to the repeated applications for copy made by Messrs. Bentley and Sons, the London publishers. But above all other matters that occupied his thoughts during the few weeks preceding his death,

"Governmental Circumlocution;" "A Romance of Real Life;" "The Poor Artist;" "A 'Xmas Eve Watch;" "Lower Bohemia in Melbourne."

OLD STORIES OF A YOUNG COUNTRY.

"A Leaf from an Old Newspaper;" "A Tasmanian Settler 50 Years Ago;" "A Visit to Port Arthur;" "The Last of Macquarie Harbor;" "Buckley, the Wild White Man;" "The Settlement of Port Jackson;" "John Mitchell's Escape from Van Diemen's Land;" "Governor Ralph Darling's Iron Collar;" "The Rum Puncheon Revolution;" "The South Australian Bubble;" "An Australian Crusoe;" "The First Queensland Explorer;" "Barrington, Pickpocket and Historian;" "The Adventures of Captain Jorgensen;" "William Dampier;" "Abel Jansen Tasman;" "Avoca Sovereigns and Nelson Gold."

DRAMATIC WORKS.

"Foul Play"—dramatisation of Reave's and Boucicault's novel; "Goody Two Shoes"—an original pantomime; "Twinkle Little Star" a localised pantomime; "Peacocks Feathers"—adaptation of Molières' Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme; "Plot"—an original and sensational drama; "Alfred the Great"—an original burlesque; "Baby's Luck"—an original comedietta; "The Happy Land"—a localised burlesque; "The Moonstone"—dramatisation of Wilkie Collins's novel; "Forbidden Fruit"—adapted from the "Custom of Caudabec; "A Daughter of Eve"—original comedy.

The above have all been performed, with more or less success, in Melbourne.

The following have not been placed on the stage though completed:—"Fernande"—an adaption of Sardou's drama of that name; "The Power of Love" an original extravaganza; "See-Saw" an original Australian comedy.

The following were left incompleted:—"Paul and Virginia,' (burlesque); "Fridoline," (Opera Bouffe); "Queen Venus," (Opera Bouffe); Mr. David Cope was composing the music of "Fridoline," and Mr. Kowalski of "Queen Venus," at the time of the author's death.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS.

The "Peripatetic Philosopher;" the "Humbug" Papers; the "Buncle" Correspondence; The "Noah's Ark Dialogues;" "The Wicked World."

CRITICAL.

"Review of Comte and Positive Philosophy;" "Review of Balzac and French Literature;" "Review of Dorè and Modern Art;" "Review of Disraeli—Novelist and Politician;" "Review of Daudet—The French Dickens;" "The Future Australian Race;" "Civilisation without Delusion."

Verses.—Pathetic, Sentimental, Satirical and Humorous.

The anonymous articles contributed to the Press throughoutthe colonies are, of course, not included in this list.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

(FROM "HUMBUG.")

OUR GLORIOUS CLIMATE.

5 A.M.—Awoke to find the window open, wind blowing in like a truant tornado, looking-glass broken, and cold in my left ear. Shut the casement; tra-la-la. Glorious climate!

6 a.m.—I must have been asleep, "lulled by sweet zephyrs through the broken pane." Hem, Pope! 'Tis as hot as a furnace. Pooh! open the window. The wind has changed.

7 a.m.—I should say it had. Dust! I believe you. Ugh! It's a north wind now, and floor of my chamber is an inch deep in sand. Tol-lol-ther-lol! Glorious climate!

7.30.—Doors and windows hermetically sealed. I sneak to my bath like the first robber. "It is the cause, my soul; it is the cause." I feel like a towelled and a turbaned Turk. "Old Giaffr sat in his divan." Did he? The water hasn't been turned on. Something wrong with the shower. Biddy! *Be chesm* on thy head be it.

8.30.—All is ready. "Now's the time, now's the hour." I will lave my limbs in the pellucid. Dorothea at the fountain. No, she was a woman; but never mind. Ha! how I long for the refreshing.

8.35.—*What!* No water ——?

8.36.—Certainly not. A thin pipe-stem of the cooling stream only flows. "Was it thus thou didst deceive me, waterman?" Wait till I don't pay thee. "The thought shall be madness, to thee—dece-e-eve-er—to-oo thee!"

9 a.m.—Nothing like jollity. "Hence, loathed melancholy!" Where are my boots? Choked with sand. The wash-hand basin full of gravel, and my writing-table a drifted ruin like the Sphinx in the desert. *Glorious* climate!

9.30.—Breakfast. Poached eggs and paving stones, gritty butter, and coffee as black as an undertaker in mourning. "The milk has turned sour, and couldn't be used. It's the heat." Whack-fol-ther-riddle-iddle-li-do!

9.49.—The morning papers. "Fearful iceberg at the South Pole!" Ha! ha! "But who could hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosted Caucasus?" Nobody but an exceptional "son of toil" with more than the average allowance of distinguishing epidermis. Swallowed a blow-fly. Think of Abernethy, and catch a spider. Tarantula. "Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!"

10 a.m.—Hail a cab. The back seat like a gridiron. St. Lawrence must have been an Australian:—

> "Oh turn me over, the old man cried,
> For I am quite done brown on the other side."

Wonderful these old ballads.

10.30.—Dust storm. Nose, ears, mouth, eyes stopped up. I think of the Pelican of the Wilderness, who buries his beak in the sand to feed his young. Just like me.

10.31.—Under the verandah. Silk coats and hard bargains. "I'll hang my coat on a willow-tree." Carriboos gone up to 80, and Pocahontas below *par*. "If I'd sold yesterday I should have made a pile." Of course. If my aunt had whiskers she'd be my uncle.

11.59.—My hat blows off. A fat man running after his hat is the most despicable object in nature. "Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified?" My boots are full of protoplasm, and my heart is full of woe. Thermometer at 104.

12 noon.—Drinks. The cooling brandy-smash of commerce. Query, "Did David kill Goliah with a gin-sling?" Mem.—"Ask mamma, by Shirley Brooks."

12.10.—Drinks. The healing cocktail. Why cocktail?

"And he cocked his tail at a ten foot rail,
And over it he sprang."

Oh for an Arab steed, and the merry, merry sunshine! More drinks.

12-30.—Drinks. Beer. A quart of twos. A bumper of Burgundy bring, bring to me. Let those who prefer it pale ale. But give me the lass with the bonny black eye that carries the milking-pail. Thermometer at 108.

2 p.m.—Drinks. Ten friends shouted ten times to each other all round. How many is that? Ten times ten—Pooh! nonsense. I am perspiring spirituous liquors.

2.10.—Drinks. Mint-julep—an American invention. Something like Heaven rolled in a parsley-bed and taken neat with a slice of lemon. More sherries. What said the Archon? "Business to-morrow."

2.30.—My feet fast in the stocks. Great Gooseberries gone up, and Lucky Womans coming down. Shall I make money? Swindleton goes up the street on a bay horse. Making money every minute, though. How he jogs. *Pile*-driving, eh? Infamous joke. Must have a drink. "Cold, cold, my girl."

3 p.m.—More drinks. I would I were a bird—I mean a fish. "I'd be a butterfly." No, the grub's the thing. *Mem. for joke.*—Why is Old Tom on a monument like an insect? Something about a *caterpillar*. Ugh! I must have another drink.

3.30.—Been drinking. Glorious climate! Will I smoke? Of course. "Come thou weed that looks so lovely fair, and smells so sweet. Pale brandy and ice. Thermometer at 120.

4 p.m.—I should like to sit under Niagara, and eat ice-creams with a cold chisel. "What a piece of work is man!" The Goblin Tapestry is a fool to him. Note.—Joke about winding-sheet being Goblin Tapestry. Among the spirits! Aha!

I'll sit in the bar,
And drink *nothing* but brandy and water.

5 p.m.—Meet Blinks. Will I drink? Won't I! Claret cup and ice. Swallowed four blow-flies and a blue-bottle. Waiter —"Can't keep 'em out of things." Why not? "Pretty curious, thirsty fly; drink with me, and drink as I." Aha! *Would* you?

5.30.—The wind has changed. It is now blowing from five places at once, and Bourke-street is like a flour-mill. Glorious climate!

6 p.m.—Go homewards after twelve more drinks. What a life! Is a man a swill tub? I feel as though I had been smeared with hot tar and then rolled in a gravel pit. "Life, life, let us cherish!"

6.30.—Home. No water. House full of dust; swept, and washing day. I go up to dress for dinner. The washtub odorously fumes below, "and the smoke of their torment ascendeth."

7.p.m.—Can't have dinner for an hour, for the boiler has burst, the oven is full of sand, and the meat has turned bad. Never mind. "My bark is on the sea, and my bier is on the shore, and I drain a cup of tea for the good-bye at the door."

7.10.—Stroll out in white flannel and cigar! Cool as a cucumber. This *is* a glorious climate.

7.11.—Looks dark in the south. Sou'-west atmospherically interested cabman says, "We'll get some rain!" I hope so.

7.15.—We do. Buckets full of it. It's come down with savage persistency. Gutters run over. Half-crowns hopping up on the pavement. Omnibuses full, and my flannel soaked to the skin—*my* skin. Oh, then, we'll merry, merry be; we'll merry, merry *be*.

8 p.m.—Home again. Everything burst. Bathroom flooded! Kitchen like a watercourse, and the dinner floating down the back yard. The pipe in my bedroom *had* burst, but Biddy "shtuffed it with some ould papers." My tragedy of "Slooman" in nineteen acts! "When the heart of man is oppressed with cares the mist is dispelled when a woman appears!" Bless her!

8.30.—Message from Jack. My uncle, Rumbelow, who promised to leave me £20,000, had a sunstroke when going to his solicitors to make his will, and is dead. Just my luck. Fancy *black*, too, in weather like this.

9 p.m.—Drank.

10 p.m.—Drunk.

11 p.m.—Come to conclush'on s'was a *glor-i-oshus* climate.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

DECEMBER 24TH.—Determined to have a Merry Christmas, I left the office an hour earlier than usual. Called in at the Shilling Store in order to buy some presents for the boys. Economy combined with liberality. Spent five shillings, and, getting into the street, found that I had had my pocket picked of four one-pound notes and a new morocco purse.

Great doings at home. A children's party (I hate children's parties), and little Bobby has just cut his thumb half off with the box of tools Uncle John has brought him for a Christmas present. N.B.—Eliza in tears, and the baby in convulsions.

Went for the doctor, and when I got back found Harry—my eldest—busily engaged in forcing two silver fork handles down Baby's throat; that method of treatment being, he assured me, recommended by *Hints on Emergencies*, a little work "presented to him on Christmas Eve by his affectionate godfather, Jno. Sawbones." Hang Sawbones, I wish he'd give the lads something else besides medical works and odd bits of anatomical preparations. Removed the forks, boxed Harry's ears, and sent Bobby to bed. Howls. Doctor arrived. Perfect quiet, mustard poultice, and hot-water bottles. Baby yelling like ten demons. Dinner in solitary state, on cold mutton and a re-cooked chop. All the cook's energies must be devoted to the Christmas pudding. After dinner, the party arrives by threes and fours. I stand on the door-step and grin at the nurses, with "please present Mr. Jollyboy's compliments to mamma, and Mrs. Jollyboy has been taken suddenly unwell," etc. More howls. My disconsolate family stand on the stairs and roar—the party roars—the baby upstairs yells. Everybody wishes me a Merry Christmas. By-and-bye baby gets better, and Mrs. Jollyboy descends. "A Merry Christmas to-morrow, dearest, and—by the way—George Craib—"!!!

"How much?"

"Oh, a mere trifle!"

"Indeed! Ah—yes—seventy-five, thirteen, four." I smoke five pipes, and go moodily to bed. Sarah has taken down the mosquito curtains, because it is Christmas-time, and hasn't put up the others yet.

December 25th, 7 a.m.—Have I caught him at last? No;

only blackened my own eye. Rush to the looking-glass. Face like a speckled hen. Mrs. J. says, "A Merry Christmas."

8 a.m.—Hot wind; no water in the cistern, and can't bathe. Never mind, I'll have a sponge bath.

"Oh, please sir, Master Tommy knocked a hole in it with the poker." Oh, it's of no consequence.

9 a.m.—Dressing. Cut myself five times shaving. Is it temper? No—the razor. Jane says that "Master Harry, sir, has been using it to cut up firewood for his Christmas-tree." Ah, just so. Fine-spirited boy; mustn't be checked.

10 a.m.—Breakfast. Baby better, and Bobby worse. The housemaid gives warning, because "Missus wouldn't let her 'ave a fortnit' hol'day at Christmas." Poor overworked wretch!

11 a.m.—Church. Charity sermon, and coin clinking all over the place. Thank goodness, I have a sixpence in my right-hand waistcoat pocket.

Feel it to make sure, and then sit unconsciously staring at the Ten Commandments. Plate appears—I feel it by instinct at my back,—whip out my sixpence and drop it in with a clatter. Churchwarden bows. Eh-whew! I've put in *half-a-sovereign!*

Never mind, it's in charity!

1.30 p.m.—Dinner. "Sit upright, Jacky! Tom, I'll box your ears for you! Isabella Ann, if you don't take that table-spoon out of your mouth—! *Now* then, Eliza, *do* take care of that child; he'll overbalance himself—(Cr-r-rash, yow-ow-ow)—I told you so!" and the contents of the soup-tureen go into the fire-place. "For what we are going," etc.

2 p.m.—Turkey too high, and nothing in the house but yesterday's mutton-chops. Augustus James, who is partial to turkey, cries until he becomes purple. "Take Augustus James out, Ellen, please." Boo-hoo—smash, bash, smash,—and the dear boy clutches at the gasalier, and brings five lamp-shades shivering about our ears. "Eliza, my darling, the compliments of the season!"

3.30 p.m.—After waiting for an hour or two for burnt chops—Master Joseph has put salt in the plum-pudding (a masterly jest, taught him in "Williams' Christmas Annual")—I *dined*.

4 p.m.—My wife's aunt, from whom I have expectations, drops in. That dear boy Tom puts a Christmas cracker under

her chair, and blows her wig off with the shock. She faints, overturning a work-table and smashing two Dresden vases, worth £30 a-piece. I seize my hat and rush from the house, just as Jack knocks Harry down stairs for pulling his sister Louisa's hair; and Jem squirts at the pair with the garden-engine. God bless my dear boys! Crash! There goes the conservatory window! Bob has thrown Lizzie's kitten through it, and has bitten Eleanor because she tried to poke a toasting-fork into his eye. Ritooral ritooral! What a happy fellow I am to be sure.

4.20 p.m.—Will see what is to be seen, and have a Merry Christmas. Hire a hansom to Studley Park, and have a stroll on the grass. Young men and women playing kiss in the ring. Young woman runs into my arms. Young man hits me in the eye—"What was I doin' with his Mariar?" Nothing. We apologise, and have drinks—at my expense. Young man wishes me a Merry Christmas.

5 p.m.—On the Yarra Bend. Five lunatics surround me and ask if I am a Rollicking Ram. Strong smell of roast pork and strait waistcoat. Will I sing? Of course. Give them "Annie Laurie" nineteen times, and the "Bay of Biscay" twice. A tall lunatic in a white hat says if I don't "go it once more, he'll knock saucepans out of me." I prepare to go in the hardware line, when a keeper approaches. My friends are not lunatics at all, only visitors on the spree. A thousand pardons—took *me* for a lunatic. Ha, ha! Capital joke! No offence, and a Merry Christmas.

6 p.m.—Down the Yarra in a boat. "Steer off," "Port your helm," "Belay there," and so on. Vastly pleasant. The river crowded with pleasure-seekers, all having a Merry Chris—Bump! We are run into, and I am in the water. Can't swim a stroke, and am giving myself up for lost, when a man in a punt hooks me out by the b-r-ch-s. Indignant crowd cry, "Why don't you keep your right side!" "Lubberly booby!" and so on. Lose all my money, except a half-a-crown, out of my pocket, and am constrained to give my watch to the punt-man for saving my life. He snorts contemptuously because its only a silver one, and a small boy near me sings out, "Measely duffer!" and pelts me with clods. I run for my life—

7 p.m.—Plump against Swiper, who says, "Ullo (hic), Jolly-boy! Mer'y hichrismash!"

7·5 p.m.—We have drinks. *I* pay. "An extra shilling, please, it's Christmas." Of course, I'd forgotten that. I must come home with Swiper to dinner. "Wet clothes, cold; must get home." "Nonshense, s'hall right." For fear of a disturbance, I consent, shivering, and we drive to St. Kilda. Crowds of jolly people enjoying a merry Christmas—*Chunk!* Our wheel off. Some funny dog has drawn the linch pin. Oh, never mind, we'll walk.

8 p.m. Reach Swiper's house. S. has not been home for two days, and the family have gone to the Yan Yean, and won't be back till late. Unfortunately, but at this festive season—never mind, we'll have some brandy. Swiper opens the cellar door with a crash, and finds nothing there but broken bottles, and Private Brown, 200th—too drunk and incapable, who grins feebly, and says something about "festive season." Cook faints on my neck, and vows P. B. is a cousin who is overcome by the heat. Never mind, Christmas comes but *once* a year!

8.10 p.m.—Leaving Swiper, with his head on the dinner table and his heels on the piano, I rush from the accursed spot and make for the railway. "All right, jump in!" Five old women and their babies! "Will I hold one?" With pleasure. "Lovely weather for the time of the year." (Squawk.) Beautiful. (Squawk.) "A little more room, please; don't scrooge *me*, sir." (Squawk.) "Here, guard, let me out." "The train runs right on to-day, sir, because it's Christmas-time." "Oh, do they? Ah, just so!"

9 p.m.—My peaceful home again. Louisa has fallen down the stairs three times, and Harry has nearly hung himself playing at Christmas pantomimes. Jack tried to jump through the kitchen window as Harlequin, and has fractured his skull; while Bobby, who was Clown, has branded poor Dick for life by "rocking him up" with a red-hot poker. To the nursery: The baby is worse. That ingenious little rascal, Tom, who played Pantaloon, had abstracted it, and was discovered trying to feed it with soap-suds and the skimming ladle. My wife's aunt gone off in high dudgeon, having expressed her intention of leaving all her money to that scoundrel Leechmere.

10 p.m.—A note from my friend Borrower: "Can't meet

that little bill *this* month, old fellow." *Little* bill! Four hundred and odd pounds! "Will I kindly see to it, and he is mine truly. P.S.—A Merry ——." Confound his impudence.

11 p.m.—Bed. Jack has left the coal-scuttle on the stairs, and I fall over it, barking my shin and breaking my nose. The groom sent off in a hurry for Dr. Tourinquet, lets my favorite grey down and breaks his knees. Here I am in bed, with vinegar and brown paper over my nose, all the children sick, the baby howling like an unfledged tempest, some £500 to pay to-morrow; and as I sink disgustedly to sleep, Eliza murmurs (through the brown paper), "I hope you have spent a MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

DIARY OF A DRUNKARD.

9 A.M.—Awoke with a splitting headache, and a tongue like a file. Brandy and soda, which relieved me. My wife says that I came home at three o'clock in the morning. I must have got on the spree with Swiper and the others. What a fool a man is when he gets a glass too much.

10 a.m.—To breakfast with no appetite. Cut myself shaving, which is a bad sign. I am getting shaky through this infernal habit. I must stop it. Played with my children, and tried to thread a needle for little Florence. She asked me why my hand shook so. I hope she was not awake last night.

11 a.m.—Have been reading the papers: "Another drunken man run over." It makes me miserable. These things make me feel "low." I am afraid that my system is out of order. I want stimulating. I think a *small* nip of brandy—"a hair of a dog," &c. But no, I wont begin again to-day.

12 noon.—Looked over some old receipts. That bill of Screwby's falls due to-day, and I have no funds to meet it. I intended to call on a friend and borrow some yesterday, but getting with Swiper made me forget it. What a fool I am? A letter from the office. The head clerk says that a gentle-

man has been twice on particular business. I *can't* go down ; I am not fit for business to-day.

1 p.m.—I *must* have a nip ; brandy is a medicine if properly used ; and then I will go and see Screwby. He will wait a day or two, I have no doubt. *Mem*—Order *spoons* at Chambers and Seymour's ! ! !

2 p.m.—I have resisted the temptation to drink, but, curse it, it *gnaws* me. Went upstairs and looked over some old trunks. Found a bundle of letters from my wife, written twelve years ago. I didn't drink then. "God help us all!" as poor Carrie says.

3 p.m.—Found little Harry smelling at the decanters on the side board. Read him a lecture upon intemperance that made him cry, and sent him to his mother. When he had gone I took a nip myself. What a hypocrite drink makes a man!

4 p.m.—I feel better after the brandy. After all it *is* useful in moderation. I will turn over a new leaf, and give up this eternal soaking. If I wasn't afraid that people would laugh I'd take the pledge. But no, that is a confession of weakness. I will go for a walk, and brace myself up. My wife looks imploringly—"Home to dinner, *of course.*"

5 p.m.—Met Slingsby. He tells me that Great Extendeds have gone up. I have made money then. Thank God I shall be able to pay off Screwby's bill. We will just have *one* drink over it. A glass of sherry for *me* ; I'm done with brandy.

6 p.m.—I don't know how it is, but what with talking and laughing I have been here half an hour. I don't want to drink any more, but I must "shout" for Slingsby. It would look mean if I didn't.

7 p.m.—By the most extraordinary coincidence we have met Slasher and Crasher. Crasher has come into a legacy, and is going to give a dinner at Menzies'. He says we *must* come. I don't want to leave my wife, but I shouldn't like to offend Crasher. He is a useful fellow to know. Besides my wife will know that it is all right.

8 p.m.—A *capital* dinner. I am afraid that the lights and the talk have *almost* made me forget my resolutions. It is mixing one's liquors that does the harm. Champagne always makes me bilious.

9. p m.—Bodger sang "Ye Banks and Braes," and they

made me sing about "Annie Laurie." My wife's name's Annie (hic). Poor Annie! I'll go home after the next song. What a b-b-beast I am.

10 p.m.—Crasher said w'-m-m-must have whisk'-punch. I t-told him that it would m-make me ill, but he w-would insis-ist. I don't like Crasher. He has behaved badly to me.

11 p.m.—Bodger d-danced Gillieg'hum on the table. After all, there's nothing like j-j-jollity. I wish I hadn't shmoked q-quite so much tho'!

12 p.m.—We go to t-the C'shino. Bodger's drunk. We're all d-drunk; b-but it is the last time with *me*, s'help me (hic).

1 a.m.—Ohyst'rs and por'r. Shang "*Ome sw't ome.*" I—hic—he—'m drunk again.

2 a.m.—Brought home by his friends in a cab, and left on his door-step. Awakes with *delirium tremens*, and finally dies in a mad-house.

ON BORROWING MONEY.

I AM rather good at it. I have been always borrowing. If I can borrow nothing else, I borrow ideas. They are scarce here, however, and that is why these papers are so stupid. It is not always a good thing to borrow. Sometimes you get taken in. I borrowed a turkey from a stall in the Eastern Market the other day, and boiled him for three hours, and then he crowed. I put him into the pot with six pounds of potatoes, and he kicked them all out and flapped at me. Men who keep poultry as tough as this ought to be prosecuted.

Borrowing may be reduced to a Science, or elevated to an Art. Borrowing an umbrella is a science; borrowing half-a-crown is an art. The man who begins with an umbrella may get to half-a-crown, or even five shillings.

Some men are born borrowers, and some have borrowing thrust upon them; and some thrust borrowing upon other people. I made a man lend me twenty pounds for three months, by telling him that I would pay him punctually, and writing my name on a piece of a paper. There is always a fool to be found

somewhere. Sometimes lenders become unpleasant. One lender put me into gaol, and said I was a swindler. He had no appreciation for Art.

Distrust the men who make bargains. They are a disgrace to humanity. No man ever saw a dog swop a bone with another dog. One man made me give him a cheque for ten pounds, for which I got three pounds ten in cash, a Dutch oven, a back file of the *Age*, five pairs of top boots, a secondhand wooden leg, and a musical box. I didn't pay the cheque, and the musical box played so badly that my next door neighbor brought an action against me for keeping ferocious animals on the premises. I was rich then, and lived somewhere.

It is not always easy to borrow. People who are asked often are frequently impertinent. I tried to borrow money (2s. 6d.) from a Mr. MacSomething, I forget his name; and he told me that I was an idle dog, and that if he didn't take an interest in me he would give me in charge. He said further, that he and some of his friends were seriously thinking of forming me into a joint stock company, and taking so many shares each to support me. I told him that if *he* was a dog, I should like to own a half-interest in him, and that, if I *did*, I'd shoot my half in less than ten minutes.

Men who preach to you about debt are generally untrustworthy.

I got a gentleman from Palestine once to back a bill for me, and when he got the cash, he said that it was disgraceful to see a young man arhruinin' his familesh, s'elp him, and kept the money. When I expostulated, he said he would give me a good cigar. An agreeable fellow, but loose in his morals.

Men who tell you that you ought to go into Parliament are usually pretty safe. You can borrow from them easily. One of these persons told me that I ought to be a Member of Parliament, because I was such a thundering liar. He was uneducated, but well-meaning, and lent me a threepenny drink.

Merchants and the bankers are the worst. They are so vindictive. I borrowed a merchant's name once, and he transported me for seven years,—the first in irons. This is why I walk lame. There is no charity, Christian or otherwise, in merchants. They are worse than maniacs if you put them out, for they get bankrupt and break.

It is no use borrowing if you mean to pay. There have been more men ruined by "temporary accommodation" than anything else. My argument is, "if you lend, lend; but don't be mean." Life assurance offices are pit-falls; they make a man run up ten flights of stairs, and then punch him in the stomach before they will lend him a five-pound note. It is not worth the trouble; besides they are unlucky. A friend of mine insured his life twenty years ago, and it's my belief that if he doesn't die this year, he will have paid the worth of his policy in premiums. I believe that if I insured my life, I should never die. I am in urgent need of a FIVE POUND NOTE at present, to send to an Aged Relative (the relict of a clergyman of the Church of England), resident at Singapore, and shall be happy to receive contributions.

ON TEETOTALISM.

I AM not a teetotaller—at least, not now. I used to be, but my constitution is not strong, and I could not stand the dissipation.

Cordials, as a general rule, are worse than liquor; there is more brandy in them. A teetotaller who has been drinking Balm of Gilead is a terrible sight, more especially when he sits in the gutter and holds the lamp-posts steady. I made a calculation once, and found that no teetotaller could possibly live through more than ten years of *cordiality*. It destroys the coats of their stomachs. My stomach used to go about in its shirt-sleeves habitually, and that is how I got cold in my inside.

I used to be a dreadful fellow—nearly as bad as the drunkards in the story-book. I have been drunk for a year and a half at a stretch. It was natural to me to drink. When I was about three days and a half old, I saw my nurse hide a brandy-bottle away in a cupboard that she couldn't get at afterwards. I never said anything about it *then*, but as soon as I could walk, I got the keys and drank that brandy.

I didn't get better as I grew older; quite the contrary. I used to drink so that the publicans, when they went out of business, used to sell me among the valuable fixtures. A great

many people tried to convert me. One man used to get blind drunk over me every Saturday, and then he couldn't. The teetotal lecturers used to lay bets on it with the ungodly, and the ungodly won. They used to use all sorts of arguments with me. One gentleman said that I was a miserable creature, and that if he had the keys of heaven he would let me in. I said that it would be a lucky thing for him if I had the keys of the other place, because then I could let him out. He wasn't a bad fellow, though, for he used to preach in a room next the kitchen; and he always stopped when he heard the ham fizzing. He was a religious man, but smart. I have heard it said that he took the beam out of his own eye and started a timber-yard with it. There was another man who tackled me regularly—laid himself alongside, in sailor phrase—but he gave in, too, after about three square feet of brown brandy.

It was all very well preaching, but during the five years of my converting process no teetotal lecturer ever saw me intoxicated, for before I was three sheets in the wind he was just blind drunk.

I was converted in a strange way at last. It was old Joe's pork sausages converted me. Old Joe—Bullocky Joe, we used to call him—lived on the Glenelg, and kept a small public-house at the Ford. Joe had a theory that public-houses came naturally alongside rivers, because of the convenience for watering grog. He was a good-tempered, honest fellow, with one eye, and had been transported for killing his mother with a pole-axe. Joe was very fond of animals, especially cats, and made the best pork sausages I ever ate. Joe was a friend of mine. When Joe was tried for horse-stealing, he had such confidence in me that he sent for me all the way from the Darling to swear an *alibi*, which I did successfully. After the trial, he said, with tears in his eyes:

"God bless you, old fellow; you are the hardest swearer of any man I ever met, and you shall have the run of your teeth in my house till you die."

Joe was a man of his word; but I think that when he saw the way I used to coil away his sausages, he regretted his outburst of manly emotion. Ah! why, many and many a time have I gone away from Joe's with twelve helpings of sausages under the brass cricketer that kept my belt from bursting.

One day, though, a teetotal lecturer came to the Ford and put up at Joe's. Joe had bought an old sheep-dog from a swagman that morning, and we had sausages for supper. I ate a pretty meal, but the lecturer—Mr. Josiah J. Smawkins, he called himself—beat me into stale oysters at it. He was like a whirlpool to a kitchen sink, compared to me. The way he lowered down Joe's sausages was beautiful yet terrible, like a thunderstorm. Strive my hardest, but it was no use. I couldn't beat him, so I gave up. Well, he preached that night—powerfully, sir, started all the nails in the roof, and then he lowered down more sausages, and drank ginger-beer until I thought he would blow his head off. Well, in the morning he came down to breakfast, looking solemn; and Joe says, "I hope you've had a good night, Mr. Smawkins." "Well," says Mr. Smawkins, "I have not; I had dreams, sir." "Oh, indeed, sir," says Joe, "and what did you dream?" "I dreamt a most extraordinary dream. I never had such a dream before." "Indeed!" said I, with my mouth full. "Yes," said Mr. Smawkins. "I dreamt that I was lying on the grass under a she-oak tree, with a mob of sheep feeding in front of me, when some one called out, 'Hey, Jock, yer domned vullan, get away forrard,' and then, sir, I got up on my hands and knees, and went off after the sheep; and when I'd got 'em all together, the same voice cried, 'Come in ahint, yer black scoondrel; come in ahint, or I'll cut the liver out of yer.' And this went on all night, sir. I was always 'going forrard,' and 'rounding up,' and 'coming in ahint;' and I'm as tired this morning as if I had been twenty miles."

Joe began to laugh, but I caught sight of a black-and-tan hide hanging up outside the pantry door, and turned deathly sick. The unsuspecting Smawkins finished "Jock," and rose to go. As his buggy—a sort of perambulating invalid go-cart slung upon wheels, drawn by a horse roughly sketched in bone—came round to the door, I grasped the hand of the holy man, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but can *all* teetotallers eat like you?"

"All," said he, with a calm smile; and, waving his hand, he leapt into his buggy, the horse broke into full walk, and in less than half an hour the equipage was lost in sight.

I became a teetotaller at once, and would be so still, but for the miserable quality of my constitution. As Mr. Burnett said

to me long ago, "Q——, you will never be one of us. You have ruined your constitution by early temperance."

ON THE ROARING OF COLONIAL LIONS.

HAVE you ever heard colonial lions roar? I have, and it was rather amusing. They roar "as gently as sucking doves," most of them, and I have been at a good many lion shows, and heard a good many lions roar. But the most extraordinary lion show I ever saw was in the city of Melbourne. It was by my friend Ledbitter, who is a great lion hunter, and can do a bit of roaring himself sometimes. Ledbitter is a literary man (colonial) and likes to collect around him as many cultured intellects as will come. He says, "Q., I am not rich, but I have taste. Give me Intellect—the society of a *few* minds, my dear fellow." He says, "For myself—pooh—what am I? A student, an humble student, a reverencer of great minds—a child picking up shells on the sea-shore," (his enemies say that he prigs his shells from other people's cabinets) "A mere worshipper of the Sublime, a poor Indian basking in the rays of the sun," and so on. In consequence, this Ledbitter collects around him a number of Minds, in the shape of musicians, authors, poets, painters, &c., who all combine together to be Intellectual, to the exclusion of the rest of mankind. They are the colonial lions, and they bear about the same resemblance to real lions as the colonial bear does to the real bear.

Indeed, the company of Ledbitter's reminded me forcibly of colonial beer; for, as they sat around in their decorous black coats, they looked not unlike the real article; the labels they bore were those of well-known literary houses, and it was only when you drew their corks, so to speak, and poured them out into into conversational tumblers, that you saw how very weak, washy and flat they really were. However, when I arrived at Ledbitter's, looking extremely breezy in a low-necked shirt with a Byronic collar, he was endeavoring to entertain a fat lady with sick curls and a moustache. This was the celebrated Miss Bottleblue

(neice of the great Thomas Bottleblue, F.R.C.S., S.P.Q.R., &c., &c., whose researches into the literature of ancient Egypt had made him justly celebrated, and had flung a halo of glory around his relatives even into a fourth generation.) Miss Bottleblue looked not unlike a domesticated Sphinx. There was Mrs. Snapperton, who squinted, and had written an "Aboriginal Ode," and was an authority on gunyahs, and a Miss Flinch, who affected disdain for her sex, upon the strength of having once sent a copy of verses to the *Athenæum*. The males were as follows:—*item*, Mr. Snapperton, a meek man, who was connected in some mysterious way with Polson's corn flour, and had a wart on his nose; *item*, Mr. Bungalore, an Egyptian traveller, invited for the special delectation of Miss Bottleblue; *item*, Signor Piccolopiccolomini, the Sardinian minstrel; *item*, Messrs. Wapps and Bopps, writers for the press; *item*, a fat man, with a bald head in a cold perspiration. Scattered promiscously about was Mrs. Ledbitter, with coffee.

I sat down, and the Feast of Reason began.

Mr. Bungalore began it. He came up to me and said with a sweet smile, "Sir, you would probably be offended if I called you an ass!" I said that I probably would, at which the Sphinx smiled in an Egyptian manner, and I felt uncomfortable. "What would you do now, sir," asked Mr. Bungalore, glancing round the room with a pitying air, "if I called you an ass?" I replied that I would punch his head. "And yet, sir," said Mr. Bungalore, endeavoring to look as much like Ramases the Second as he could on short notice, "to be called an ass is, in Egypt, a compliment. The ass, sir, is a sacred animal." I said that it might be in Egypt, but that it wasn't in Melbourne by a long way. He smiled again, and the Sphinx who had unbent to the level of muffins, remarked that she supposed it was right, and Mrs. Snapperton's husband attempting here to revive an obsolete joke about the Red Sea and *Moses* and Company, caught his lady's eye in a happy moment of steadfastness, and choked in his tea cup. The incident might have passed unnoticed had not Wopps, to whom Bopps had been relating me comic anecdotes, burst into a roar of laughter.

"Th-there's n-nothing to lul-l-hic-laugh at, sir!" said Snapperton, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Oh, isn't there, by jove!" said unconscious Bopps. "It's the best story I've heard in my life. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The fat man, who, it seemed, was a naturalist, seeing a quarrel imminent, threw himself into the breach.

Mopping his head, he advanced to Mrs. Snapperton. "Madam," said he, with solemn earnestness, and an apparent desire to impart special information, "did you ever see a horse-fly?" "No, sir," said Mrs. Snapperton, rolling her right eye upon him, while she gimbletted her husband with her left, "but when I was travelling in the bush I saw a team of bullocks bogged in a water hole." The fat man was evidently puzzled at this, for I saw the top of his head burst into beads, as though it were a big mushroom with the dew on it.

Miss Finch came to his rescue, by asking if he had ever read the *Leader*. He gasped and said, "Yes, ma'am, *some* of it," and sat down. At this juncture a jingle was heard to drive up, and Ledbitter going out with a very red face, presently introduced a massive lady in black bombazine, who stood in the middle of the room, in a haughty manner. The company all arose, and Ledbitter said, in solemn tones,

"Gentlemen, the *Princess of Babylon!*"

The Princess sat down beside Miss Bottleblue, who attacked her instantly on the subject of Pyramids, and vowed that she was the image of a picture of Queen Semiramis, which the celebrated Thomas Bottleblue [F.R.C.S., S.P.Q.R.] had presented to the British Museum.

"Splendid woman, Q," said Ledbitter to me, in a whisper. "A lineal descendant of the Selucidæ, and has a station on the Upper Murray. Upon this I went over to the Princess, who told me that she had not yet come into her property, and was kind enough to ask my advice about a Chancery suit to which she was a party, and which had been going on, more or less, ever since the time of Antiochus Soter.

The feast was now at its height, and Ledbitter walked about, rubbing his hands, and told us that he was a child gathering shells. By and bye we had coffee, and Bopps, recollecting Mr. Bungalore's remark about *asses*, asked if donkeys did not originally come from Mocha.

"Do you mean the wild ass, sir," asked Bungalore "the

untamed courser of the Arabian desert, or the less romantic animal of domestic life?"

"The gentleman alludes to the hen-donkey, I believe," said Miss Flinch, "the Ass of Commerce." "Oh, indeed!" says Bungalore, with some asperity, "Oh, indeed, the Ass of Commerce. Ah! *that*, sir, is quite another thing. We all agreed that it was —quite; and Bopps looked very much ashamed of himself.

Then Ledbitter showed us his portrait in fancy dress, as *Childe Harold*, and Miss Flinch warbled a little song about the waters of Babylon, in compliment to the Princess; and Ledbitter read us, *impromptu*, "A Skylark," which he had composed for Miss Flinch's album, and which Miss Flinch said ought really to be sent to the *Athenæum*. Then Mrs. Snapperton kindly repeated her "Ode," which was in heroic verses, and, as well as I can remember, began—

> "His bark is on the sea. Behold it now,
> Youth at the helm, and pleasure at the prow."

I had just enough presence of mind left to leave as soon as it was over; Ledbitter came to the door with me and said,

"My dear sir, you see our little circle, Poetry, Painting, Geometry, Science and Art. As for me, I am a mere student, a gatherer of shells. Mind the step. God bless you."

ON BUSINESS MEN.

THEY are the cream of the social bowl—in their own estimation. The stone pillars which, according to the Arabic legend, hold the earth up. There never was, or can be, anything to equal them. You may be the best fellow in the world, the sole support of an aged mother, and the protector of a whole boarding-schoolful of orphan sisters. You may work like a horse, and give all your goods to feed the poor, but if you are not a Business Man, you are sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. To be a Business Man is a special gift,—a sort of inherent virtue, like a cast in the eye. If you are a Business Man you will succeed in business—that is to say, you will be a good husband, a fond father, a conscientious Christian, always

vote with the Government, and when you die, you will go straight to Heaven. If you are a Business Man, people will shout for you, the papers will write you up, and your friends will give you prayer-books with gilt-edges.

It has always been my misfortune through life that I have not been a Business Man.

When I was at school I suffered. Young MacMammon used to lend me his pocket-money at about 700 per cent. for the quarter, so that the loan of half-a-crown in September amounted to a new sovereign, a five-bladed pocket knife, a cricket-bat, a case of silkworms, the chrysalis of the Death's Head Moth, (very rare) *The Boys Own Book*, a pair of clubbed skates and a crib of *Arnold's Greek Prose* in February. The head-master, finding out how I had been dealt with, said to me with the deepest contempt, "You may go down Mr. Q.; but I am afraid that you'll never be a Business Man!"

When I went into a bank—"The Polynesian, Antarctic, and Torrid Zone"—I suffered again. I was correspondence clerk, and got through my work with immense rapidity. The other clerks used to stare when they saw me strolling homeward punctually at four, and I felt quite proud of my accomplishment. But in less than a week a change took place. Letters came down from up country branches. "I have received cheques to the amount of one fifteen, six, two, of which *no* mention is made in your letter of advice." "Sir, how is it that my note to hand for ninety-seven pounds four shillings and a penny three farthings, to meet which I forwarded Messrs. Blowhard and Co's acceptance for one hundred and fifteen pounds six shillings and twopence, has been *Dishonored* by your branch at Warrampool?" "Private—Dear Cashup—Is your correspondence clerk a hopeless idiot? I can't make head or tail of his letter of advice. As far as I can make out, he seems to have sent all the remittances to the wrong places.—Yours, T. Tottle." I am afraid that it *was* true. The manager sent for me, said that he loved me as his own brother, and that I wore the neatest waistcoats he had ever seen, but that my *genius* was evidently fettered in a bank. Here was a quarter's salary in advance; he had no fault to find, quite the reverse—but—but—well, in short, I was not a Business Man. It was the same wherever I went. Up the country I might have done well. I learnt all about cattle, drove

bullocks, travelled with stock and all the rest of it; and just when I had learnt my trade and invested all my money in a station, out comes Mr. Grant's Land Bill, and pop—a burly free selector pitched his tent in my Home-Station paddock and turned my dam into a wash. I was ruined and Honest Jock (the gentleman who had sold me the run a week before the Bill became law) clinked my money in his pocket, and said with a sigh, that I was "a fine open hearted fellow, but not a Business Man." It was always the same. If I made "a proper representation" to the Government, they never took any notice of it, while Palm-oil, my neighbor, seemed to be able to do anything he liked with them. I asked him how it was done one day, when he was going into the Land Office with a roll of notes in his hands; he said, "My dear boy, the fact is"—here he shook the notes playfully—"these matters want *working* and—and you'r not a Business Man."

I grew poorer and poorer, and yet this same reason was always assigned for my ill fortune. When I was very hard up indeed, I edited a comic paper in 'Frisco; and one day the proprietor called, and, said that he had observed that my editorials were getting about as slow as a blind beetle in a whisky jar, and that I must brighten up or burst. I said that I was sorry but that my wife was ill at home, and I was not, perhaps, as funny as I might be on that account. The next day I got a note containing my discharge. Mr. Seth B. Percent had no particular fault to find, but was convinced that, from the conversation I had with him the day before, I was not a Business Man. Then I took to evil courses; gave lectures on "Science and Religion," and other things, but it was always the same. It didn't much matter whether it was Science or Religion, as far as I could see. I could never make money, because however religious or scientific I might be, I was not a Business Man. I became secretary to the Benevolent Association formed to assist the poor, and though the man who had the place before me retired with an independence, I found it as much as I could do to live on the salary. And when I refused to let Deacon Chowderoy borrow thirty pounds of the Widow's Clothing Fund, to buy a buggy with, he got me dismissed on the ground that I was very impertinent and not a Business Man.

My unhappy inaptitude for business was always my bugbear.

When I had achieved a comfortable billet in the process-serving and execution-putting-in line of trade, my refusal to take a bed from under a widow, who was dying of typhus fever, caused Mr. Abednego to snap his spaulous fingers contemptuously and declare, that "I vash a good feller, I vash, but I vas not a Bishness Man."

In Parliament the same objection was urged. The hon member for Shice and Swindle, who had absolutely borrowed my other coat to address his electors in, had built himself a fine stone house, and laid out a garden by the end of the season; and when I asked him one day at dinner how it was that he got on so well, he replied, holding up a glass of '50 port the while between his eye and the light, "My dear Q., the thing is easy enough; I could explain it to anybody else in five minutes, but you see you are not a Business Man."

I believe that I might have been in a Ministry but for my unfortunate failing. I was asked to the meeting, and "Lands" hinted at. I had almost signified my approbation of the idea, when little Hole-and-Corner said that we must not forget his brother-in-law's pension. I, for one, was not likely to forget it, as the proposition to pension a man who had never done anything to deserve a pension was monstrous, and amounted to a fraud upon the country. Hole-and-Corner coughed, the future Chief Secretary rose, and the meeting broke up hurriedly.

Next morning I met Hole-and-Corner, and he told me that another meeting had been convened that night, a Ministry formed, and that I was not in it.

"How is that?" said I, a little surprised; "the offer was as good as made."

"Well, sir," said the Hole-and-Corner, quitting his hold on my button to shake hands with his brother-in-law, who looked daggers at me. The fact is that, that you are not a Business Man."

The other day a friend came into the office of the paper and said, "Look here Q., you don't half work this thing. Why don't you get subsidised by a political party; why don't you put in dummy advertisements, and write articles personally abusing the editors of other papers. Why don't you send gratis copies

to all your rival subscribers and use all private information in order to wound a political opponent."

I said that I thought that no paper which had any pretence to decency or independence would resort to such unworthy tricks of trade; upon which he shook his head sadly, and said, with a deep sigh:

"Well Q., you may be right. I don't know. You say you are not—but—it is evident that you are *not* a Business Man."

ON LOAFING ROUND.

THERE are men who can't stop five minutes in one place, but who seem compelled to live round about generally, in spots.

Some people take time to acquire this art, but it's inherent in other people, like Original Sin, or buck-jumping in horses that you buy as bargains. When you once can do it properly it becomes like Holloway's ointment, a cure for all diseases—ague, asthma, bile, blotches, dropsy, jaundice, &c., &c., &c. See label—and can be confidently recommended as easy of application, mild in operation, and curiously beneficial to the whole system. Loafing, when properly understood, adds a charm to the innocent sports of boyhood, gives zest to the healthy enjoyments of middle age, and is a profound solace to one's declining years.

There are two sorts of loafers, the loafer stationary and the loafer locomotive. The latter is called the loafer round. The first creature may be seen growing under the cave of a tavern roof like a monstrous mushroom, or sticking to a wall of a newspaper office like a shore-going limpet. He has no mind of his own. If asked to drink he drinks. If he is not asked to drink he chews borrowed tobacco, and curses his kind. His friends are dead, his lights are fled, and all but he departed. If the world had to be destroyed to-morrow, you would find him placedly leaning up against the only post left standing in the universe, wailing for some one to shout.

The locomotive loafer, or "loafer round" is a different being. He does not stand still, waiting for the grapes to drop into his

mouth, nor does he aver that they are sour and tasteless. He goes about calmly and comfortably until he meets with a man tall enough to reach the fruit, and then he eats it.

The "loafer round" is, take him for all in all, an agreeable fellow. He is full of battles and seiges and adventures. He will keep not only the table but the whole bar parlour in a roar with his witty sayings. He has a certain stock of anecdotes on hand, which he is always selling off at an enormous sacrifice. He resembles a barrel organ, which, being constituted to play a certain number of tunes, can play no new ones, but will grind out its original number with admirable accuracy. All you have to do is to wind it up with a nobbler of brandy.

The "loafer round" possesses also the happy faculty of being an excellent listener. You may tell him any quantity of the stalest stories, and pour into him the *debris* of all the worn-out funniments ever concocted by iniquitous man, and he will laugh consumately, provided you are ready to wash down the rubbish with strong liquors.

He lives principally in tap-rooms, and his right leg is affected with a chronic stiffness from constant crooking under bar counters. His normal attitude is a slouch, and his elbow bends itself naturally at the contact of pewter. He has no fixed abode. If you want him you must hunt him up through various hotels.

I had occasion lately to transact business with a man of this stamp, and went, by appointment, to his office for that uncommon purpose.

"Mr Swiper was not in at present, but would be here probably in an hour."

Another hour passed, and I thought it advisable to "knock round" in search of him.

I went to the City Club at nine o'clock.

"Mr Swiper had been there that morning with a friend. They had ordered pale brandy."

I went to the Hunt Club.

"Oh yes, they had seen Mr Swiper at ten o'clock with two gentlemen. They had glasses round—one P. B. and two Old Toms."

I went to Garton's.

"Mr Swiper! Oh yes, he *had* been there at eleven o'clock

this morning with Boozey and Mr De Tel, but, having sherry and bitters, had gone away again."

On to Clements.

"Mr Swiper was there at one o'clock, and had had lunch and two glasses of Castlemaine ale with a gentleman from Ballarat. Could not say where he had gone."

At Scott's the waiter "Had *seen* Mr Swiper at about half-past two, with four friends. Soda and brandy, two cigars and a Dixon's sodawater. Had not seen him since."

Back to the office. "Dear me, Mr Swiper had *just* gone. Came five minutes ago with a friend, who sent for porter in a pewter. I should probably find him at Menzie's

To Menzie's with all speed. No sign of Swiper. A gentleman behind a counter said that Mr Swiper was often there, but could not say if he had been there that morning. Ah! yes! He *had!* Came in not a minute back, and ordered lemonade and Hollands in the front bar. Would I step round? I stepped round. No Swiper, but a mutual friend very drunk. *Myself to mutual friend:* Seen Swiper? M. F.— S-s-wiper (hic)! Saw him t-tit-tight at G-Goy-Goyder's about tit-twenty minutes ago. I darted across despairingly to Goyder's. "Swiper! My dear sir, he has not been here since half-past ten, when he had a dark brandy with Drainem. If you take my advice you will drop in at the Café, and if he isn't there take a look round at the Victoria Hall. I followed his advice, and went to the Café. "Mr. Swiper! Which Mr. Swiper? Oh, h—h! Mr. *Swiper!* Yes, he had been there about four. A gin-sling and a nip of brandy with two gentlemen. W-a-well, he *was* a little queer, but nothing to speak of." It was now half-past five, and as a last desperate resouroe I "looked round" at the Clarence. "Yes, Mr. Swiper *was* there." [Land at last]. "Yet, no, stop, ah! he had been there a few minutes back with a gentleman from up the country; they had drunk a bottle of Hennessy and two cups of coffee between them." [Heavens, thought I, is the man's constitution made of iron?) "Mr Swiper was—well, yes, he was decidedly the worse for liquor, but not drunk; oh, dear no, not drunk." I was now evidently hard upon the trail, and knowing that when intoxicated Swiper, like the wounded dove, invariably makes for home, I plunged into every public-house in Bourke-

street, but without success. At last, just as I was about to hail a cab, I heard a voice from the depths of Buschman's. I rushed in and seized him. He was sitting on an upturned cask, purple, tremulous, and nearly speechless. In one hand he held a beaker of colonial wine, and in the other a huge cigar. Seven admiring friends contemplated him with reverence.

"Upon my word," I began, "this is too bad! Here have I—" "My d-dear bubboy," says Swiper, hastily swallowing the brandy; d-don't mummum-ention it. WHATAREYOU-GOINGTOSHOUT?

ON BAZAARS.

A BAZAAR is a place where you buy things you don't want, for the benefit of people you dont care about, and pay ten times more for them than you do anywhere else.

A bazaar is a place where society sells off its old clothes, and gets rid of its superfluous daughters. You can pay your money and take your choice. Some prefer the old clothes and others the daughters. Both are sold for equally charitable reasons—they only lumber up the home premises, and the sooner they're got rid of the better. The great gift to get up a bazaar is to be an adept at that pleasing sport which the Chatechism classes with evil speaking and slandering. If you go in for holding a bazaar you must be prepared to tell lies thick enough to walk upon, and to use enough soft soap to lather the universe. If you are pious so much the better. I mean, of course, genteel piety, that offends nobody, and is sufficiently orthodox to bring in a reasonable amount of interest on the original outlay.

It will be necessary for you also to get the patronage of some influential person—and I may here observe that ladies prefer the clergy, their presence casts a halo of propriety around the most flagrant flirtation. If no clergyman can be obtained—an accident, however, which is very remote, as they are always glad to fill up their spare time with works of Christian benevolence—try a military man. Soldiers are parsons in the rough.

Having advertised the undertaking in all the newspapers, and placarded it about the town, you may appropriately buy up an

old fancy-work warehouse, for, by selling all the articles at nine times their value, you will not only benefit your poorer brethren, but make a handsome profit yourself into the bargain.

I know a lady who pays her servants out of her bazaars. The cook is billetted on the *Christian Association*, the housemaid on the *Benevolent Asylum*, and the foot-boy has to take his chance out of the *Church Debt.*

With regard to your domestic arrangements, you will find circumstances your best guide. If your daughters have good eyes and hands the *bric-a-brac* stalls are the place for them; if, on the contrary, their ankles are the principal attraction, your motherly feelings will at once suggest the propriety of short dresses and a lucky bag.

As to the kind of articles sold by each you may pin your faith to altar-cloths and kettle-holders. Slippers are a drug in the market, and so are cigar cases. Men are of opinion that there is nothing like leather. Moreover, the curates—of whom there are unmarried numbers—are best caught by the first-named article. And since the State Aid Bill missed fire curates are at a premium. Beware of dashing young men—they have no intentions. Old and somewhat hoary persons are best adapted for your purpose. If you *do* get hold of a bachelor with money grapple him to your soul with hooks of steel.

Instruct your daughters to offer their wares to everyone, and impress upon them the necessity of *selling.* Men, as a rule, are shamefaced, and if your darling Jane will only bother them enough, will buy at any price.

Be careful to be civil to everyone, even the dirtiest and most plebeian customers. In a colony like this the meanest husk often holds the richest grain, and from the dirtiest chrysalis may spring the most gorgeous butterfly.

Don't mind boys. They may be tiresome, and even rude, but remember that each boy contains the germ of a future husband. You can afford to leave their punishment to time. Having got rid of your goods, displayed your summer millinery, and (I trust) hooked your husband, you need be in no hurry to pay the surplus profits to the charitable object. Remember that the poor you have *always* with you, and make them properly sensible of their unwarrantable intrusion.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDS as a rule are a mistake.

They are too expensive. No poor man can afford to have many friends. They would ruin him. Indeed, friendship is a luxury which should be indulged in with caution even by the rich.

The greatest friend I ever saw was a bailiff. When he arrested me, which he did about once a week at one time, he used to give me tobacco and beer, and go round with the hat for me.

I have had many friends, like the hare in the fable, but most of them didn't pay expenses. Friendship is like mining; sometimes you drop into a good thing, but the majority of places are duffers. When you get a friend worth working stick to him like grim death. Friendship is delusive, like a threepenny drink. Bouncer was a friend of mine, and when I was going to be married to Miss Tallon, with £50,000, Bouncer said, "Q., introduce me, old fellow, as your *friend!*"

I did; and in six weeks he married the lady. My only consolation was that her father became insolvent before the end of the year. The Gods are just. Don't lend a friend your horse, or your ox, or your ass, or anything else that is yours. I lent poor Dick Snaffle a trotting pony I had, and he sold him for forty notes. When I charged him with the theft he burst into tears, and said, "Q., it was all your fault. What did you do it for? Do you expect that a man who has lived five years in New South Wales is an *icicle?*" Indeed, he got quite angry over the matter, and I had to take him in and shout beer. If a friend wants you to put your name to a bill "just as a matter of form," beware of him; for it soon takes the form of a writ. But any friend who is ass enough to back a bill for *you* grapple him to your soul unreservedly.

Poor Teddy Kiteflyer, of the 2000th Light, was the best man I ever saw at that sort of thing. He invented a system of cross entries which kept the whole regiment supplied with cash for a twelvemonth, and resulted in the suicide of the sharpest money-lender in Walbrook. The authorities said it was forgery; but Teddy maintained it was nothing but friendship. It is astonishing how many friends a man will have when he is rich. I saw a big dog with a sheep paunch to-day dining in a gutter, and

four little dogs seated round with their noses in the air. When he moved from the street they followed him respectfully sniffing. A Friend of mine in the Old Bay State had four sons, and he made one a publican, who did well, and died of *delirium tremens.* The person who took to lecturing made a lot of money; married a pork butcher's widow, and died a true Christain. The one who was brought up to billiards, a fine young man, would have been wealthiest of the lot only for his ambition. He couldn't be content with small profits, so he took to cards, and was shot aboard a river steam-boat. God bless him. He died like a hero, with a king up his sleeve. But the Friend had the best time. Everything he touched turned to gold. When he married an heiress even she died of the yellow fever. He invented a pill, was ten times insolvent, turned his daughter out of doors, is deeply religious, and has the biggest banking account of any man in the States. Friendship, if you know how to work it, is better than a cousin in Parliament.

It takes two persons to make a Proper Friendship. The one has to be befriended, the other to be friendly. I'd rather be the friendly man by a darned sight. He gets all the fat off the mutual leg of mutton, and not infrequently scrapes the bone.

Friends who talk a lot don't do much. When Joe Winglett was alive he was always boasting about what he'd leave me.

Joe was a "super" at the Royal Isthmain Theatre, and vowed that I was the only man who appreciated his genius.

"Never mind, Q.," he would say, "I shall lick 'em yet, my boy. Montgomery — bosh! Brooke — rot! Kean — stuff! Kemble — rubbish! You should see *my* Hamlet! Never mind; the tide *must* turn. I'll make a fortune before I die, and then, my boy, you'll see what I'll leave you. Never mind!"

I said I did not; and Joe died last week, and did leave me—what? A cotton velvet tunic, a pair of harlequin's breeches—rather the worse for jumping—an acting edition of "The Lady of Lyons," and five pairs of dirty stockings.

You cannot bet on friends. They will go and do all sorts of things to spite you. I insured a friend's life once, and got him to assign me the policy. He was a chronic case of rheumatism, and might have died in the course of nature calmly in his bed at any time. We quarrelled one day, and the fellow deliber-

ately sent out and bought a bottle of Connel's East Indian remedies, and took a pint of it every half-hour, according to the directions on the label. At the tenth pint he gently dissolved, and the jury brought it in "determined suicide." I tried hard to put in a plea of insanity, but it was no use.

After this I forswore friendship, except as a gentle stimulant, and in case of sickness.

ON RELATIONSHIPS.

IT DEPENDS, in a great measure, upon the nature of them. Some people have a great many. I should think The O'Donoghue has about the greatest number of relations, for I never met an Irishman yet who was not connected in *some* way or other with that distinguished member of the aristocracy.

It is a curious thing that while poor people possess any amount of rich relatives, rich people never by any chance have any poor ones. This is what my friend M. Howler would call a mysterious dispensation of Providence. I would not mind laying the odds that Lazarus was a poor cousin of Dives. If he had not been he would not have dared to play with the terriers on his front door-step instead of going round to the back gate as other beggars did. I have noticed that certain qualities invariably accompany certain relationships. Mothers are given to kissing in dreams and otherwise. Step-mothers are invariably a nuisance, especially when they carry about abnormal twins and won't move under eighteenpence. Uncles are of two kinds—bad and good. I never heard of a medium uncle.

They know no medium between the benevolent half-sovereign of boyhood's happy hours, and the amputative shilling of scape-grace notoriety. Sometimes they are absolute villians, and have no sympathy with babes, whether in the woods, in bulk, or in bottle.

Aunts are good. I like gold-spectacled maiden ones best, the dear old ladies who have white hair, and ask you, "Which would you rather do, sing a hymn or have an orange?" and when you say, "Sing a hymn, aunt," gives you two oranges.

Mothers-in-law are ladies who have daughters. A mother-in-

law may be considered as the beard on the matrimonial oyster.

But of all the relatives that a man can be cursed with, commend me to cousins. There are innumerable varieties of the "cousin" species. There is the rich cousin—he used to live in India, but he has come out here now—who turns up all standing in the third act of a comedy and puts the right man in the right place. There is the poor cousin, who writes to you from the gaol, and begs the loan of two half-crowns per bearer, to save the family name from everlasting infamy. This sort generally drinks. There is the vulgar cousin, who, when you are entertaining a select party of influential aristocrats, drives up in a one-horse buggy, carrying ten, and roars out, "Haw! haw! Jack, my boy, how are yer? I've brought the missus and the kids to have a snack!" There is the sporting cousin, who borrows your nag for a "canter to St. Kilda," and lames it in an ineffectual attempt to ride down a velocipede.

There is the irrepressible cousin, who is the jolliest dog alive, but cannot earn his living for the soul of him. You may start him in business fifty times, but at the end of six months he appears, jolly, jocose and penniless, perfectly irrepressible and perfectly useless. I had a cousin of this sort once. Seven times did his sorrowing friend start him in life, and seven times did cousin Tom jib at the prospect.

He was a stock-broker, a bank clerk, a squatter, a speculator, an agent for somebody's balm of Gilead, a magazine proprietor, and a wine merchant, before his beard had grown. He was sent to Hong Kong, and returned by the next ship, avowing that it was a beastly climate, and no man with a decent sense of self-respect would live there for a week. Some unhappy and credulous relative bought him a share in a brewery, in which I believe he would have done well had not the firm gone insolvent a week after poor Tom joined it. The last thing I heard of him was that he had gone to Spitzbergen on behalf of some speculations connected with walrus teeth. I carefully looked among the "wrecks," but I feel sure that some evening he will walk in at my back gate profoundly jolly and calmly penniless.

As a general rule, relationships are a nuisance; but if you must have relations, have them wealthy as possible. The excellence of a relation is at the best but a negative one, like the filial affection of the young Irishman, whose father said he

was "a dear good son, for he was the only one of the family who never jumped on his stomach when he was down."

(From "Peripatetic Philosopher.")

NEW CHUMS.

I HAVE been put up in the society of new chums. Not that I object to new chums as a body, because every man who, from some curious oversight of his parents, has not had the good fortune to be born in this favored land—this Adullam's cave of ruined reputations—must come here as a new chum some time or other; but I am sick at heart with the preposterous follies of some of the young gentlemen who air their bar-sinistered nobility upon the shady side of Collins-street As I have said, I have lately fallen among new chums, and I have been taking cold baths of Carlyle, and Balzac, and Voltaire, in order to restore my nervous system. Having received a large sum of money from one of the Ministry, on account of services rendered, I was enabled—for a week or so—to return to that society for which I was originally intended. I found it crowded with new chums.

There was my young friend, Guy de Vere, for instance. Guy de Vere is a young man who has been liberally educated, has fagged at Eton and been plucked at Oxford. He is tolerably wealthy, and travels about for amusement, which he never obtains. Not being endowed with brain to any alarming extent, he is given to boasting, and will talk about "poor Hastings" and "that rum fellah, Hartington," while he invariably speaks of the female members of the aristocracy by abbreviations of their Christian names, and bewilders the plebian mind by constant reference to "Lady Bab, you know" and "little Emily," and hints that in his opinion "Flo' didn't do badly, when you come to think of it." He smokes cigars which he brought with him, and wears the most fearfully and wonderfully made garments. De Vere, being at the last race-meeting, was conspicuous

for the alarming exceptionality of his coat, and, being remonstrated with by a friend upon the unnecessary gorgeousness of that garment, exclaimed, "*This* coat—*this!* Why, my dear f'la, I've got three more up-stairs which I *haven't worn at all!*" The friend fled. Guy de Vere was great on horseflesh, and had achieved a reputation at the Deformed Club, by reason of his sporting vein of humor, until old Macklewain (whose knowledge of pedigree is unlimited) heard him speak of an animal with an epicene name as a "mare," and was down upon him with a stud-book directly. Poor Guy de Vere! He was disappointed in the colony, and went home. He said that he expected to find Collins-street blazing with beauty and fashion, and crowded with carriages. He walked down it *once*, I believe, and then retired to his club, where he read a novel (upside down) until dinner-time. On leaving for England, he remarked that Melbourne was not the place for an idle man, and that he should never again come farther south from the Mediterranean. Goodness knows that nobody can detest the colony more fervently than I do; but I would rather stop here all my life—even in the menial position of a member of Legislature—than be compelled to travel home in company with Guy de Vere. But Guy de Vere is an exception. The average new chum disappears mysteriously, none can tell whither.

Dickens desires to know what becomes of all the post-boys and donkeys. I want to know what becomes of all the new chums. Dickens, indeed, conjectures that the post-boys ride into the next world upon the donkeys; but I can find no hypothesis by which to account for the consumption of new chums. It is a curious fact that, for a certain space of time—say three weeks—the Peripatetic Philosopher observes new faces leaning over bar counters, and notices stupendous collars and widely improbable trousers disporting themselves about the town. He is made painfully aware of the fact that the fashion of modern swelldom is to show as much neck as a sailor-hero of a nautical drama, and to wear its scarf-pin as nearly as possible in the centre of its stomach. He is alarmed at running against young men whose legs appear to have been made for the express purpose of cleaning flutes, and whose waistcoats are open-hearted to that extent that their shirts boil over, and appear to be ready to descend in an avalanche of

clean linen at the shortest notice. He is astonished at finding that the ordinary costume of a "fast man" (per s.s. Great Britain) is a shovel hat, and a white necktie like a small bell-rope. He is horrified at hearing that the modern fashion of dancing is something between a hop and a "breakdown," with a flavor of the skipping-rope, and was surprised at hearing a horsey friend speak of one of these new arrivals as having "a kick in his gallop," an apparent defect, which arose entirely from the employment of the new and approved method of dancing. If these young men are, and I suppose they must be, leaders of *ton*, and glasses of English fashion, it is to be regretted that they disappear so rapidly. As soon as one comes to know them by sight, they vanish from view altogether. I have made notes of several of these young men, and intend one of these days to write a book descriptive of the race generally. I find that they begin life at the Port Phillip or Scott's; that they play billiards frequently, and abuse the colony with immense gusto. For the first fortnight they cannot go into a bar for a glass of beer without producing a sovereign to pay for it, and, even when they receive change, will frequently plunge their hands into their trousers pockets, and produce a mingled handful of silver, gold, and notes therefrom. They patronise the theatres, and inquire anxiously about private boxes for the season. They stroll down to a livery stable, and ask if "they have got any decent cattle, you know." They are well known at the Casino, and tell you that they have seen the *can-can* "*ah Parry*, old fellow." They purchase portraits of popular actresses in the photograph shops, and show them to their friends with many nods, winks, and other ambiguous givings out. They can be seen in public-house bars in mid-day, and are prone to brandy and soda. They get up riding parties on hired horses, and may be seen at Brighton on Sunday. They are great in buggies, and always call a seven-year-old livery-stable hack "a little mare." They are usually, so they say, connected with the aristocracy, and complain bitterly that "there is no 'society' in Victoria. Yet with all this they seldom have introductions to anybody worth knowing, and are forced to consort with Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. In about a month the £100 scraped together by their widowed mothers, or saved from the wreck of their college

allowance and unpaid college debts, is spent—and then? Then some burly squatter, horny of hand and bushy of beard, comes down from his station, and says, "Come, Jack, lad; I knew thy father in the old country, and I won't see thee in a mess. Come up with me, and look round the country." So young Hopeful goes, and is put upon a rough bush horse, and made to ride in stock; or is sent to look after some fencing ten miles from the home-station; or is set to work foot-rotting, and soon finds out that life is not "all beer and skittles," and that young men from England are not necessarily exempt from work, nor young men in Australia quite the barbarians that our delicate-handed *habitués* of Garton's and the Earl of Zetland would have them. But the case of Jack is an exceptional case. Sometimes the gorgeous butterfly of Collins-street comes to unutterable grief. His cheap finery wears out. Messrs. Moses' garments wax rusty, and the gilt wears off his Brummagem jewellery. He falls, and great is his fall. One fine day he disappears, and men shake their heads for a day or two. Carambole, of any billiard-room, misses his customary half-crown, and the stage-boxes of the Royal are left desolate. The haunters of the Café and Varieties miss a familiar face, and one asks, "What has become of young New Chum; I haven't seen him lately?" But the question is never satisfactorily answered, and I ask in vain—What becomes of all these young men?

THE THEORY OF GASTRIC JUICE.

IT is the fashion nowadays to own a theory, and I shall tell you about mine. I am the apostle of a new creed, by which I intend to reform the world, and make everybody happy. My theory is the glorious theory of *Gastric Juice*. Away with your forms of morality, your Brahminism, Buddhism, Spargoism, Dummyism, Duffyism, and Platonism; give me a man with a perfect digestion and a normal stomach, and I will show you a clever man, a kindly gentleman, and an exemplary Christian. Gastric juice is the secret of happiness. If a man's secretions are in proper order, he will have what Nature intended him to have—*mens sana in corpore sano*. The history of the world is the history of livers. The fable of Prometheus is a magnificent

allegory. Chained to the rock of woe, and want, and indigestion, a vulture ceaselessly gnaws his liver. Prometheus had lived his life—he was a poet, and scaled heaven—but his liver gave way, his stomach got out of order, and, *presto!* poor Prometheus is down upon his back, and poppy nor mandragora, blue pill, Cockle nor Norton, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep that he had yesterday.

Let us glance at the history of the world. *Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona*—and before Noah, too, I have no doubt; but then they were always eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until their livers became hopelessly deranged; and what was the consequence? Look at the Roman Empire. The simple story of a stomach. In its early days exercised by constant wars, its tone restored by frequent famines, Rome was the mistress of the world. With the Cæsars came indigestion. What nation could hope to govern when it ate five meals a day, and supped upon stale oysters and mulled claret? The Christian persecutions, the *Circenses*, the atrocities of Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Galba, were all owing to the horrible condition to which the Roman stomach had arrived. Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines were a little more temperate, and Rome improved; but Commodus, Vitellius, Macrinus, Heliogobalus, recklessly disregarded the importance of gastric juice, and ruined the Roman Empire. Look at the wars, murders, sorceries, superstitions, manias, that disfigured Europe during the Middle Ages. All gastric juice! What but degrading superstition could be expected from a people ruled alternately by ascetics and *gourmets?* The saints rushed to the wilderness, and lived upon raw roots and stagnant water. What was the consequence? Their brains turned, religious mania ensued, and all Europe followed Peter the Hermit upon an idiotic expedition to the most unhealthy country on the face of the earth. The saints ruined the gastric juices of Europe. Imagine St. Francis, who ate ashes with his bread as an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast; St. John, of Egypt, who rejoiced in slack-baked loaves; St. Frances, widow, whose favorite beverage was dirty water, imbibed out of a human skull; the monks of St. Publius, who lived upon a gill of oil a day. Think of the hideous institution of the terophagia, or "dry eatings." Dream of the holy St. Waltheof, who did drink wine, but always put spiders in it

to mortify the flesh; and, last of all, think with awe of St. Ammon, that pious founder of the hermitages of Nitria, who, at the age of twenty-two, married a charming young girl, but in stead of a nuptial banquet, treated his bride to the reading of a particularly edifying chapter of St. Paul, and then retired to "solitary meditation" and wild honey for eighteen years. The ancient historian says that he died "ravished in an ecstacy"—he deserved it. Read Michelet's *La Sorcière*, and tremble at the revelations which he makes concerning the food of the people. The stomach is a great fact. It is not to be denied. Come what may, the stomach must be satisfied, or revolutions, bread riots, Bastille-taking, guillotines, murders ensue; and

"Monarchs die that sans-culottes may dine."

All the ills, happiness, miseries, poems, plays and novels that have ever afflicted mankind have been but modified expressions of gastric juice. Byron wrote "Childe Harold" upon soda-water and biscuits, but he poured three bottles of claret into his stomach before he sat down to crush his critics with "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Napoleon's liver was notoriously out of order, and I have no doubt that two grains of pil. hydrarg. would have changed the fate of Europe. "Hamlet," that wondrous creation of the poet, is simply the personification of a man with a dyspeptic constitution. The sea voyage to England did him good, but as soon as he comes back and takes to late suppers and roaming about in churchyards, his liver gets wrong, and five murders and one suicide is the result. Diogenes, I suspect, had no liver at all; and Alexander did his best to destroy an originally fine constitution by his preposterous habit of perpetually imbibing. Cromwell was notoriously a bad sleeper, and both Richelieu and Mazarin were a prey to indigestion. It was gastric juice that killed Charles I., and made France the greatest and most priest-ridden nation in Europe. All great men get their livers deranged, but when such livers are not put right again, "Woe is me, Alhama!" Witness Frederick the Great, Charles XII., Alcibiades, and the Borgias. No; let us attend to our gastric juice, and we will be happy; neglect it, and we will be miserable. For me, my indigestion is chronically out of gear. I am obliged to keep it so in order to write these articles; but for you, oh, dear reader,

accept the gospel of gastric juice, and you will be a comfort to yourself and an honor to your adopted country.

MODERN BOYS.

"WHAT are we to do with our boys?" Wash them, and marry them to our girls? Boys are necessary evils, like wet weather and small change. "Boys," says some aphoristic tautologist, "will be boys." That is, they used to be boys—now they want to be men. Where are the boys of *our* boyhood, O my Pompeius? Where are the rosy-cheeked urchins who played at prisoners' base and marbles, who "fagged out" so tearfully, and "broke bounds" so eagerly? Where are the happy fellows who went "nesting," and ran "paper chases," and laid plots for the destruction of Farmer Giles's poultry? Where are the boys who gave supper parties in their "dormitories," and were noted for the composition of "shrub" of surpassing excellence? Where are the boys who had "ticks" at the pastrycook's, and sent love-letters, franked by economised half-crowns, to the young ladies' school round the corner? Gone, like the years. *Labuntur anni, Postume, Postume!* The years glide away, and are lost to me—lost to me! Those boys are greyheaded old fogies now. Their youth has given place to dinner, and their love to lorgnettes of extra power. They "have tasted the sweetness of life, they have lived and loved"—at least, some of them; now all is Dead Sea fruit. They know it all. They've looked down the crater, and seen nothing in it. Yet, perhaps, when turning over some old drawer with much comminatory muttering, they light upon a packet of yellow letters, and straightway memory flies back again to the old, old days, when Chloe was slender and loving, and Corydon had a heart and a digestion, when life seemed worth living for, when

> "They were young,
> And songs were sung,
> And love-lamps in the casement hung."

But the feeling soon passes, the poor little letters are put away, and Corydon—goes to dinner.

> "Gillian's dead—God rest her soul,
> How I loved her twenty years syne!"

says he mournfully; but the waiter brings the *salmi* of woodcock, and Corydon waxes merry, and tells highly-spiced anecdotes, while he "dips his nose in the Gascon wine." Youth has departed from us, Pompeius, my friend. When you saw me sitting on the Post-office steps the other day, munching at my bread and polony, you scarcely recognised the brilliant, well-dressed fellow that Her Grac—— but no more of that. We cannot eat our cake and have it. *We* have elected to eat ours, my Pompeius. By Gis and by Saint Charity, but the old wicked flavor comes back to me again! It was very sweet while it lasted, was it not? Now we live on memory and Scotch pies, price 3d. Let us hope that the present generation of boys will make a better use of their youth than we have done. They are clever, our modern boys, I am told; but there seems a something wanting in their mental compositions—or can it be the motes in my own eyes that obscure my vision? Perhaps so. As a friend of mine says, "It will all come right in the end." Let us hope so.

DEMOCRATIC SNOBBERY.

DEMOCRACY in a red cap, leaning on a blood-stained axe, is terrible, at all events; but Democracy in ill-made dress clothes, spouting watery adulation at a corporation dinner, is simply ridiculous. But it is the fashion with some people to combine the wildest republicanism of sentiment with the profoundest humility of deportment. They talk like Camille Desmoulins, and act like Jeames in a new suit of plush. These kid-gloved democrats belong usually to the upper rank of middle society. They have been educated at college, and can read Horace tolerably with the aid of a dictionary and Anthon's notes. They profess to admire Cromwell. They talk about liberty of soul, equality of honest men, but would disdain to nod to their tailor if they met him in the street. They hate lords, but do not object to dine with a bishop. The fact of this apparent contradiction is easily accounted for. They want equality to their own level. They hate the nobility (who, as a rule, are not worth the hating), because they themselves are not noble; and they despise wealth, because they are poor. But place these gentry in a colony where they are

equal to the highest, and lo! their notions change. They become fiercely aristocratic. They prate of good blood, and the claims of "gentlemen." Gentlemen! How that grand old word has been prostituted. "Gentleman" once meant an honest, courteous, brave, and liberal man—a man who had an arm to strike at oppression and vice, and a heart to pity the repentant and weak. Now it means—money, for one thing, good clothes for another, social position for another; an ability to read, write, dance, and run into debt for a fourth; a certain style of speaking, looking, walking, and eating for a fifth; but it means principally—money. Any low-minded, ignorant ruffian who has suddenly accumulated wealth calls himself gentleman; any debauched booby of a lord whose miserable body, pimpled with the ten times diluted blood of all the Howards, happened to be first wrapped in fine linen instead of in rags, thrusts his ricketty little person before the world as a "gentleman!" Heaven save us! I am no "red republican," but the cant of "good blood" is utterly abominable to me. As Crebillon said, "I hope there is distinction of ranks below, for the gentlemen will get the best seats—next the fire." The sham aristocracy of a country like this is pitifully absurd. Every man has it in himself to make himself respected, honored, and ennobled. If he does not do it, let him take it for granted that nature did not intend him for an aristocrat, and be content.

SHAREBROKING.

A GENTLEMAN came out from England a few months back, and went to a friend to ask for employment. "What can you do?" "Nothing!" "Hum, you are of gentlemanly appearance, dress well, and talk well. I know that you are no fool. Why not be a sharebroker?" The advice was taken, and the new arrival has been making a very comfortable income.

The history of sharebrokers must be replete with food for reflection and amusement. Mr. Montague Tigg would pale his ineffectual fires before one of our Australian promoters. Mr. Tigg had a magnificent office and a gorgeous butler—no mean capital, as times go. His antipodean prototype, how-

ever, has not even a boy in buttons to attend on him, and his office usually consists of a very dirty writing-table, a bottle of ink, and three penholders. Tigg burst at once into splendor. There was no medium between his borrowing the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown, and his triumphant progress in the Baileyan cab. The Victorian broker, however, as a rule creeps slowly to fortune. He commences generally with a stuffy room in Little Collins-street, not far from the horse-bazaar. He is not overburdened with furniture, and his door has a card, "Back in ten minutes," everlastingly nailed to its middle panel. He is shabby in dress, but ornate in manner. He talks like a duke, and dresses like a bagman. He is not unfrequently of Hebrew descent, and the names of his friends read like a chapter from the Book of Numbers. By-and-bye he gets custom. He is a sharp fellow, and is spoken of as "little so-and-so." He takes fresh rooms, perhaps over an insurance office, and there, like Béranger, he rules "his snug little kingdom up three pairs of stairs." He begins to be known, he is seen under the "Verandah," and lunches at The Shades. So his prosperous course continues, till at last he culminates in a blaze of guaze blinds, with his name in full thereon, five telegrams a day from Ballarat, and a brass plate in the Hall of Commerce. It is hard that men like these should be called swindlers. They work hard for their living, and in most cases are honest enough. The public—that dear, gullible, fussy, moral public—usually swindles itself. Respectable people pride themselves upon a smart trick in sharebroking, and seem to think that in it, as in horsedealing, morality is tacitly put out of court. It sometimes happens, though, that the sharebroking cat used by the virtuous monkey to pull his hot chesnuts of mining shares out of the fire loses her temper, and scratches. Forthwith, a howl of commercial morality goes up to Heaven. The bitten one roars lustily, and abuses the whole class and race of sharebrokers in good set terms. They are swindlers, "robbers of the widow and orphan," &c., &c. Well, I shrug my shoulders and say nothing. *Moi? Je flane!* The cat has scratched, has she? Ha ha! Sharebroking is like most other trades, not immaculate; but the public have only themselves to blame if the class their own greed has called into existence is exceptionally dishonest in business.

THE PAROCHIAL COMMITTEE-MAN.

WE all know the model type of the parochial committee-man. He is, of course, intensely respectable, and intensely narrow-minded. He is the father of a family. He is "practical, sir, strictly practical!" He thinks the institution over which he presides the first of its existing kind. He imagines that the eyes of the world are on him, and the account of a squabble on "board day" will be read with avidity by all the *savans*, journalists, and public men in Europe. He is solemn-looking, and it is only when he begins to speak that you find out his intellectual incapacity. He is eternally "rising to order," and begging to say "a few words on the subject of hard-boiled eggs." He is wealthy, or at least independent, and has been perhaps a grocer, a soap-boiler, or a Turkey-merchant. He can read, write, and spell correctly, and, consequently, thinks it "his duty, Mr. Chairman, his painful duty," to prose upon the ignorance or insolence of gentlemen who—to use his own familiar phrase—"have as much in their little finger as he has in his whole body." He regards all those poor persons for whose benefit the institution was founded as his natural enemies. He is always proposing economical tricks, by which twopenny-worth of cream or one basin of gruel can be saved per diem. "Amounting at the end of the year, Mr. Chairman, to a very considerable sum!" He is bland, pious, is known in political circles by some "Honest"-prefixed abbreviation of his baptismal name, and when he dies his executors discover that he has been living comfortably upon appropriated trust-moneys for the last ten years of his highly-respectable life.

CARMEN.

LET us discuss the subject of carmen. I have before remarked that the Melbourne carman is a being of peculiar sympathies and peculiar prejudices. He is a better stamp of man than the London cabman. He is usually smarter, because he drinks brandy instead of gin; and he is less prone to violent extortion. I do not object to the carman as a rule. I drove a Hansom myself once, and made a fortune; only I invested it in mining shares, and lost it all. But there is one point upon

which I desire to take him to task. Why does he drive unbroken horses in his vehicle at night? I seldom travel in cars myself now, but in the days when I was comparatively rich I made frequent use of them, and found that a night journey was fraught with danger. The carman has a propensity for rushing out and seizing you, so to speak, and carrying you away captive; moreover, he starts before you are ready, and stops jerkily at wrong places. Also the practice of accelerating the action of his heart by the pernicious use of stimulants is to be deplored. It makes him reckless, and inclined to rival the son of Nimshi in rapidity of progression. I recollect one man, who had been driving in a very erratic manner for some time, insisting upon getting down and drinking at a gutter; and upon my telling him that such a practice, if carried to excess, was not conducive to health, he informed me with a sneer that he had studied the first principles of natural science, and that he knew running water was always harmless. I was gratified to learn, however, that he was seized with cholera next day, and died in a contorted condition. The Melbourne carman is like the hippopotamus of the showman—a singularly unique animal. He is independent, bold, sturdy, and pot-valiant to excess. He is not altogether averse to bullying quiet people. He never has change late at night. He is given to a grim humor, and will ask you with many expletives, "Want the grey 'oss to-night, sir? The 'terrible grey,' sir!" He drives good cattle, and takes a lively interest in the sporting world. But in the main he is not a bad fellow, and is eminently useful to a very large class of persons.

THE THEATRE GALLERY FOLK.

I PRESUME that none of the respectable people who read these remarks have ever been in the sixpenny gallery of a theatre. They are—these dear readers of mine—for the most part, of the porcelain of humanity, and if they are a little cracked here and there, the fractures are repaired with golden clamps, and rather enhance their value than otherwise. But though I am—I hope—read by these gentle creatures—these bluest skimmings of the milk of colonial society—and am admitted to the sacred mansions of the great

and good, the "truly sublime and beautiful," still I confess to a sympathy for common clay. You see I am only a shoeless vagabond myself, and associate only with Bohemians—tinkers of other men's kettles, patchers of other men's garments, rag-pickers and snappers up of unconsidered trifles. I am of the earth, remarkably earthy, and prefer a pot of porter (foaming, mind you, and in a pewter—none of your *dilettante* glasses) and a black clay pipe, to all the fashionable eccentricities of the fashionable world. I have an affection for unvarnished humanity. I like to see human life with its coat off, and to descend an octave in the social scale. Did you ever study the face of a begrimed and shirt-sleeved son of toil as he leans over the railing in the front of the gallery, and, resting his chin upon one half-naked and muscular arm, gloats upon the stage, and pushes his rusty cap back over his touzled head in inexpressible rapture? He is well worthy the looking at. So is also the fat matron, who unpins her shawl to gasp the easier at the pathetic passages; so is the small boy who cracks nuts and tears up paper during the performance, and whose ear is so good that he can tell by the tone of the actor when a "sentiment" has been delivered, and applauds accordingly. People do not carry baskets of refreshments to the gallery now-a-days; they are in too great a hurry to carry anything they can dispense with. You will see them indulging in the deleterious gingerbeer, or the brandy-qualified lemonade, while the boys and our shirt-sleeved friend run, with much stamping and noise, down the stairs to snatch a hasty pipe in the vestibule between acts.

Perhaps you don't care for this sort of thing; perhaps you would rather take your ease in the dress-circle, and gaze with languidly levelled *lorgnette* upon the distant gallery. You are quite right to do as you like. But may I suggest that when you come to theatres you come in good time, and endeavor to keep the door that admits you into that select spot a little less upon the swing. I was a doorkeeper once at a theatre myself, and the life was a terrible one. People came in late and banged the doors, or talked loudly and laughed; and other people who were disturbed thereby scowled furiously at me, and jingled their half-crowns menacingly. I would rather be doorkeeper to the gallery than to the boxes. If the gallery is rough it is always amenable to reason, while the boxes are frequently

the reverse. Give me the gallery. I made a study of an old woman there the other night who would have been worth £10,000 to Eugène Sue. She was the only living representative of La Chouette I ever saw. A glorious old woman! Her hideousness was so superlative in its magnificence that it was almost beautiful.

The comments of the gallery, too, are very amusing. They are criticisms in plain clothes. You hear human sentiments in human language, as Johnson said of Shakespeare. Go there some night and hear them; you will be amused, and moreover you will see actors whom you never saw in your life before. Your favorite, whoever he may be, looks a very different person to the pit and gallery. When you come and sit up with me you can only see the top of his head, and his body and legs are foreshortened to a surprising extent. You can imagine yourself in Lilliput (if you know where that is). Come with me, respectable Philistine, and I will introduce you to a relative of mine, who sells ginger-pop and oranges. He is not very well dressed, but he is very amusing. We have quite a little circle of critics up in the "gallery." There is Bloggs, a fat and pursy fellow, who says that "Buskin can't come it in 'Amlet like some on 'em," and declares, with many nods and winks, that, for his part, "give him breadth." There is Boozer, who is red-headed, and given to beer, who is passionate, and snorts violently. He raves about Ophelia, whereat Bloggs frowns and remarks—"To play Hophelia as it oughter be played, a gal must have the wiwacity of seventeen and the hexperience of thirty." I assure you we talk quite as well in our small way as the real critics; our conversation is an octave lower, that's all.

ON BOWING.

MAY I be permitted to say a word or two on the subject of bowing? I have been suffering greatly under the custom lately. Having returned from a short absence, my fellow Bohemians have, of course, lent themselves to the pleasing fiction of "being glad to see me," and I have been obliged to feign an equal amount of gushing human kindness. I cannot help, however, noticing the varied and curious notions Australians have concerning bows. One gentleman dislocates his

cervical vertebræ, and grins. Another winks his eye and protrudes his chin with an air that intimates, "Ah, I see you! Back again! I know all about it. How did you like the oakum picking?" A third wags his head dolefully, and gives me to understand that Lord Burleigh had not half as much power of "expression" as he has. A fourth waves his hand gracefully from the other side of the road. A fifth elevates his stick. A sixth, about whom a faint perfume of the late Joe Bagstock lingers, pokes me in the ribs and smiles waggishly. As to my friend Gushman, "age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety." One day he slaps me on the back, and roars out, "Hollo, old fellow! how are yer?" on another he approaches me insidiously from behind corners of streets, and rushes at my hand with enthusiastic violence. On some occasions I see him ambling down Collins-street, and he pretends not to notice me until I have passed him, when he turns round and beams upon me with objectionable radiance. My friend Storker perambulates the town with the apparent affectation of being immersed in the composition of an epic poem, and will suddenly start into common-place life bewilderedly. Milo, who is given to "athletic sports," and is always in a repulsively healthy state, noisily recognises me two blocks off, and makes confidential communications at the distance of thirty feet. Scrype crosses the road, and says in a mysterious whisper, "They are going up! Buy!" and rushes off into space. I meet people who always ask, "Well, what's the news?" which is not only bad grammar, but unnecessary, as they always knew everything "last night" if I tell them. I meet people who are undecided as to whether they should bow or not, and who stare at me for five minutes, and then affect recognition. I meet people who nod sideways, jerkily, as though they had fastened a piece of string to one of their ears, and thus established a communication running beneath their waistcoats, after the manner of the directions in "Necromancy for the Drawing-room," which instruct the novice in the art of making shillings fly up his sleeve. But of all bows, the backward jerk is the most objectionable. This method is purely colonial, and is a happy compound of the university dun bow and the fast lawyer's clerk's airy manner. It consists in grinning superciliously, and then

jerking the head back over the off ear, as if to avoid a tap on the chin. The instant the bowee recognises you, you resume your usual wooden expression, and look as if you had never seen him before. This is much affected by our rising colonial youth, and is, in my mind, one of the strongest provocations to kicking a man that I know of; indeed, when accompanied by a *nonchalant* swing of a three-penny cane, it is irresistible.

HOME LETTERS.

MORE mails, more weariness of letters, more delirium of telegrams, more recklessness of unamusing correspondence! All is emphatically vanity, and essential oil of vexation of spirit. Why do people write letters? Why do friends in England force themselves to scribble the intelligence that little Tommy has got well over the measles, that John has gone through the Insolvent Court, or that Clara has run away with a penniless lieutenant of marines? After three or four years we care not for Tommy's ailments nor John's difficulties, and cherish recollections of Clara only as she appeared in short frocks and pantalettes. We wade through a mass of correspondence only to light our melancholy pipe with the last sheet, and regretfully think of the bother of replying. Letter-writing is a lost art. Penny postage and electricity have ruined correspondence. In old times the composition of a letter was a matter of consideration; the writer would brood over it for days, and collect material for weeks, would make "rough copies," and polish and retouch with delicate care. Now-a-days we get stenographic notes of births, deaths, and marriages, "hatches, matches, and despatches." The letter-writers of modern times may be divided into three classes: the stenographic, who send news like tins of preserved meat, the greatest amount of mental nutriment compressed into the smallest possible space; the obtrusively well-informed, who give us a "boiling down" of the daily journals for the past month; and the savagely reticent, who begin by saying that they have nothing to say, and end with some startling piece of half-divulged information in a postscript. Women are the best correspondents. They write for the pleasure of writing, and tell us all the little bits of scandal with which their little bosoms have been torn since the

departure of the last mail. Their fault is to assume that their correspondent knows everybody, and they will give bewildering details concerning people of whom we know nothing. Paragraphs of this kind abound :—"You remember poor Mrs. Grimwold? She met with a sad accident on Tuesday last, which might have ended fatally. As it turned out, however, Benson, who has been much occupied with that unfortunate family affair which compelled him to leave England, had just returned, and hearing of her illness, went instantly to Devonshire, where, as you know, poor dear Laura was residing." After reading this "important item" three or four times over, and in vain endeavoring to recollect who "poor Mrs. Grimwold" may be, you turn your attention to the identity of Benson, with like ill-success, and being driven to the verge of madness by the hints concerning the "unfortunate family affair" and "Benson's" mysterious trip to Devonshire, where an unknown "Laura" is residing, you make a mental memo. to ask for an explanation, which you cannot possibly get for at least three months. Then we have the letters from younger brothers, full of badly-expressed accounts of the Chester Cup, or a full, true, and particular history of their losses over the St. Leger. We have the hurried scrawl from our oldest friend :—"Dear Bob,—I just write a line or two to catch the mail. Hope you're well. Bessy was married yesterday—sends love. I shall probably start for South America next week, so do not be surprised if I do not write again for some time. Of course you have all heard about the Snook's will case.—Yours, in haste—THOMAS WHYLEDOATS." Or the long letter about nothing from your cousin at Sandhurst, who tells you just at the end of his epistle that he has "drawn upon you for £120, which will be all right."

But the most objectionable of all people is the man who sends newspapers. You receive a *Times* or a *Saturday Review*, and, imagining that they contain some paragraph of immediate personal interest, devote a whole morning to reading them through, advertisements and all, and are disgusted at discovering that they contain nothing that concerns yourself or any of your friends. I never open newspapers now, feeling certain that the only news they could possibly contain would be bad news, and then I should be "sure to hear of it from some good-natured friend or other." "*Cælum non animum mutant*" is a mistake.

Men change their dispositions as they change their climate. Do we not remember the glowing letters we were wont—for the first six months—to send home? How we described the voyage, and the captain, and the passengers, and the crew—how we gave our experience of the tropics, and our impressions of the Southern Cross—how we revelled in accounts of Melbourne, and talked about "lucky diggers" and buck-jumping horses—how we found out that "society here is not very different from society at home"—how we begged to be remembered to Kate, and Polly, and Annie, and inquired anxiously after the "baby." By-and-bye we get less communicative, and receiving a *carte de visite* in which the "baby" looms immense in conjunction with a cricket bat and white flannel trousers, we lose all interest in "my people at home," and relapse into the newspaper phase of friendliness. The "return of the exile" is all humbug. Poets may write as they will about the "sacred joy" of clasping relatives in one's arms, but those who have tried the process have experienced a totally different feeling. "The old people" have been living in the same spot, have seen the same faces, the same trees, the same houses—the "exile" knows nobody, *his* friends are all in that new country he has left. He expects to find the orchard where he stole the apples, and the duck-pond where he drowned kittens; but they are not. His heart is bubbling over with love and affection and pent-up memories, and he is received by some *novus homo* who knows him not. It is "Hallo, Jack, old fellow, who would have thought of seeing you? Sit down!" His favorite sister is married to some person he has never seen, and doesn't care about. His old sweetheart is Mrs. Tomkins, with three children and a fat husband; and the little "baby" he left behind him is now fifteen, and impudent beyond his years. The talk is different, the dress is different, the people are different, and the exile goes back again to Australia lighter in pocket and heavier in heart.

BUSH SKETCHES.

AUSTRALIAN SCENERY.

(FROM PREFACE TO GORDON'S POEMS.)

WHAT is the dominant note of Australian scenery? That which is the dominant note of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry—Weird Melancholy. A poem like "L'Allegro" could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle in their black gorges a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great gray kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. The natives aver that when night comes, from out the bottomless depth of some lagoon the Bunyip rises, and in form like a monstrous sea-calf, drags his loathsome length from out the ooze. From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire dance natives painted like skeletons.

nothing of what masculine love is capable. Felix Germaine, the husband of a beautiful young woman, is as ignorant of the mysteries of her sex, as if he had been bred in a cloister. In fact, that relentless power, which we term the Natural Forces, and which uses up men and women as the Pharaohs used their slaves, has betrayed two people into giving another life to be expended in its service. The Natural Forces—wholly regardless of the fact that modern civilization has decided that most of the crimes and miseries of the age, arise from marriages between people not wholly suited to each other—have produced Hector Germaine, and left his parents to settle the cost of his existence between them."

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All is fear inspiring and gloomy. No bright fancies are linked with the memories of the mountains. Hopeless explorers have named them out of their sufferings—Mount Misery, Mount Dreadful, Mount Despair. As when among sylvan scenes in places

> Made green with the running of rivers
> And gracious with temperate air.

the soul is soothed and satisfied, so, placed before the frightful grandeur of these barren hills, it drinks in their sentiment of defiant ferocity, and is steeped in bitterness.

Australia has rightly been named the Land of the Dawning. Wrapped in the midst of early morning her history looms vague and gigantic. The lonely horseman riding between the moonlight and the day, sees vast shadows creeping across the shelterless and silent plains, hears strange noises in the primeval forests, where flourishes a vegetation long dead in other lands, and feels, despite his fortune, that the trim utilitarian civilisation which bred him shrinks into insignificance beside the contemptuous grandeur of forest and ranges coeval with an age in which European scientists have cradled his own race.

There is a poem in every form of tree or flower, but the poetry which lives in the trees and flowers of Australia, differs from those of other countries. Europe is the home of knightly song, of bright deeds and clear morning thought. Asia sinks beneath the weighty recollections of her past magnificence, as the Suttee sinks jewel-burdened upon the corpse of dread grandeur, destructive even in its death. America swiftly hurries on her way, rapid, glittering, insatiable even as one of her own giant waterfalls. From the jungles of Africa, and the creeper-tangled groves of the Islands of the South, arise, from the glowing hearts of a thousand flowers, heavy and intoxicating odours—the Upas-poison which dwells in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is to be found the Grotesque, the Weird, the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write. Some see no beauty in our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume, our birds who cannot fly, and our beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all fours. But the dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness. Whispered to by the myriad tonguesof the wilderness,

he learns the language of the barren and the uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphs of haggard gum-trees, blown into odd shapes distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the Bush interprets itself, and the Poet of our desolation begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand, better than all the bountiful richness of Egypt.

A NIGHT IN THE BUSH.

THERE is an indescribable ghastliness about the mountain bush which has affected most imaginative people: The grotesque and distorted trees, huddled here and there together in the gloom like whispering conspirators; the little open flats encircled by boulders which seem the forgotten altars of some unholy worship; the white, bare, and ghastly gums gleaming momentarily amid the deeper shades of the forest; the lonely pools begirt with shivering reeds, and haunted by the melancholy bittern only; the rifted and draggled creek bed, which seems violently gouged out of the lacerated earth by some savage convulsion of nature; the silent and solitary places where a few blasted trees crowd together like withered witches who, brooding on some deed of blood, have been suddenly stricken horror-stiff—riding through this nightmare landscape a whirr of wings and a harsh cry disturb you from time to time; hideous and mocking laughter peals above and about you; and huge gray ghosts, with little red eyes, hop away with gigantic but noiseless bounds. You shake your bridle, the mare lengthens her stride, the tree trunks run into one another, the leaves make overhead a continuous curtain, the earth reels out beneath you like a strip of gray cloth spun by a furiously flying loom, the air strikes your face sharply, the bush, always gray and colourless, parts before you and closes behind you like a fog. You lose yourself in the prevailing indecision of sound and colour. You become drunk with the wine of the night, and, losing your individuality, sweep onward on a flying phantom, in a land of shadows.

A BUSH FIRE.

IT WAS my good or ill fortune to be present, only a fortnight back, at one of these terrible disasters. It was a hot afternoon in the Mallee scrub, and my host and I were smoking on the verandah, watching the eagle hawks float and pause in the cloudless blue sky, when T. suddenly started to his feet, rushed furiously to the rope of a big bell used by the cook to summon all hands to dinner, and fell to tolling it for dear life. I thought him mad, for nothing could I see in the direction to which his eyes were turned but a thin white column indistinctly outlined against the deep purple of the distant mountains. But others understood the action better than I. From the huts tumbled the men, all making for the stables, while, already through the swamp of the home paddock galloped the station horses, with the black boy, shouting and cracking his stockwhip incessantly in their rear. Such saddling and bridling was never seen since the days of Cannobie Lea. "Come on," cried T. "It is a bush fire, and in the worst part of the scrub. Take any horse." In a few minutes we were all riding at break-neck speed through the bush, following the well-mounted T., as best we might, aud stringing out like foxhunters. I found myself beside young Mr. A., the second overseer, who was lighting his pipe *á la* Turpin as he rode. "It is no use bursting our beasts," he said coolly. "That'll burn for many days before we can put it out." And he was right. How the fire originated no one knew, though there were wrathful suspicions as to one Sandy Joe, "a boundary rider," having fired the scrub to "get a burn," the said Joe being bigoted of opinion as to the value of burnt ground for sheep-feeding purposes; but when we arrived it was raging in a sort of gully some fifty feet deep, choked with brushwood and blocked in the middle by a big rock, at which Sandy Joe was staring with an appearance of overwhelming interest. The thin column had now become a thick, dense cloud which must

have been visible for miles, and the roaring of the flames almost drowned our voices. By T.'s directions the horses were put in charge of the least able of the party and secured in a sheltered spot on the weather side of the fire, while we, spread out in long line, went about half a mile on the lee side, and set fire to the grass there, beating out the fire again with long boughs, so that when the main body of flame reached the burned line it might have nothing left to feed on. But that fiery cohort came up, roaring in the tops of the trees, and was upon and past us almost before we could feel its heat, leaping our little line without a pause, and flying away into the forest. We had to run for our lives, and escaping danger of crushing branches, blazing bark, and sudden whirls of yellow fire, that would play and crackle about us from some sappy fern, fall with singed hair and blinded eyes into the company of our reinforcements. For the last two hours, it would seem had neighbors been arriving—for all make common cause against the common enemy—but so furiously fierce had been the advance of the fire-flames, and so inextricably fixed were we in the dead waist and middle of it, that they could do nothing for us in that brief contest. But now other arrangements were made. A boy was despatched for provisions and water cans. Spare horses were sent home. We divided our forces, four or five to this spot, four or five to that. I was set to guard, if possible, a brush-fence, which if ignited would carry thirty miles of destruction along the mountain side. I said to my two mates—the prudent Mr. A. was in command of us—"How big do you think it is now?" "About four miles wide, I should say," said A., lighting the inevitable pipe with a bit of red-hot wood." I am told that it is characteristic of Australians to "blow." If I minutely described our night-watch in the hills I might be held accountant for as great a sin. The fire fought us inch by inch, and our brush-fence had to go at last. Galloping some four miles to windward we tried again to "turn back on it," and, after pulling down by main force half a mile of fence, thus "blowing up communication" (the brush-fence of Australia is made of trunks of trees drawn together by bullocks, and then interlaced with cut branches), we got the enemy turned away into the ranges. There he blazed for nine days until he got over the other side of the mountain, and we saw him no more.

During four days the fire lurked round about us. The air was pungent with the aromatic odours of burnt gum leaves, the blackened branches and saplings striped our clothes as we walked, while the ashes lay ankle-deep on the black hot earth. At night the mountain gave out a dull light, while here and there along the range a burning tree would flame like a torch, and the embers of the red-hot stumps glow fiery red like danger lights. The birds had all gone. The kangaroo and cattle had fled. Even the dingos were afraid to pass that blackened and desloated forest. Poor T. lost thirty-six miles of fencing and two thousand sheep, which, being caught in the angle formed by the creek and the fire, were either smothered or burned. But on the tenth day after a big rain fell, and in less than a week all the burnt ground was green as emerald beneath the gray, dead trees. I came down to Melbourne with T. so soon as this happened, the richer by a strange experience in which the picturesque memories of the burning forest at night—one of the grandest sights in the world, believe me—blend strangely with recollections of burned hands and a longing for pure water unknown even to Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

(FROM "HIS NATURAL LIFE.")

THE drifting log that had so strangely served as a means of saving Rufus Dawes swam with the current that was running out of the bay. For some time the burden that it bore was an insensible one. Exhausted with his desparate struggle for life, the convict lay along the rough back of this Heaven-sent raft without motion, almost without breath. At length a violent shock awoke him to consciousness, and he perceived that the log had become stranded on a sandy point, the extremity of which was lost in darkness. Painfully raising himself from his uncomfortable posture, he staggered to his feet, and crawling a few paces up the beach, flung himself upon the ground and slept.

When morning dawned, he recognised his position. The log had, in passing under the lee of Philip Island, been cast upon the southern point of Coal Head, and some three hundred yards from him were the mutilated sheds of the coal-gang. For some time he lay still, basking in the warm rays of the rising sun, and scarcely caring to move his bruised and shattered limbs. The sensation of rest was so exquisite, that it overpowered all other considerations, and he did not even trouble himself to conjecture the reason for the apparent desertion of the huts close by him. If there was no one there—well and good. If the coal party had not gone, he would be discovered in a few moments, and brought back to his island prison. In his exhaustion and misery, he accepted the alternative, and slept again.

As he lay down his aching head, Mr. Troke was reporting his death to Vickers, and while he still slept, the *Ladybird*, on her way out, passed him so closely, that anyone on board her might, with a good glass have espied his slumbering figure, as it lay upon the sand.

When he woke it was past mid-day, and the sun poured its full rays upon him. His clothes were dry in all places, save the side on which he had been lying, and he rose to his feet refreshed by his long sleep. He scarcely comprehended, as yet, his true position. He had escaped, it was true, but not for long. He was versed in the history of escapes, and knew that a man alone on that barren coast was face to face with starvation or recapture. Glancing up at the sun, he wondered, indeed, how it was that he had been free so long. Then the coal sheds caught his eye, and he understood that they were untenanted. This astonished him, and he began to tremble with vague apprehension. Entering, he looked round, expecting every moment to see some lurking constable, or armed soldier. Suddenly his glance fell upon the loaves which lay in the corner where the departing convicts had flung them the night before. At such a moment this discovery seemed like a direct revelation from Heaven. He would not have been surprised had they disappeared. Had he lived in another age he would have looked round for the angel who had brought them.

By-and-by, having eaten of this miraculous provender, the poor creature began—reckoning by his convict experience—to

understand what had taken place. The coal workings were abandoned; the new Commandant had probably other work for his beasts of burden to execute, and an absconder would be safe here for a few hours at least. But he must not stay. For him there was no rest. If he thought to escape, it behoved him to commence his journey at once. As he contemplated the meat and bread, something like a ray of hope entered his gloomy soul. Here was provision for his needs. The food before him represented the rations of six men. Was it not possible to cross the desert that lay between him and freedom on such fare? The very supposition made his heart beat faster. It surely was possible. He must husband his resourses; walk much and eat little; spread out the food for one day into the food for three. Here was six men's food for one day, or one man's food for six days. He would live on a third of this, and he would have rations for eighteen days. Eighteen days! What could he not do in eighteen days? He could walk thirty miles a day—forty miles a day—that would be six hundred miles and more. Yet stay; he must not be too sanguine; the road was difficult; the scrub was in some places impenetrable. He would have to make *detours*, and turn upon his tracks, to waste precious time. He would be moderate, and say twenty miles a day. Twenty miles a day was very easy walking. Taking a piece of stick from the ground, he made the calculation in the sand. Eighteen days, and twenty miles a day—three hundred and sixty miles. More than enough to take him to freedom. It could be done! With prudence, it could be done! He must be careful and abstemious. Abstemious! He had already eaten too much, and he hastily pulled a barely-tasted piece of meat from his mouth, and replaced it with the rest. The action which at any other time would have seemed disgusting, was, in the case of this poor creature, merely pitiable.

Having come to this resolution, the next thing was to disencumber himself of his irons. This was more easily done than he expected. He found in the shed an iron gad, and with that and a stone he drove out the rivets. The rings were too strong to be "ovalled," * or he would have been free long ago.

* *Ovalled*—"To oval" is a term in use among convicts, and means to so bend the round ring of the ankle fetter that the *heel* can be drawn up through it.

He packed the meat and bread together, and then pushing the gad into his belt—it might be needed as a weapon of defence—he set out on his journey.

His intention was to get round the settlement to the coast, reach the settled districts, and, by some tale of shipwreck or of wandering, procure assistance. As to what was particularly to be done *when* he found himself among free men, he did not pause to consider. At that point his difficulties seemed to him to end. Let him but traverse the desert that was before him, and he would trust to his own ingenuity, or the chance of fortune, to avert suspicion. The peril of immediate detection was so imminent, that, beside it, all other fears were dwarfed into insignificance.

Before dawn next morning he had travelled ten miles, and by husbanding his food, he succeeded by the night of the fourth day in accomplishing forty more. Footsore and weary, he lay in a thicket of the thorny melaleuca, and felt at last that he was beyond pursuit. The next day he advanced more slowly. The bush was unpropitious. Dense scrub and savage jungle impeded his path; barren and stony mountain ranges arose before him. He was lost in gullies, entangled in thickets, bewildered in morasses. The sea that had hitherto gleamed, salt, glittering, and hungry upon his right hand, now shifted to his left. He had mistaken his course, and he must turn again. For two days did this bewilderment last, and on the third he came to a mighty cliff that peirced with its blunt pinnacle the clustering bush. He must go over or round this obstacle, and he decided to go round it. A natural pathway wound about its foot. Here and there branches were broken, and it seemed to the poor wretch, fainting under the weight of his lessening burden, that his were not the first footsteps which had trodden there. The path terminated in a glade, and at the bottom of this glade was something that fluttered. Rufus Dawes pressed forward, and stumbled over a corpse!

In the terrible stillness of that solitary place, he felt suddenly as though a voice had called to him. All the hideous fantastic tales of murder which he had read or heard seemed to take visible shape in the person of the loathly carcase before him, clad in the yellow dress of a convict, and lying flung together on the ground as though struck down. Stooping over it, im-

pelled by an irresistible impulse to know the worst, he found the body was mangled. One arm was missing, and the skull had been beaten in by some heavy instrument! The first thought—that this heap of rags and bones was a mute witness to the folly of his own undertaking, the corpse of some starved absconder—gave place to a second more horrible suspicion. He recognised the number imprinted on the coarse cloth as that which had designated the younger of the two men who had escaped with Gabbett. He was standing on the place where a murder had been committed! A murder!—and what else? Thank God the food *he* carried was not yet exhausted! He turned and fled, looking back fearfully as he went. He could not breathe in the shadow of that awful mountain.

Crashing through scrub and brake, torn, bleeding, and wild with terror, he reached a spur of the Range, and looked around him. Above him rose the iron hills, below him lay the panorama of the bush. The white cone of the Frenchman's cap was on his right hand, on his left a succession of ranges seemed to bar further progress. A gleam, as of a lake, streaked the eastward. Gigantic pine trees reared their graceful heads against the opal of the evening sky, and at their feet the dense scrub through which he had so painfully toiled, spread without break and without flaw. It seemed as though he could leap from where he stood upon a solid mass of tree-tops. He raised his eyes, and right against him, like a long dull sword, lay the narrow steel-blue reach of the harbour from which he had escaped. One darker speck moved on the dark water. It was the *Osprey* making for the Gates. It seemed that he could throw a stone upon her deck. A faint cry of rage escaped him. During the last three days in the bush he must have retraced his steps, and returned upon his own track to the settlement! More than half his allotted time had passed, and he was not yet thirty miles from his prison. Death had waited to overtake him in this barbarous wilderness. As a cat allows a mouse to escape her for a while, so had he been permitted to trifle with his fate, and lull himself into a false security. Escape was hopless now. He never *could* escape; and as the unhappy man raised his despairing eyes, he saw that the sun, redly sinking behind a lofty pine which topped the opposite hill, shot a ray of crimson light into the glade below him. It was as though

a bloody finger pointed at the corpse which lay there, and Rufus Dawes, shuddering at the dismal omen, averting his face, plunged again into the forest.

For four days he wandered aimlessly through the bush. He had given up all hopes of making the overland journey, and yet, as long as his scanty supply of food held out, he strove to keep away from the settlement. Unable to resist the pangs of hunger, he had increased his daily rations; and though the salted meat exposed to rain and heat, had begun to turn putrid, he never looked at it but he was seized with a desire to eat his fill. The coarse lumps of carrion and the hard rye-loaves were to him delicious morsels fit for the table of an emperor. Once or twice he was constrained to pluck and eat the tops of tea-trees and peppermint shrubs. These had an aromatic taste, and sufficed to stay the cravings of hunger for a while, but they induced a raging thirst, which he slaked at the icy mountain springs. Had it not been for the frequency of these streams, he must have died in a few days. At last, on the twelfth day from his departure from the Coal Head, he found himself at the foot of Mount Direction, at the head of the peninsular which makes the western side of the harbour. His terrible wandering had but led him to make a complete circuit of the settlement, and the next night brought him round the shores of Birches Inlet to the landing-place opposite to Sarah Island. His stock of provisions had been exhausted for two days, and he was savage with hunger. He no longer thought of suicide. His dominant idea was now to get food. He would do as many others had done before him —give himself up to be flogged and fed. When he reached the landing-place, however, the guard-house was empty. He looked across at the island prison, and saw no sign of life. The settlement was deserted!

The shock of this discovery almost deprived him of reason. For days, that had seemed centuries, he had kept life in his jaded and lacerated body solely by the strength of his fierce determination to reach the settlement; and now that he had reached it, after a journey of unparalleld horror, he found it deserted. He struck himself to see if he was not dreaming. He refused to believe his eyesight. He shouted, screamed, and waved his tattered garments in the air. Exhausted by these paroxysms, he said to himself, quite calmly, that the sun beating

on his unprotected head had dazed his brain, and that in a few moments he should see well-remembered boats pulling towards him. Then, when no boat came, he argued that he was mistaken in the place; the island yonder was not Sarah Island, but some other island like it, and that in a second or so he would be able to detect the diffierence. But the inexorable mountains, so hideously familliar for six weary years, made mute reply, and the sea, crawling at his feet, seemed to grin at him with a thin-lipped, hungry mouth. Yet the fact of the desertion seemed so inexplicacle that he could not relize it. He felt as might have felt that wanderer in the enchanted mountains, who, returning in the morning to look for his companions, found them turned to stone.

At last the dreadful truth forced itself upon him; he retired a few paces, and then, with a horrible cry of furious despair, stumbled forward towards the edge of the little reef that fringed the shore. Just as he was about to fling himself for the second time into the dark water, his eyes, sweeping in a last long look around the bay, caught sight of a strange appearance on the left horn of the sea beach. A thin, blue streak, uprising from behind the western arm of the little inlet, hung in the still air. It was the smoke of a fire.

The dying wretch felt inspired with new hope. God had sent him a direct sign from Heaven. The tiny column of bluish vapour seemed to him as glorious as the Pillar of Fire that led the Israelites. There were yet human beings near him!—and turning his face from the hungry sea, he tottered with the last effort of his failing strength towards the blessed token of their presence.

IN A BARK HUT.

(LEARNING HIS COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.)

THERE were three of us, Dugald M'Alister, Jack Thwaites, and myself. The place was called, in the grandiloquent language of the bush, "The Dinkledoodledum Station," (I like these old native names) because it was situated on the Dinkledoodledum Creek. Dinkledoodledum—as any phi-

lologist can guess by the sound of it—means the Valley of the Rippling Streamlets, but alas! never a rippling streamlet did our eyes behold during our stay in the inhospitable valley.

The Station had just been purchased by Thwaites' brothers—is not his name now synonimous with gold, from the Great Glimmera to the Adelaide Desert?—and had been overstocked by its former proprietor. Along the Glimmera banks, where jovial but family-burdened Boschman kept his boundary-riding habitation, the ground was as bare as a billiard-table, and the travelling sheep that called the Great Glimmera their "feeding track," were only too glad to escape beyond the Dinkledoodledum boundary into the pleasant paths of Whistlebinkie. Let it not, however, be imagined that our station was always in this condition. On the contrary, it had been renowned as a place flowing with milk and honey. It was reported that Clibborn had made his fortune out of it; that Wallum had retired to independence and hot grog after twelve months of it; and that Thwaites was in a fair way to do exceedingly well if he could but "hold on" to it.

Unluckily, what with the former proprietor's mania for feeding two sheep to every three acres (one sheep to every five acres was about the Dinkledoodledum standard) and a succession of bad seasons, the "holding on" was hard work. Economy was absolutely needful, and M'Alister, Jack and I practised it healthily. Mutton and damper all the week, and damper and mutton on Sundays, was the order of the day, and we carried it out to the letter. No epicurean feasts of beef or of pork disgraced the frugality of our board. Never to our table came the feeble fowl or the enervating kitchen-garden vegetable. We had no milk, for our dairy cattle were starving; no eggs, for our poultry refused to lay; no pumpkin pie, for our soil was too poor to grow even that harmless esculent. Yet on Spartan fare we led Spartan lives, and were happy.

Oh, that bark hut! Never shall I forget the first day when I, a slim and somewhat effeminate youth, with London smoke not yet cleared from my throat, beheld its delapidated walls. "You will sleep here," said Jack, pointing to a skillion which seemed to have been used as a sheep-pen, so marked was the "spoor" of those beasts. "With all my heart," said I, as that *org*an sank within me—down, down, down, until I could feel it

palpitating in the very tips of my riding boots. But I did not regret my acquiescence. How many nights in that humble shelter have I listened to the skirr of the wild cats, and watched the one bright star that pertinaciously peeped through the chinks of the bark sheets. How many nights have I lighted my lonely pipe, and wrestled alone with my own particular angel, even as Jacob wrestled at Pennel. Happy Jacob! would I owned thy cunning of wrist and elbow. How many nights have I trimmed the reed in the pannikin of tallow, and read the half-dozen books I possessed until I could read no more. How many nights have I slept the unutterably sweet slumber of virtuous weariness, until my Jack, bursting in with clanking spurs, would rouse me with his "all aboard!" Aye, old skillion, I have had some happy hours in thee; so peace to thy ashes, for, sooth to say, thou art now but fit for burning.

It is proper to boast of the Australian summer. Those who have lived in tents, camped by rocky water-holes, kept dew sprinkled watch beneath the yellow moon, and ridden through fiery noons hard upon the tails of the head-long herd, can with justice boast of the wild intoxication of that burning ether. I have known it, I! Not the draught which the great spirit gave to eager Faust maddens so gloriously. Australian summer, dost thou say? I am with thee. With open shirt ballooned behind thee, with streaming hair and bloody spurs, urge, urge, the straining steed across the level plain! No tree mars the prospect of immensity. In front, the flying emu, and behind —naught but the whistling air! The grey grass spins, the grey plain reels, the cloudless sky glows molten brass above. It comes—the hot wind of the desert! Bitter-fierce from the sand hills of the scorching north, it sweeps upon thee! Ride! Ride! There are fifty miles of grass before thee, and the blood of an Emperor's battle steed beats beneath thy saddle flaps. What are fears, griefs, loves? Throned upon the rocking saddles of our stretching barbs, we laugh at fate. Stand in thy stirrups now, and shout! Ha! ha! Tell me what draught of love or wine compares with *this*—the champagne nectar of a hot wind gallop!

But the time to enjoy our hut was in the winter—the wild, wet winter that lashed the groaning gums, and scourged to white rage the risen river. All the hot summer wooed us to

the air. Through parching noons and dewy nights we rode and revelled. Then camped the cattle by the shrinking swamp, and the wild horses came down to drink at the famished springs. Then we went expeditions in the balmy moonlight, and roused the drowsy township with the clattering echoes of our hurrying hoofs. Then came Harry of the Gap, Tom of the Scano, and Dare-devil Dick of Mostyn's Folly to "foregather" with us. Then were Homeric days, musical with chanted melody, and fierce with the recklessness of horse-taming youth. Then were our hearts great within us, and in that glowing atmosphere, beneath that burning sun, our bright blood bounded, and we lived!

But in gray, chill winter the bark hut, so long deserted, repaid our ingratitude by generous kindness. Creeping, all wet, and weary with travel, splashed with mire, and torn by prickly scrub, to its friendly shelter, it glowed warm welcome, its rough but honest sides laughing in the beams of the roaring logs till they were nigh to crack again. How cheery were those evenings. How we eat the ewe mutton, and laughed at the mishaps of the day; how we smoked, and toasted our toes and "yarned;" three sworn comrades singing the songs of our native Britain to the accompaniment of the whistling Austral wind.

The hut was not commodious. When duly camped within it, indeed, we had but scant room. When M'Alister had flung his lazy length upon the lounging chair (a wool bale stretched upon the rack-toothed iron skeleton of some long-forgotten patent) and I had usurped the cane-bottomed American importation, there was but one place for Thwaites, and that the table top. Thwaites would roost there, like some intelligent bird, and chant the lays of his native country. We called him the "Little Warbler." Thwaites was a young man of military tendencies. He had belonged in the old country to the Diggleshire Yeomanry Cavalry (who received the thanks of their Lord-Lieutenant and county, you may remember, for their conduct in the great insurrection of the cider-sellers, against the patent bottling process) and in our excursions into the bush he was perpetually waving a brass-headed whip which he affected, and with wild cries of "St. George and Diggle-shire!" charging the brush fences. Paddy, his big-boned

horse, put him down badly one afternoon, and he gave up this method of exhilaration. M'Alister, who owned that sense of dry humour which is a fungoid growth peculiar to Scotland, would artfully excite Thwaites to wrath by the assumption of anti-Hanoverian tendencies, and induce in him a violent outburst of loyalty, and frequent reference to a lady of whom he habitually spoke as "My gracious sovereign, whom God preserve." M'Alister himself was not without his prejudices, for on one occasion I distinctly remember that we removed the table and fought over the merits of poor Mary Queen of Scots. I had ventured to hint that her conduct in the matter of Bothwell was not quite incapable of impeachment, and M'Alister challenged me to trial by battle. In justice to the soundness of a reasoning which has sent so many honest men to Hades, I will presume that my cause was a bad one, for I received a very sound and complete drubbing.

One of poor Thwaites's duties was to "keep the books," and once a week he would labour painfully but religiously at his task. The "books" could not have been very difficult to "keep," I think, but some how or other we never could keep them. I am now inclined to think that our system was too comprehensive, for, as we put everything down in a volume called a day-book, (*lucus a non lucendo*, I suppose, for we never wrote anything in it until night,) and transferred it bodily to a ledger, our accounts were pretty mixed. After I had been there a month, Thwaites mounted his horse solemnly and mysteriously one morning, and rode off one hundred and twenty miles to his brother. Two days afterwards he returned, dusty, but calm, and big with intelligence of importance. After supper he said to me gravely, "you have been in a bank, haven't you?" I replied that I had for a month or so, until my ravages among the well kept books were presumed to have permanently affected the brain of Napoleon Smith, the manager. "Then," said Jack, "since you've been used to banking, my boy, my brother thinks that *you* can keep the books." I was ready for any hazardous experiment in those days, and I consented. I think on the whole I did pretty well, though three rams (half-bred Leicesters, and as strong as bullocks,) got into Derwent Joe's account, and could not be got out again by any financial operation I could devise, while I was always

dropping boots and things in "carrying over." Jack would endeavour sometimes to see how I was getting on, but he told me one day that he could'nt understand why I should keep four plugs of Barrett's twist in the Long Swamp Paddock, and put our married couple's wages to the debit of Wethers and Weaners. I really don't think he understood much about it.

In the Long Swamp Paddock, by the way, lived one Long Tom who was an oddity. He was nearly seven feet high and thin as a harpoon. He had been a sailor, digger, explorer, stockman, everything but a quiet stop-at-home. For the last ten years, however, he had rested in the hut by the Long Swamp, and the place was known as Long Tom's Waterhole; indeed, Long Tom and his dog were better known at the stations round about, than the name of the Chief Secretary of the Colony. His dog was one of the biggest impostors—for a dog—that I have ever met. He was called Old Moke, and was supposed to be of marvellous sagacity; he was a stumpy-tailed, long-bodied, shambling beast, who worked just when he chose, and as he chose. Long Tom, when riding to muster, would remark that if we did'nt get the sheep soon, he would have to put "Old Moke on 'em," as though the act was equivalent to working a miracle, or dissolving Parliament. By and bye Old Moke was "put on." "Moke!" Tom would remark in tones of conscious superiority, "get away forward!" We would hear a howl, and see a streak of white lightning slip out from under the belly of Tom's horse. Moke had obeyed the summons. By and bye, in the depths of the forest, faint barks would be heard, and Tom would grow uneasy. He would whistle. Still the barking would continue, and presently, with a rushing sound, a flock of ewes would fly past us bewilderedly. Tom would shift in his saddle, and we would grin.

Presently M'Alister gallops up raging. "Call off your cursed dog, Tom!" he shouts. "Hi, Moke!" roars Tom. "Moke! Moke! Sink, and burn, and—and—and———the dog. Moke! Hi! Moke!" Then would Long Tom, vomiting fury, gallop madly into the bush, some agonised howls would be heard, and old Moke would be seen no more until supper, when he would meet us at the hut wagging his delusive stump defiantly. Yet everybody around believed in the beast. Old Moke was a sort of religion at the Dinkledoodledum, and to express doubt of his

immense value would be heresy of the deepest dye. One would meet stockmen going home with puppies squeaking at their heels. "Any good?" one would ask, nodding at the black and white mass. "Good! I believe you. That's one of old Moke's," would be the proud reply. Alas! old Moke—honest impostor, thou and thy crack-brained master are both gone! Gone, let us hope, old dog, to a place where the faults of both of ye will be as lightly dealt with as in the pleasant days of old.

When Thwaites had gone to bed in the corner—he was a most determined sleeper—M'Alister and I would pitch another log on the fire and prepare for enjoyment. Carefully filling our pipes, we placed the grease-pannikin on a mark made exactly in the centre of the table, and "yarned." By "yarning," dear reader, I don't mean mere trivial conversation, but hard, solid talk. M'Alister was a man of more than ordinary natural talents, and had he been placed in other circumstances, would have cut a figure. It was not easy to argue with him, and some of our discussions lasted until cock-crow. The arguments not unfrequently merged into story-telling, and in that department my memory served me in good stead. I had been a sickly brat in my infancy, and having unfettered access to the library of a man who owned few prejudices for moral fig-leaves, had, with the avidity for recondite knowledge which sickly brats always evince, read many strange books. I boiled down my recollections for M'Alister, and constituted myself a sort of Scherezade for his peculiar benefit. He would smoke, and I would fix my eyes on a long strip of bark which hung serpentwise from the ridge pole, and relate. I think if that strip of bark had been removed, my power of narration would have been removed with it. In this fashion we got through a good deal of Brantome, several of the plays—or rather plots of the plays—of Wycherley, Massinger, and Farquahar, and most of Byron. We rambled over the Continent with Gil Blas, discussed the Alchemists, strolled up and down Rome with Horace, and investigated the miracles of the early Saxon churchmen in company of a lot of queer fellows who lived somewhere about the time of the Venerable Bede. We talked *Candide* and Dr Lardner's Encyclopœdia; we saw Hogarth with Ireland's descriptions; we quarrelled bitterly over Tom Paine's Age of Reason, and made friends again over the pathetic adventures of one Moll

Flanders, a friend of Daniel Defoe.

Oh, cheery bark hut, despite all miseries of rough ways and rougher weather, despite all hideousness of lamb-cutting and sheep-slaughtering, despite the figs of tobacco that *would* get mixed up with my record of maiden-ewes and two-toothed wethers, despite rain, storm, and tough mutton, I recall thy memory with unfeigned regret. Thither "never came the trader, never waved a European flag;" no smiling bill-discounters ever invaded thy sacred precincts; no severe duns, rightly claiming that which is, alas! their own, and that which I am unable to pay them, ever darkened thy hospitable doorway; no folio documents, demanding instant official attention, were ever brought by the merry black boy to thy rude letter-box; no monstrous civilisation with its luxurious necessities overshadowed, Upas-like, thy imperfect roof. A glorious barbarism was thine, a jovial freedom from the cares of the morrow was the charter of thy liberties. I disliked thee once, and grumblingly did abuse thy hospitable shelter; but I have since found other roofs less pleasant than thine, have since—pent within stucco and inurned in marble mockery of grandeur—yearned for the careless fortune of thy uncultured surroundings, cried often in vain amid the uncomfortable comfort of the city.

"Give me again my hollow tree,
My crust of bread and liberty."

BULLOCKTOWN.

(GLENORCHY.)

BULLOCKTOWN is situated, like all up-country townships, on the banks of something that is a flood in winter and a mud hole in summer. For general purposes the inhabitants of the city called the something a river, and those intelligent land surveyors that mark "agricultural areas" on the tops of lofty mountains, had given the river a very grand name indeed.

The Pollywog Creek, or as it was marked on the maps, the Great Glimmera, took its rise somewhere about Bowlby's Gap,

and after constructing a natural sheepwash for Bowlby, terminated in a swamp, which was courteously termed Lake Landowne, No man had ever seen Lake Landowne but once, and that was during a flood, but Lake Landowne the place was called, and Lake Landowne it remained; reeds, tussocks, and brindled bullocks' backs to the contrary notwithstanding. There was a legend afloat in Bullocktown, that an unhappy new comer from Little Britain had once purchased Lake Landowne from the Government, with the intention of building a summer residence on its banks, and becoming a landed proprietor. The first view of his estate, however, as seen from the hood of a partially submerged buggy, diverted his ambition to brandy and water, and having drunk hard for a week at the Three Posts, he returned into his original obscurity by the first Cobb's coach driver that could be prevailed upon to receive him.

I do not vouch for the truth of the story, I only know that a peculiarly soapy part on the edge of the "lake" was known as "Smuggins's hole," by reason of Smuggins, the landed proprietor, having been fished therefrom at an early period of his aforesaid landed proprietorship.

However, any impartial observer in the summer months could see Spot and Toby and Punch, and the rest of the station bullocks, feeding hard in the middle of the lake, and if, after that, he chose to make observations, nobody minded him. Mr. Rapersole, the bootmaker, and correspondent of the *Quartzborough Chronicle*, had a map in his back parlour, with Lake Landowne in the biggest of possible print on it, and that was quite enough for Bullocktown. Impertinent strangers are—locally speaking—the ruin of a township,

There was a church in Bullocktown, and there were also three public-houses. It is not for me to make unpleasant comments, but I know for a fact that the minister vowed the place wasn't worth buggy-hire, and that the publicans were making fortunes. Perhaps this was owing to the unsettled state of the district—in up country townships most evils (including floods) are said to arise from this cause—and could in time have been remedied. I am afraid that religion, as an art, was not cultivated much in Bullocktown. The seed sown there was a little mixed in character. One week you had a Primitive Methodist, and the next a Hardshell Baptist, and the next an

Irvingite or a Southcottian. To do the inhabitants justice, they, endeavored very hard to learn the ins and outs of the business, but I do not believe that they ever succeeded. As Wallaby Dick observed one day, "When you run a lot of paddocked sheep into a race, what's the good o' sticking half-a-dozen fellers at the gate? The poor beggars don't know which way to run!" The township being on a main road, and not owning a resident parson, all sorts of strange preachers set up their tents there. It was considered a point of honor for all travelling clergyman ("bush parsons," the Bullocktownians called them) to give an evening at the "brick edifice." Indeed, Tom Trowbridge, the publican (who owned the land on which the "edifice" was built), said that it was "only fair to take turn about, one down t'other come on, a clear stage and no favor," but, then, Tom was a heathen and had been a prize-fighter. I think that of all the many "preachments," the inhabitants suffered, the teetotal abstinence was received with the greatest favor. The "edifice" was crowded, and Trowbridge, vowing that the teetotaler was a trump, and had during the two hours he had been in his house drunk gingerbeer enough to burst a gasometer, occupied the front pew in all the heroic agony of a clean shirt and collar. The lecture was most impressive. Tom wept with mingled remorse and whiskey, and they say that the carouse which took place in his back-bar after the pledge was signed, was the biggest that had been known in Bullocktown since the diggings. The lecturer invited everybody to sign, and I believe that everybody did. "Roll up, you poor lost lambs," he cried, "and seal your blessed souls to abstinence!" He did not explain what "abstinence" meant, and I have reason to believe that the majority of his hearers thought it a peculiar sort of peppermint-bitters, invigorating and stimulating beyond the average of such concoctions.

The effect, however, was immense. The lambs signed to a wether, and where they could not sign, made their marks. The display of ignorance of the miserable art of writing nearly rivalled that shown at a general election. As the lecturer said afterwards, over a pint of warm orange-water in the bar-parlour, "It was a blessed time," and Mrs. Mumford, of the Pound, volunteered to take her "dying oath" (whatever that might be) that Jerry had never been so "loving drunk" in all

his life before. Billy, the blackfellow, came up to the homestead two days afterwards, gaping like a black earthquake, and informed us that he had taken "big fellow pledge, big one square-bottle that feller," and felt "berry bad." M'Killop, the overseer, gave him three packets of Epsom salts, and sent him down to the creek with a pannikin. Strange to say, he recovered.

It was not often that we had amusement of this sort in Bullocktown. Except at shearing time, when the "hands" knocked down their cheques (and never picked them up again), gaiety was scarce. Steady drinking at the Royal Cobb, and a dance at Trowbridge's were the two excitements. The latter soon palled upon the palate, for, at the time of which I write, there were bnt five women in the township, three of whom were aged, or as Wallaby said, "broken-mouthed crawlers, not worth the trouble of culling." The other two were daughters of old Trowbridge, and could cut out a refractory bullock with the best stockman on the plains. But what were two among so many? I have seen fifteen couples stand up in Trowbridge's to the "Cruiskeen Lawn," and dance a mild polka, gyrating round each other like intelligent weathercocks.

The stationary dance of the bush hand is a fearful and wonderful thing. Two sheepish, grinning, blushing stockmen grip each other's elbows, and solemnly twirl to the music of their loose spurs. They don't "dance," they simply twirl, with a rocking motion like that of an intoxicatcd teetotum, and occasionally shout to relieve their feelings. If the Cruiskeen Lawn had been the Old Hundredth, they could not have looked more melancholy. Moreover, I think that to treat a hornpipe as a religious ceremony is a mistake. The entertainment was varied with a free fight for the hands of the Misses Trowbridge. One of these liberal measures was passed every ten minutes or so, Trowbridge standing in the background, waiting to pick up the man with the most money. As a study of human nature the scene was interesting, as a provocative to reckless hilarity it was not eminently successful.

The other publichouses were much of the same stamp. The township was a sort of rule of three sum in alcohol. As the Royal Cobb was to Trowbridge's, so was Trowbridge's to the Three Posts, or you might work it the other way. As the

Three Posts was to Trowbridge's so was Trowbridge's to the Royal Cobb. The result was always the same—a shilling a nobbler. True, that Trowbridge's did not "lamb down" so well as the Three Posts, but then the Three Posts put fig tobacco in its brandy casks, and Trowbridge's did not do that. True, that the coach stopped at the Royal Cobb, but then the Royal Cobb had no daughters, and some passengers preferred to take their cut off the joint at Trowbridge's. Providence—mindful of Mr. Emerson's doctrine of compensation—equalised conditions even in Bullocktown.

The Royal Cobb was perhaps the best house. Before Coppinger bought the place, it was kept by Mr. Longbow, a tall, thin, one-eyed, and eminently genteel man, who was always smoking. He was a capital host, a shrewd man of the world, and a handy shot with a duck gun. No one knew what he had been, and no one could with any certainity predict what he might be. He shot birds, stuffed beasts, discovered mines, set legs, played the violin, and was "up" in the Land Act. He was a universal genius, in fact, and had but one fault. His veracity was too small for his imagination.

It was useless to argue with Longbow. *He* was "all there," no matter where you might be. The Derby! He had lost fifty thou. in Musjid's year. The interior of Africa! He had lived there for months, and spoke gorillese like a native. Dr. Livingstone! They had slept all night with but an ant-hill between them. The Duke of Wellington! He had been his most intimate friend, and called him "Arthur" for years. I shall never forget one pathetic evening, when, after much unlimited loo, and some considerably hot whisky, Longbow told me of his troubles. "Beastly colony!" he said, "beastly! Why, my dear boy, when I was leaving; but there, never mind, Buckingham and Chandos was right. Never mind what they may say, Sir, Buckingham and Chandos was right as the mail." I replied that from the reports I had read of Buckingham and Chandos, I had no doubt whatever that he was all that could be desired by the most fastidious. Upon which Longbow favored me with a history of B. and C. lending him £20,000 on his note of hand, and borrowing his dress waistcoat to dance at Rosherville Gardens. Before I left he volunteered to produce—some day when I wasn't busy—the Duke of

Wellington's autograph letter, containing the celebrated recipe for devilled mushrooms, with a plan of the lines of Torres Vedras drawn on the back of it, and he would not allow me to leave him until he told me how Her Majesty had said, "Longbow, old man, sorry to lose you, but Australia's a fine place. Go in and win, my boy, and chance the ducks!" This last story was quite impressive, more especially as Longbow acted the scene between himself and Her Majesty, and—making the whisky-bottle take the place of the Duchess of Sutherland—alternated parts with himself as poor Jack Longbow, and himself as the first lord-in-waiting, crying "Damme, Jack, come out o' that; she's going to cry, you villain!" I listened with approving patience, and never smiled until the very end of the story, where Longbow rushed frantically from the Presence, and knocked A. Saxe Gotha head over heels into the brand new coal scuttle on the landing! "Oh! those were the days! D——the colony, and pass the whisky!"

Opposite the Royal Cobb was the school-house. It had four scholars, and the master was paid by results. He used to drink a large quantity of rum (to settle any symptoms of indigestion, arising from his plethora of funds, I suppose,) and was always appealed to on matters of quotation. He was a very old man with a very red nose, and "had been a gentleman." There was never an up-country township yet that had not some such melancholy waif and stray in it.

When the schoolmaster got very drunk indeed, he would quote Aristophanes, and on one memorable occasion put Flash Harry's song—

> "Oh Sally, she went up the stairs, and I went up to find her;
> And as she stooped to buckle her shoe, I tumbled down behind her."

into Horatian alcaics. He quarrelled with the Visiting Inspector because he (the V. I.) said that wigs were not worn by the ancients, and our broken-down gentleman put him into his purgation with the case of Astyages as given by Xenophon. He confessed afterwards that setting your superiors right on matters of quotation is not politic, and that he wished he had let it alone. He was from Dublin University. How is that the wittiest talkers, the most brilliant classics, and the most ir-

reclaimable drunkards, all used to come from Dublin University?

There was a Post-office in Bullocktown, kept, if a Post-office can be kept, by Mr Rapersole aforesaid, who was regarded as quite a literary genius by the bullock drivers. Mr, R. "corresponded for the paper"—*the* paper—and would loftily crush anybody who gave him cause of offence. If Rapersole lost a chicken or missed a pig, the world was sure to hear of it in the Paper. Rapersole, however, did not affect writing so much as speaking. "The platform for me!" he would say, as though the platform were a sort of untamed fiery steed, and he a rough rider. However, nobody came forward with the article, and he did not "show." It was generally believed in Bullocktown, however, that if Rapersole once got his platform, the universe might consider itself reformed without further trouble.

PRETTY DICK.

A HOT day. A very hot day on the plains. A very hot day up in the ranges, too. The Australian sun had got up suddenly with a savage swoop, as though he was angry at the still coolness of early morning, and was determined to drive the cattle, who were munching complacently in the long rich grass of the swamp, back up under the hill among the thick she-oaks. It seemed to be a settled thing on the part of the sun to get up hotter and hotter every morning. He even went down at night with a red face, as much as to say, "Take care, I shall be hotter than ever to-morrow!"

The men on the station did not get into smoking humour until he had been gone down at least an hour, and as they sat on a bench and a barrel or two, outside the "men's hut" on the hill, they looked away across the swamp to that jagged gap in the ranges where he had sunk, and seeing the red flush in the sky, nodded at one another, and said, "We shall have a hot day to-morrow." And they were right. For, when they had forgotten the mosquitoes, and the heat, and the many pleasant things that live in the crevices between the slabs of the

hut, and gone to sleep, up he came again, hotter than ever, without the least warning, and sent them away to work again.

On this particular morning he was very hot. Even King Peter, who was slowly driving up the working bullocks from the swamp, felt his old enemy so fierce on his back, that he got up in his stirrups and cracked his whip, until the hills rang again, and Strawberry, and Punch, and Doughboy, and Damper, and all (except that cynical, wicked Spot, who hated the world and always lived away by himself in a private clump of she-oak) straightened their tails and shook their heads, and galloped away up to the stockyard in mortal terror. The horses felt the heat, and King Peter's brother, who was looking for them on the side of the Stony Mount, had a long ride up and down all sorts of gullies before he found them out, and then they were unusually difficult to get together. The cockatoos knew it was hot, and screamed themselves away into the bush. The kangaroos, who had come down like gigantic shadows out of the still night, had all hopped away back into the scrub under the mountains, while the mist yet hung about the trees around the creek-bed. The parrots were uneasy, and the very station dogs got under the shadow-lee of the huts, in case of a hot wind coming up. As for the sheep—when pretty Dick's father let them out in the dawn, he said to his dog, "We shan't have much to do to-day, old woman, shall we?" At which Lassie wagged her tail and grinned, as intelligent dogs do.

But who was Pretty Dick?

Pretty Dick was the seven years old son of Richard Fielding, the shepherd. Pretty Dick was a slender little man, with eyes like pools of still water when the sky is violet at sunset, and a skin as white as milk—that is, under his little blue and white shirt, for where the sun had touched it, it was a golden brown, and his hands were the colour of the ripe chestnuts his father used to gather in England years ago. Pretty Dick had hair like a patch of sunlight, and a laugh like rippling water. He was the merriest little fellow possible, and manly, too! He understood all about milking, did Pretty Dick; and could drive up a refractory cow with anybody. He could chop wood, too—that is, a little, you know, because he was not very strong, and the axe was heavy. He could ride, not a buck-jumper—that was his ambition—but he would take

Molly (the wall-eyed mare) into the home station for his father's rations, and come out again quite safely.

He liked going into the station, because he saw Ah Yung, the Chinaman cook, who was kind to him, and gave him sugar. He had all the news to hear too. How another mob of travelling sheep were coming through the run ; how the grey mare had slipped her foal ; how the bay filly had bucked off Black Harry and hurt his wrist ; how Old Tom had "got the sack" for being impudent to the overseer, and had vowed to fire the run. Besides, there was the paper to borrow for his father, Mr. Trelawney's horses to look at, the chat with the carpenter, and perhaps a peep at the new buggy with its silver-mounted harness (worth, "oh, thousands of pounds!" Pretty Dick thought ;) perhaps, too, he might go down to the house, with its garden and cool verandah, and bunches of grapes ; might get a little cake from Mary, the cook ; or even might be smiled upon by Mrs. Trelawney, the owner's young wife, who seemed to Dick to be something more than a lady—to be a sweet voice that spoke kindly to him, and made him feel as he would feel sometimes when his mother would get the Big Bible, that came all the way from England, and tell him the story about the Good Man who so loved little children.

He liked to go into the station, because everyone was so kind to him. Everyone loved Pretty Dick ; even old Tom, who had been a "lag," and was a very wicked man, hushed the foul jest and savage oath when the curly head of Pretty Dick came within hearing ; and the men always felt as if they had their Sunday clothes on in his presence. But he was not to go into the station to-day. It was not ration-day ; so he sat on the step of his father's hut door, looking out through a break in the timber-belt at the white dots on the plain, that he knew to be his father's sheep.

Pretty Dick's father lived in the Log Hut, on the edge of the plains, and had five thousand sheep to look after. He was away all day. Sometimes, when the sheep would camp near home, Pretty Dick would go down with some fresh tea in a "billy" for his father, and would have a very merry afternoon watching his father cut curious notches on his stick, and would play with Lassie, and look about for 'possums in the trees, or, with craning neck, cautiously inspect an ant-hill. And then

when evening came, and Lassie had got the sheep together—quietly, without any barking, you know—when father and son jogged homewards through the warm, still air, and the trampling hoofs of the sheep sent up a fragrance from the crushed herbage round the folding ground, Pretty Dick would repeat long stories that his mother had told him, about "Valentine and Orson," and "Beauty and the Beast," and "Jack the Giant Killer;" for Pretty Dick's mother had been maid in the rector's family in the Kentish village at home, and was a little above Pretty Dick's father, who was only a better sort of farm labourer. But they were all three very happy now in their adopted country. They were alone there, these three—Pretty Dick, and mother and father—and no other children came to divide the love that both father and mother had for Pretty Dick. So that when Pretty Dick knelt down by his little bed at night, and put his little brown hands together, and said, "God bless my dear father and mother, and God bless me and make me a good boy," he prayed for the whole family, you see. So they all three loved each other very much—though they were poor people—and Pretty Dick's mother often said that she would not have any harm happen to Pretty Dick for Queen Victoria's golden crown. They had called him Pretty Dick when he was yet a baby on board the *Star of Peace* emigrant ship, and the name had remained with him ever since. His father called him Pretty Dick, and his mother called him Pretty Dick, and the people at the home station called him Pretty Dick; and even the cockatoo who lived on the perch over Lassie's bark kennel, would call out "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!" over and over again.

Now, on this particular morning, Pretty Dick sat gazing between the trunks of the gum trees into the blue distance. It was very hot. The blue sky was cloudless, and the sun seemed to be everywhere at once. There was a little shade, to be sure, among the gum-tree trunks, but that would soon pass, and there would be no shade anywhere. The little fenced-in waterhole in the front of the hut glittered in the sunlight like a piece of burnished metal, and the tin milk-pail that was turned topsy-turvey on the pole-paling, was quite dazzling to look at. Daisy, the cow, stood stupidly under the shade of a round, punchy little she-oak close by, and seemed too lazy even to lie

down, it was so hot. Of course the blow-flies had begun, and their ceaseless buzz resounded above and around, making it seem hotter than ever, Pretty Dick thought.

How hot father must be! Pretty Dick knew those terrible plains well. He had been across them two or three times. Once in the early spring, when it was pleasant enough with a cool breeze blowing, and white clouds resting on the tops of the distant mountains, and the broad rolling levels of short, crisp, grass-land sweeping up from their feet to the horizon unceasingly. But he had been across there once in the summer, when the ground was dry and cracked, when the mountains seemed so close that he almost thought that he could touch them with his hand, when the heavens were like burning brass, and the air (crepitant with the ceaseless chirping of the grass-hopper) like the flame of a heated furnace. Pretty Dick felt quite a fresh accession of heat as he thought of it, and turned his face away to the right to cool himself by thinking of the Ranges. They were deep in the bush, past the creek that ran away the other side of the Sandy Rises; deep in the bush on the right hand, and many a weary stretch of sandy slope, and rough-grassed swamp, and solemn wood, and dismal, deserted scrub, was between him and them. He could see the lofty purple peak of Mount Clear, the highest in the range, grandly rising above the dense level tops of the gum-tree forests, and he thought how cool it must be in its mighty shadow. He had never been under the mountain. That there were some strange reaches of scrub, and sand, and dense thickets, and tumbled creeper-entwined rock in that swamp-guarded land, that lay all unseen under the shadow of the hills, he knew, for he had heard the men say so. Had he not heard how men had been lost in that awesome scrub, silent and impenetrable, which swallowed up its victims noiselessly? Had he not heard how shepherds had strayed or slept, and how, at night, the sheep had returned alone, and that search had been in vain, until perhaps some wandering horseman, all by chance, had lighted upon a rusty rag or two, a white skull, and perhaps a tin pannikin, with hopeless scratchings of name and date? Had he not been told fearful things about those ranges? How the bushrangers had made their lair in the Gap, and how the cave was yet visible where their leader had been shot dead by the troopers;

how large sums of stolen money were buried there, hidden away behind slags and slabs of rock, flung into fathomless gullies, or crammed into fissures in the mountain side, hidden so well, that all the searching hands and prying eyes of the district had not yet discovered them? Did not Wallaby Dick tell him one night about the Murder that had been done down in the flat under the large Australian moon—when the two swagmen, after eating and drinking, had got up in the bright, still night, and beaten out the brains of the travelling hawker, who gave them hospitality, and how, the old man being found beside his rifled cart, with his gray hairs matted with blood, search was made for the Murderers, and they were taken in a tap-room in distant Hamilton, bargaining with the landlord for the purchase of their plunder?

What stories had he not heard of wild cattle, of savage bulls, red-eyed, pawing, and unapproachable? What hideous tales of snakes, black, cold, and deadly, had not been associated in his mind with that Mountain Land? What a strange, dangerous, fascinating, horrible, wonderful place that Mountain Land must be, and how much he would like to explore it! But he had been forbidden to go, and he dismissed, with a childish sigh, all idea of going.

He looked up at his clock—the sun. He was just over the top of the big gum-tree—that meant ten o'clock. How late! The morning was slipping away. He heard his mother inside singing. She was making the bread. It would be very hot in the hut when the loaf was put in the camp-oven to bake. He had nothing to do either. He would go down to the creek; it was cool there. So he went into the hut and got a big piece of sweet-cake, and put it in the pocket of his little jumper.

"Mother," said Pretty Dick, "I am going down to the creek."

"Take care you don't get lost!" said she, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Lost! No fear!" said Pretty Dick.

—And when he went out, his mother began to sing again.

It was beautifully cool down by the creek. Pretty Dick knew that it would be. The creek had come a long way, and was tired, and ran very slowly between its deep banks, luscious with foliage, and rich with grass. It had a long way to go, too,

Pretty Dick knew where it went. It ran right away down to the river. It ran on into the open, desolate, barren piece of ground where the road to the station crossed it, and where its bright waters were all red and discoloured with the trampling of horses and cattle. It ran by the old stockyard, and then turned away with a sudden jerk, and lost itself in the Five Mile Swamp, from whence it re-appeared again, broader and bigger, and wound along until it met the river.

But it did not run beyond the swamp now, Dick knew, because the weather had been so hot, and the creeks were all dried up for miles round—his father said—all but this one. It took its rise in the mountains, and when the rainfall was less than usual, grew thinner and thinner, until it became, what it was now, a slender stream of water, trickling heavily between high banks—quite unlike the dashing, brawling, black, bubbling torrent that had rushed down the gully in flood-time.

Pretty Dick took off his little boots, and paddled about in the water, and found out all kinds of curious, gnarled roots of old trees, and funny holes under the banks. It was so cool and delicious under the stems and thick leaves of the water frondage that Pretty Dick felt quite restored again, and sang remembered scraps of his mother's songs, as he dodged round intervening trees, and slipped merrily between friendly trunks and branches. At last he came out into the open. Here his friend, the creek, divided itself into all sorts of queer shapes, and ran here, and doubled back again there, and twisted and tortured itself in an extraordinary manner, just out of pure fun and frolic.

There was a herd of cattle camped at this place, for the trees were tall, and big, and spreading. The cattle did not mind Pretty Dick at all, strange to say. Perhaps that was because he was on foot. If he had been on horseback now, you would have seen how they would have stared and wheeled about, and splashed off into the scrub. But when Pretty Dick, swinging a stick that he had cut, and singing one of his mother's songs, came by, they merely moved a little farther away, and looked at his little figure with long, sleepy eyes, slowly grinding their teeth from side to side the while. Now the way began to go up-hill, and there were big dead trees to get over, and fallen spreading branches to go round; for the men had been

felling timber here, and the wasted wood lay thick upon the ground. At last Pretty Dick came to the Crossing Place. The crossing place was by the edge of the big swamp, and was a notable place for miles round. There was no need for a crossing place now though, for the limpid water was not a foot deep.

Pretty Dick had come out just on the top of a little sandy rise, and he saw the big swamp right before him, speckled with feeding cattle, whose backs were just level with the tall rushes. And beyond the big swamp the ranges rose up, with the sunlight gleaming here and there upon jutting crags of granite, and with deep cool shadows in other places, where the noble waving line of hills sank in, and made dark recesses full of shade and coolness. The sky was bluer than ever, and the air was heavy with heat; and Pretty Dick wondered how the eagle-hawk that was poised—a floating speck above the mountain top—could bear to swoop and swing all day long in that fierce glare.

He turned down again, and crossing the creek, plunged into the bush. There was a subtle perfume about him now; not a sweet, rich perfume like the flowers in the home station garden, but a strange intoxicating smell, evolved from the heat and the water, and the many-coloured heath blossoms. The way was more difficult now, and Pretty Dick left the bank of the creek, and made for the open space—sandy, and bunched with coarse clumps of grass. He went on for a long time, still upwards, and at last his little feet began to tire; and, after chasing a dragon-fly or two, and running a long way after a kangaroo rat, that started out from a patch of broom and ran in sharp diagonal lines away to hide itself in among the roots of a she-oak, he began to think of the piece of sweet cake in his pocket. So when, after some little time, emerging from out a dense mass of scrub, that scratched and tore at him as though it would hold him back, he found himself far up the hills, with a great gully between him and the towering ranges, he sat down and came to the conclusion that he was hungry. But when he had eaten his sweet cake, he found that he was thirsty too, and that there was no water near him. But Pretty Dick knew there was water in the ranges; so he got up again, a little wearily, and went down the gully to look for it. But it was

not so easy to find, and he wandered about for a long time, among big granite boulders, and all kinds of blind creeks, choked up with thick grass and creeping plants, and began to feel very tired indeed, and a little inclined to wish that he had not left the water-course so early. But he found it at last—a little pool, half concealed by stiff, spiky, rush grass, and lay down, and drank eagerly. How nice the first draught was ! But at the second, the water felt warm, and at the third, tasted quite thick and slimy. There had been some ducks paddling about when he came up, and they flew away with a great quacking and splashing, that almost startled him. As soon as they had disappeared though, the place was quite still again, and the air grew heavier than ever. He felt quite drowsy and tired, and laid himself down on a soft patch of mossy grass, under a tree ; and so, after listening a little while to the humming of the insects, and the distant crackling of mysterious branches in the forest, he put his little head on his little arm, and went fast to sleep.

How long he slept Pretty Dick did not know, but he woke up suddenly with a start, and a dim consciousness that the sun had shifted, and had been pouring its heat upon him for some time. The moment he woke he heard a great crashing and plunging, and started up just in time to see a herd of wild cattle scouring off down the side of the range. They had come up to drink while he was asleep, and his sudden waking had frightened them. How late it must be ! The place seemed quite changed. There was sunlight where no sunlight had been before, and shadow where had been sunlight. Pretty Dick was quite startled at finding how late it was. He must go home, or mother would be frightened. So he began to go back again. He knew his way quite well. No fear of his losing himself. He felt a little tired though, but that would soon wear off. So he left the little pool and turned homewards. He got back again into the gully, and clambered up to the top, and went on sturdily. But the trees did not seem familiar to him, and the succession of dips in the hills seemed interminable. He would soon reach the Big Swamp again, and then he could follow up the creek. But he could not find the Swamp. He toiled along very slowly now, and at last found the open plot of ground where he had stopped in the morning.

But when he looked at it a little, it was not the same plot at all, but another something like it, and the grim ranges, heavy with shadow, rose all around him.

A terrible fear came into poor little Pretty Dick's heart, and he seemed to hear his mother say, quite plainly, "Take care you don't get lost, Pretty Dick!" Lost! But he put the feeling away bravely, and swallowed down a lump in his throat, and went on again. The cattle-track widened out, and in a little while he found himself upon a jutting peak, with the whole panorama of the Bush at his feet. A grand sight! On the right hand towered the Ranges, their roots sunk deep in scrub and dense morass, and their heads lifted into the sky, that was beginning to be streaked with purple flushes now. On the left, the bush rolled away beneath him—one level mass of tree tops, broken here and there by an open space of yellow swamp, or a thin line of darker foliage, that marked the meanderings of some dried up creek. The sun was nearly level with his face, and cast a long shadow behind him. Pretty Dick felt his heart give a great jump, and then go on beating quicker and quicker. But he would not give in. Lost!—Oh no, he should soon be home, and telling his mother all the wonders of the walk. But it *was* too late! He must make haste. What was that!—somebody on horseback. Pretty Dick shaded his eyes with his little hand, and peered down into the valley. A man with a white puggarree on his hat, was moving along a sort of cattle-track. Joy!—It was Mr. Gaunt, the overseer. Pretty Dick cooeed, No answer. He cooeed again,—and again, but still the figure went on. Presently it emerged from the scrub, and the poor little fellow could see the rays of the setting sun gleam redly for an instant on a bright spur, like a dying spark. He gave a despairing shout. The horseman stopped, looked about him, and then glancing up at the fast clouding heavens, shook his horse's bridle, and rode off in a hand gallop.

Poor Pretty Dick; He knew that his cry had been unheard—mistaken, perhaps, for the scream of a parrot, the cry of some native bear, or strange bird, but in his present strait, the departure of the presence of something human, felt like a desertion. He fairly gave way, and sat down and cried. By-and-by he got up again, with quite a strange feeling of horror, and terror, and despair; he ran down the steep side of the range in the

direction in which Mr. Gaunt had gone, and followed his fast fading figure, calling, and crying with choked voice. Presently he lost him altogether, and then he felt his courage utterly fail. He had no idea of where he was. He had lost all power of thought and reason, and was possessed but by one overpowering terror, and a consciousness that whatever he did, he must keep on running, and not stop a moment. But he soon could run no longer. He could only stagger along from tree to tree in the gloomy woods, and cry, "Mother! Mother!" But there was no mother to help him. There was no human being near him, no sound but the hideous croaking of the frogs in the marshes, and the crackling of the branches under his footsteps. The sun went down suddenly behind the hills, and the air grew cool at once. Pretty Dick felt as if he had lost a friend, and his tears burst forth afresh. Utterly tired and worn out, he sat down at the foot of a tree, and sobbed with sheer fatigue. Then he got up and ran round and round, like some hunted animal, calling, "Mother! Mother!"

But there was no reply. Nothing living was near him, save a hideous black crow who perched himself upon the branch of a withered tree, and mocked him, seeming to the poor boy's distorted fancy to say, "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!"

In a burst of passionate, childish despair, he flung a piece of stick at the bird, but his strength failed him, and the missile fell short. This fresh failure made him cry again, and then he got up and ran—stumbling, and falling, and crying—away from the loathsome thing. But it followed him, flapping heavily from tree to tree, and perched quite close to him at last, croaking like an Evil Presence—"Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!"

The sweet night fell, and the stars looked down into the gullies and ravines, where poor pretty Dick, all bruised, bleeding, and despairing, was staggering, from rock to rock, sick at heart, drenched with dew, hatless, shoeless, tear-stained, crying, "Mother! mother! I am lost! I am lost! Oh, mother! mother!"

The calm, pitiless stars looked down npon him, and the broad sky spread coldly over him, and the birds flew away terrified at him; and the deadly chill of Loneliness fell upon

him, and the cold, cruel, silent Night seemed to swallow him up, and hide him from human sympathy.

Poor Pretty Dick! No more mother's kisses, no more father's caresses, no more songs, no more pleasures, no more flowers, no more sunshine, no more love—nothing but grim Death, waiting remorselessly in the iron solitude of the hills; in the sad-eyed presence of the speechless stars. There, among the awful mystery and majesty of Nature, alone, a terrified little human soul, with the eternal grandeur of the forests, the mountains, and the myriad voices of the night, Pretty Dick knelt trembling down, and, lifting his little, tear-stained face to the great, grave, impassable sky—sobbed,

"Oh! take me home! Take me home! Oh! please, God, take me home!"

The night wore on—with strange sounds far away in the cruel bush, with screamings of strange birds, with gloomy noises, as of the tramplings of many cattle, with movements of leaves and snapping of branches, with unknown whirrings as of wings, with ripplings and patterings as of waterfalls, with a strange heavy pulsation in the air, as though the multitudinous life of the forest was breathing around him. He was dimly conscious, that any moment some strange beast—some impossible monster, enormous and irresistible, might rise up out of the gloom of the gullies and fall upon him;—that the whole horror of the bush was about to take some tangible shape and appear silently from behind the awful rocks which shut out all safety and succour. His little soul was weighed down by the nameless terror of a solitude which was no solitude,—but a silence teeming with monsters. He pictured the shapeless Bunyip lifting its shining sides heavily from the bottomless blackness of some lagoon in the shadow of the hills, and dragging all its loathsome length to where he lay. He felt suffocated; the silence that held all these indistinct noises in its bosom, muffled him about like a murderous cloak; the palpable shadow of the immeasurable mountains fell upon him like a gravestone, and the gorge where he lay was like the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He screamed to break the silence, and the scream rang around him in the woods, and up above him in the mountain clefts, and beneath him in the mute mystery of the glens and swamps,—his cry seemed to be re-

echoed again and again by strange voices never heard before, and repeated with indistinct mutterings and moanings in the caverns of the ranges. He dared not scream a second time lest he should wake some awful sound whose thunder should deafen him.

All this time he was staggering on,—not daring to look to right or left, or anywhere but straight on—straight on always. He fell, and tore his hands, and bruised his limbs, but the bruises did not hurt him. His little forehead was cut by a sharp stone, and his bright hair was all dusty and matted with blood. His knees shook and trembled, and his tongue clove to his mouth. He fell at every yard, and his heart seemed to beat so loud, that the sound filled the air around him.

His strength was leaving him; he tottered from weakness; and, at last, emerging upon a little open platform of rock, white under the moon, he felt his head swim, and the black trunks, and the masses of fern-tree leaves, and the open ground, and the silent expanse of bush below him, all turned round in one crimson flash; and then the crimson grew purple-streaked, and spotted with sparks, and radiations, and bursting globes of light and colour, and then the Ranges closed in and fell upon him, and he was at once in his little bed at home—oh, so-fast-asleep!

But he woke at last, very cold and numbed, and with some feeling that he was not himself, but that he had been dreaming of a happy boy named Pretty Dick, who went away for a walk one afternoon many years ago. And then he felt for the blankets to pull them up about his shoulders, and his little fingers grasped a prickly handful of heather, and he woke with a terrible start.

Moonlight still, but a peaceful, solemn, sinking moon. She was low down in the sky, hanging like a great yellow globe, over the swamp, that rose from far beneath him, straight up, it seemed to a level with his face. Her clear cut rim rested on the edge of the morass now. He could almost touch her, she looked so close to him; but he could not lift his little arm so high, and besides, he had turned everything upside down before he went to sleep, and the moon was down below him and the earth up above him! To be sure! and then he shut his eyes and went to sleep again.

By-and-by it dawned. The birds twittered, and the dew sparkled, and the mists came up and wreathed themselves all about the trees, and Pretty Dick was up in the pure cool sky, looking down upon a little figure that lay on an open space among the heather. Presently, slowly at first, and then more quickly, he found out that this little figure was himself, and that he was in pain, and then it all came back with one terrible shock, and he was Lost again.

He could bear to think of it now, though. His terror, born of darkness, had fled with the uprising of the glorious golden sun. There was, after all, no reason to be afraid. Boys had been lost before, and found again. His father would have missed him last night, and the station would be speedily roused. Oh, he would soon be found! He got up very painfully and stiffly, and went to look for water. No difficulty in that; and when he had drunken and washed his face and hands, he felt much better. Then he began to get hungry, and to comfort himself with the thought that he would soon be found. He could almost hear the joyful shout, and the welcome, and the questioning. How slowly the time went on! He tried to keep still in one place, for he knew now that his terror-driven feet had brought him to this pass, and that he should have kept still in the place where he saw Mr. Gaunt the night before.

At the recollection of that bitter disappointment, and the thought of how near he had been to succour, his tears began afresh. He tried hard to keep his terrors back—poor little fellow,—and thought of all kinds of things—of the stories his mother told him—of the calf-pen that father was putting up. And then he would think of the men at the station, and the remembrance of their faces cheered him; and he thought of Mrs. Trewlawney, and his mother. O—suppose he should never see his mother again! And then he cried, and slept, and woke, and forgot his fears for awhile, and would listen intently for a sound, and spring up and answer a fancied shout, and then lie in a dull, stupid despair, with burning eyes, and aching head, and a gnawing pain that he knew was Hunger. So the hot day wore out. The same heat as yesterday, the same day as yesterday, the same sights and sounds as yesterday—but oh! how different was yesterday to to-day,—and how far off yesterday

seemed. No one came. The shadows shifted, and the heat burnt him up, and the shade fell on him, and the sun sank again, and the stars began to shine,—and no one came near Pretty Dick. He had almost forgotten, indeed, that there was such a boy as Pretty Dick. He seemed to have lived years in the bush alone. He did not know where he was, or who he was. It seemed quite natural to him that he should be there alone, and he had no wish to get away. He had lost all his terror of the Night. He scarcely knew it was night, and after sitting on the grass a little longer, smiling at the fantastic shadows that the moonlight threw upon the ground, he discovered that he was hungry, and must go into the hut for supper. The hut was down in the gully yonder ; he could hear his mother singing ;—so Pretty Dick got up, and crooning a little song, went down into the Shadow.

. . . . . .

They looked for him for five days- On the sixth, his father and another came upon something, lying, half-hidden, in the long grass at the bottom of a gully in the ranges. A little army of crows flew heavily away, The father sprang to earth with a white face. Pretty Dick was lying on his face, with his head on his arm.

God had taken him home.

MELBOURNE STUDIES.

AUSTIN FRIARS.

(MELBOURNE REMINISCENSES.)

AUSTIN FRIARS!—Austin Friars to you, reader, means an old-world place in the city of London. It brings thoughts of cowled monks, of sleek abbots, of chancels, tombstones, organ-playing, and the "De profundis." To me, it means pints of ale, "tobacco parliaments," Haymarket plays, Bohemianism, "jolly good fellows everyone!" and "We won't go home till morning!" It means lobster salads at unholy hours, "doing" of bills, lack of the current coin of the realm, and general abandonment to the feast of reason and the flow of soul! In a word, my Austin Friars is a totally different place to yours. My Austin Friars is a hostel, a tavern, an eating-house, a spot sacred to the memory of the jolliest six months that I ever spent. My Austin Friars is situate in the city of Melbourne—in the heart of the city of Melbourne—within "easy distance of the parks and places of amusement," as the advertisements say. Never mind whereabout this central situation was; suffice it to say, that there was a cab-stand opposite the door, and that the Theatre Royal was not a hundred miles away. The "Friars" was not a first-class family hotel; it could not compare with the "Great Western" or "Meurice's" in London, with the "Astor House" in New York, or even with the "Port Phillip Club" or "Scott's" in Melbourne. But, such as it was, I was grateful for its shelter. I was but lately landed in Melbourne. and all—save those so fortunate as to be born in this favoured land—will bear me out in the assertion that a new chum's money does

not last, by any means, so long as he might reasonably expect. Pending the "turning up" of something (prime minister was the least that I expected to be made, at that time), or the arrival of remittances from home, it was absolutely needful that I should economise in some quiet retreat, and fortune conducted me to the "Austin Friars."

The "Austin Friars," though quiet, was situate in a lively neighbourhood. We had a pawnbroker's shop on one side, a hall of music on the other, and a Jew auction room over the way. The quantity of things that were sold at that same auction room was marvellous: concertinas, pea-jackets, soap, revolvers, boots, watches, tobacco, cigars, diggers' sashes, shirts, and sword-canes, were "always on hand;" while I have seen a toy-terrier and a litter of pups "put up" together with a cornopean and a reversible coat, and knocked down in one lot to some astonished bystander.

The cabbies, too, were always amusing. A fight would take place among them at least once a day, and the resident at the "Friars," conveniently posted at an upper chamber, had a splendid view of the combat, also of the amicable conclusion thereof, and the in-sallying of the whole *posse comitatus* for "nips" wherewith to drink the health of the combatants. When we add to these "changing scenes of life" an occasional street accident, it will be easily seen that the inhabitants of "Austin Friars" had no need to allow their contemplative faculties to rust for "lack of matter." The frequenters of the hostelry were numerous. There were the Jew auctioneers from over the way, who would drop in during the lulls in the storm of buying and selling, and drink success to each other, or dispute frantically with other Jews; the Jews of the pawnshop, or the monster tailoring establishment, would hold grave conversations with the Crœsus of Jewry, Moses Mannasseh, Esq. (commonly called "Old Mo" by his compatriots)—would split hairs over the merits of a pair of pantaloons with Ikey Solomons, the little barber round the corner—or, perchance, "tempt slippery fortune" with a wonderfully greasy and most astonishingly dirty pack of cards in the "back bar." There was a pensive little man, whose hat was too large, and whose inexpressibles were too short, for him, and who presented a fine specimen of the effects of combined politics and gin-and-water upon a feeble intellect.

This Homunculus (I have reason to believe that he was a gas-fitter in private life) would—having gin-and-watered—discourse most excellent music in a political key-note; would denounce "'Igginbotham" as a slippery heel," and "McCuller" as "a hartful 'umbug;" and who, in the midst of a peroration that Burke might have envied, would turn to some one who wasn't listening, and "trouble him for a match," in a tone which made him (the absent one) feel himself the most degraded of human beings.

There was also amongst the outsiders, or non-residents, at the "Friars" (of the residents I will speak in fuller terms hereafter), a certain Captain McCannon: this gentleman—according to his own showing—was the most ill-used of men; those confounded fellows at the Horse Guards had done him, "regularly cooked him, by Jove! Jack McCannon had no chance with 'em sir!" Had he had his deserts, he would have been Colonel McCannon, if not General McCannon, or even have been knighted and become Major-General Sir John McCannon, K.C.B. Of his strategic talents, there could be no doubt: "Manœuvre a regiment with any man in Europe, begad." And on his courage not a shadow of suspicion lay; indeed, it was generally believed—*ipse loqueas*—that Jack M'Cannon was the bravest man in the British army—"Horse, futt, and dragoons, begad!" The gallant captain had hundreds, if not thousands, of illustrative anecdotes at his command. Did he not sit alone at the mess table during that fearful storm at Patagonia? "Hailstones as big as me head, begad!" I got up to go. "Hullo," says the Colonel, "Jack M'Cannon afraid, begad! Then we may all go!" "No," says I, "Jack M'Cannon isn't afraid." And there I sat, sir; and they left me, begad! For the hailstones were coming down through the roof like peas, sir. "Waiter," says I, "a bottle of Chateau Margeaux;" and just as he gave it to me, a hailstone as big as a fifty-pounder, begad! sir, knocked the tray out of his hand! But Jack M'Cannon sat till he'd finished the bottle; he did, begad!" But, despite his courage, the captain was rather down in the world. He would smoke his pipe, and imbibe his "hot with" in the bar of the "Friars," and lurk about until the dinner-hour approached, when "'Arry" (mine host) would perchance say, "Aint yer goin' to 'ave a snack with us, Cap'en?" and the

"Cap'en" would reply, in a *nonchalant* tone, "Well, Harry me boy, I don't mind if I do, begad!" and so, twisting his grizzled moustaches, the gallant veteran would prepare for his first meal, for perhaps the three last days.

When speaking of dinners, let me not forget "Torm Tibbs." "Torm," or Thomas Tibbs, was a friend of the house; he dandled the children, suggested improvements in the *carte* (for the "Friars" was an eating-house as well as an hotel, and dinners *a la carte* were served daily), presented small coins to 'Arry junior, and made himself generally agreeable. In person, "Torm" was inclined to corpulence, so much so, indeed, that being addicted to the wearing of white trousers, he looked like some gigantic and lively frog; for he was very agile was Torm, and would hop round the billiard-tables, smiling cheerfully, and, with his hat on the back of his head, and his rubicund face, and projecting eyes, beaming with innocence and faith in his kind, commit himself unhesitatingly to the skinniest-legged and most fragile of chairs. I am afraid, though, that Torm was a sad hypocrite. He traded on his youthful face, and playful, innocent manner. Many a man, I have heard, has had reason to regret the hour when he numbered Tibbs among his friends. Indeed, 'Arry (who stammered slightly) was once heard to remark "That there never was a d-d-devilment yet but T-T-Torm was at the bo-ottom of it;" and I have no doubt whatever but that Torm was at the bottom of it; in fact, it would puzzle anybody, save a detective policeman, to say what Torm was *not* at the bottom of. He was everything and nothing; he followed no occupation (though I believe he had once kept a hotel, and retired with a tremendous crash after six months); but did you want a horse?—Torm "knew a man who had just the thing." Did you want shares in a mine?—Torm had "some to dispose of at a very low figure." Did you want 300 gross of hair-pins for exportation?—Torm had some "as good as new at next to nothing." Nay, I verily believe that, had you required a rope to hang yourself, Torm could have supplied you with one for twopence less than anybody else. Torm was a mystery. I fancy that he finally departed this colony in a hurry, having "done" the friendly and unsuspecting 'Arry to the tune of something considerable. Poor 'Arry! thou wert one of the most tender-hearted, long-suffering, honest men that I ever

met, and may the blessing of the present writer follow and find thee wherever thou art!

The residents in the "Friars"—myself, with all modesty be it said, included—were, however, with some few exceptions, of a more respectable character. There was Compass, the civil engineer, who was waiting for something to turn up in the mining or public works line. Compass (called amongst us "The Agèd Compass," from his superiority in years and general staidness of demeanour) was a man of middle age; he had been engaged in the Government service in England, and was an engineer of some mark among his set at home. He possessed the most extraordinary inventive talent, and hardly a day passed without some "new dodge of the Agèd's" being introduced to our little coterie—dodges, alas! that were still-born into the world of mechanics for lack of funds. Compass, like myself, was a new chum, and finding that, without friends or interest, it was most difficult to "get on" in his profession, used to curse the colony and all its belongings, in choice quotations from our modern poets; for he teemed with quotations, and I seldom, if ever, have met a man—not an actor—so deeply read and so happily "up" in Shakespere. I often wondered that he did not try the stage, having, as he had, a keen sense of humour, and a surprising command of voice and feature. This gentleman and myself fraternised at once, and by him I was introduced to the other unfortunates whom stress of weather or lack of provisions had driven into the small but secure harbour of "Austin Friars."

The internal arrangements of the "Friars" were curious: the bed-chambers, save one or two, were built in a sort of cock-loft, or stable, at the back of the house. This temple of Somnus was properly ascended by a ladder, or rather a fixed series of steps; but there was another and more civilised mode of entrance from the upper parlour, or refectory, of the "Friars." The sleeping apartments were in two long lines, each side of the passage, and the partitions between them being only that "visible invisibility," termed lath-and-plaster, the sayings and doings of one's neighbours were painfully apparent. I remember that the chamber next to mine was occupied for some time by an Irish gentleman, who was apparently uneasy in his mind, and who would awake me in the dead of midnight by such cries

as "Blood!—Give me his blood! Oh, misery! By heavens, I'll not be balked! No! Blooood! blooood!" &c., &c. The Agèd's apartment flanked me on the other side, and it was in this chamber that I was first introduced to the learned Tregarthen, the erratic Piffins, and the mysterious Binks. It may seem strange that a bedroom should be the chosen spot for "choice spirits to congregate," but be it understood that the only place where one could snatch a moment's retirement from the world was the privacy of one's chamber, and by thus meeting in the room of the Agèd (flanked by mine on one side, and Tregarthen's on the other), we could converse without fear of interruption.

Tregarthen was a barrister (of the Inner Temple, and dubbed by us, accordingly, "the Noble Bencher"). He was a tall, rather aristocratic-looking man, an intense classical scholar, an M.A. of Oxford, and the most genial, witty, and good-natured man that I ever knew; but he drank—drank like a fish—and despite all warnings, lectures, and promises, *would* drink. Poor Tregarthen! He would take advice with resignation, but he would also take a "refresher" the instant you had left him. There is "a drunken man and a drunken man," as Robert Shallow, Esq., justice of the peace and *coram*, would say. Tregarthen sober was a gentleman, Tregarthen drunk rivalled his late Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth in politeness, and would have beaten Beau Brummell into a cocked hat at neatly delivered *repartèe* and stinging epigram. Yet, with all his wit and genius, he was, in some things, as simple as a child. I met him one day in Collins street (he having an idea that he would practice at the colonial bar—the bar of an hotel was his nearest approach to it), walking with an airy gait and an immense volume of law reports under his arm.

"Good gracious, Tregarthen, what are you going to do with that stupendous book?"

"Hush! my dear fellow," says the noble bencher, mysteriously, "I carry this about for an hour or so every day in the most crowded streets. I meet all sorts of people, and they think I have an enormous practice—an enormous practice!" and *exit* Tregarthen, with a business air!

He had, too, a practice of carrying an umbrella, not a slim Bond-street affair, but a genuine "Mother Gamp." He carried

it in all sorts of weather, and was always leaving it in shops, in cars (where it would sit up beside him like a passenger), in railway stations, and in hotel bars, and would, after accompanying you some yards up the street, rush back again, with horror depicted on his countenance, and presently return triumphant, shouldering his familiar. That umbrella came to a sad end when misfortunes came thick upon the bencher (he got into the hands of the Jews—upon the strength of some £200 a year that his friends allowed him—and they fleeced him horribly). When he had disposed of his watch, chain, and scarf-pin, and even of his gigantic volume of law reports, when he was almost penniless, he still clung to his umbrella as the last link that bound him to respectability. At length, one evening—I heard the tale from Binks, who told it me with tears in his eyes—he (Tregarthen) and Binks were walking up the street, discussing ways and means.

"We *must* raise a bob for the pit in the opera," said Binks, who was an enthusiast in music.

"Aye—and a bob for drinks," replied the bencher, moodily.

"We can't do it," says Binks. "It's no use talking; we *can't* do it. I can't borrow any tin, and I've nothing to pop." A fearful silence ensued. Suddenly Tregarthen, who had been for some seconds wrapt in thought, apparently struggling with himself, rushed round the corner. When he reappeared he was umbrella-less! "Come on? Here's two bob. I've SPOUTED IT!!"

Binks, the friend and admirer of Tregarthen, was an obtrusive young man, with flaming red whiskers, and a general recklessness of demeanour. He had unlimited confidence in his own abilities, and would state that "a man can get anything he likes in this world, my dear fellow, if he has only got energy!" He was always urging Tregarthen and Compass to be energetic; indeed, he did not confine himself to verbal advice, for, one morning, upon Compass awaking from his uneasy slumbers, he was alarmed, Belteshazzar-like, by "writing upon the wall;" and it was discovered that Binks, in the dead of night, had invaded the sanctity of the Aged's chamber, and, with the help of a charred stick, had drawn upon the wall, in characters at least a foot high, the word, ENERGY! We tried in vain to erase the Binkian handywork, repeated washings failing to re-

move the letters, and I have no doubt that the present occupant of No. 5 "Austin Friars" has often wondered at, and meditated upon, the hieroglyphics which beautify his apartment. Binks himself was the most energetic humbug that ever walked, or rather lay, for he would remain in bed until all hours; and it was not until the faithful Molly, our servitor, had made repeated applications to his door with the handle of her broom, that the energetic one would condescend to show himself, and, yawning ferociously, prepare to smoke what he was pleased to term "the calumet of peace." Binks, it would seem, thought bed the great panacea for all mortal ills. He would read in bed, smoke in bed, eat in bed, converse—through the partition—in bed, and I am not sure that he did not write in bed! Bed and Binks were synonymous. And yet this somnolent humbug would smack his manly chest, knit his bushy brows, twist his fiery whiskers, and talk of "Energy!" Binks was, too, as I have said, an enthusiast in music. He could not sing a note himself, but would tell us, momentarily removing the calumet for that purpose, that he had *the* most extraordinary ear that ever man possessed, *the* MOST EXTRAORDINARY! "I can't sing a note, but my ear, my ear, is the most extraordinary!" And Binks would pause, and tap that organ with the mouthpiece of the calumet, as if words would fail him. He was a great authority in musical matters, was this energetic personage; and, if you presumed to differ from him, would snort contemptuously, tap his extraordinary ear, and, puffing furiously at the C. P., would cast his bloodshot orbs upwards, as though amazed that the heavens did not fall and crush the miserable wretch who dared to differ from the critical and fine-eared Binks. He was somewhat of a dramatic turn too, and would address his friends in the language of the Elizabethan era; would bid them "drain the foaming beaker," and inform George, the waiter, that he was a "sturdy knave!" and swear "By'r lady, loon! I'll crack thee o'er the costard for thine insolence!" Binks and myself, in the depth of our misery, resolved to apply for a situation in the "chorus" of the opera. We went, but, though engaged, my courage failed me. Binks, however, duly appeared as a Sicilian bandit, or peasant, or something in a costume which consisted chiefly of shirt sleeves and ribbons. I think, however, that his "extraordinary ear" got him into

mischief, for he never went again, and devoted the whole company to the infernal powers, "draining several beakers" to that desirable result. Emboldened by this partial success, Compass was persuaded to try his fortune in the tragic line. We had divers rehearsals in No. 5; but finally voted the tragic *metier* unfit for the peculiar display of the Agèd's powers (if I remember right his *forte* was a felicitous imitation of the late T. P. Cook, as the British sailor; and the Agèd "shivered his timbers," "darned his old lee scuppers," turned his quid, and hitched his trowsers, with immense emphasis and success, and decided on the light comedy and the nautical drama. We had a little performance nightly in which the Agèd (as the British sailor) rescued Piffins (a woman in distress), and, after slaughtering the landlubbers (Binks and myself) danced a hornpipe with astounding *gout* (the process of knocking Binks and the present writer down with right and left blows, and then, extracting the "quid" from his mouth, hurling it at an imaginary third party, was wonderful to behold, and was unanimously held to be the gem of the piece.) Thus prepared, Compass borrowed a pair of patent leather boots from me (for the easier display of his hornpipe talents), and sought an audience of a certain great tragedian of this city. The result, I am happy to say, was unfavourable to the Agèd; for the great tragedian, striking an attitude (left leg stiff, right leg advanced, and slightly bent, body erect, head thrown back, right hand held at level of right eye, left hand holding hat, with brim turned towards body, easily upon left hip), informed him "that there have been, sir, but four *ac*tors in three *hun*dred years!" and hinted that the *miserables* who were trying to be *ac*tors were more numerous than desirable. So the Agèd returned to the shade of the "Friars;" and Piffins having become possessed of a sovereign, by some mysterious means, we all went to hear the great tragedian that night, and discussed him afterwards over devilled bones and beer.

Piffins was the moneyed man amongst us. He was a slim, curly-headed, rather weak-minded youth, who had lately come into some three or four thousand pounds. He had spent half of it with great ease in six months; and some mysterious uncle had impounded the remainder, and dealt it out to him in driblets. When this occurred, Piffins would appear in spotless

gloves, gorgeous coat, and irreproachable pants. We would go to the Haymarket, to the Royal; partake of a beverage which Piffins called "cham," and which the retailers of it called champagne; but which was unmistakeable gooseberry-juice, to my mind. While Piffins' money lasted, Binks "drained the foaming beaker;" Tregarthen took his coat out of pawn and walked abroad in noonday;—all was, as Binks said, "Bliss of Blood-red Wine!"

But, when Piffins' money was gone, divers were the means resorted to to obtain the luxuries of life (meat and drink we could always get at the "Friars," 'Arry being tender-hearted, and withal sure of ultimate payment.) It was during these moneyless times that the Choraic and Tragic incidents happened. Then we would haunt the newspapers for "situations;" Binks would lie in bed; Tregarthen would quote Aristophanes, and pawn his watch; Compass would invent some stupendous machine; and I would smoke moodily, and long for the mail.

The ordinary tenor of our life in these days would run somewhat after this fashion. Arise about 9 a.m.; dress for an hour in and out of each other's rooms; then the frugal breakfast; and the matutinal pipe. Then would Binks betake himself to the Public Library to study somebody's "Musical Recollections," while Compass and I strolled about the streets, looked in at "Kirk's," read the placards of "The Bride of Lammermoor to-night!" "Barry Sullivan as Hamlet!!" "IMMENSE ATTRACTION!!!" "The Bounding Brothers of the Bosphorous!" "Daring Act of Equitation on *Twelve* BARE-BACKED STEEDS!!" &c., &c., and would indulge in what we termed "peripatetic philosophy," which consisted in making conjectures as to everybody's business, as to whether the man with the electrical machine at the top of Bourke-street lived, and what became of all the orange-peel left in the pits of the theatres. The Aged averred that it was sold to make into marmalade; but I hope his supposition was incorrect. What the little man who sold bouquets at night did with himself in the daytime; whether diamond-bespangled watches in the jewellers' shops were ever sold, and who the miserable infants were who partook of "The Mother's Friend," and "Polly's Soothing Syrup." In such harmless amusements would the long day wear itself out, and

then would come the "benignant night." Compass said that he wished it was always night, and I myself infinitely prefer darkness to daylight.

It was winter-time during my stay at the "Friars," and we sat at tea close to a roaring fire. Oh these ever-to-be-remembered teas! and those conversations that followed them! We would all assemble in the Compassion apartment, and Binks having procured the "beaker," we refreshed ourselves—not exactly with

"Cigars and chat,
Champagne and chicken, and all that;"

but with pipes and beer. The converse would be carried on, after an interval of silent smoking, in this style:—

BINKS (*loq.*)—"And what have you been doing to-day, Bencher?"

TREGARTHEN (*flinging himself back upon the Agèd's bed, and emitting a cloud of smoke.*)—"Oh, reading a boshy book that Harry lent me, by the author of 'Lady Floyd's Secret,' and 'Aurora Audley.' What oceans of trash women write now-a-days: this one especially."

COMPASS (*with a tragic air.*)—"She! Oh, she has fallen into a pit of ink; the wide sea has drops too few to wash her clean again!"

TREGARTHEN (*in the manner of Dr. Pangloss.*)—"Hem! Shakspeare! When dost thou go on the stage, O most mellifluous Agèd? We shall have thee appearing as the 'Famed Contortionist, Signor Roberto Compassini.' You will become famous, my ancient one, and rich possibly. Oh, cast a friendly eye upon me then!"

THE AGED (*removing his pipe.*)—"Hark at him!"

"Dummodo risum
"Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcit amico."

BINKS (*knitting his bushy brows.*)—"Hang your quotations. Have you got a clean shirt to lend a fellow? I'm going to see the Opera to-night."

THE AGED (*producing the garment.*)—"What? Have you any coin?"

BINKS (*retiring to his chamber.*)—"No. An order."

THE BENCHER.—"What a miserable state we are in. Unhappy wretches; natis infelicibus ovis.

THE AGED *(lifting a tumbler on his dressing-table, and displaying a penny beneath it)*,—"Behold my little all!"

MYSELF.—"Ha, ha! He keeps it under a glass case, as a curiosity!"

CHORUS.—"Ha! ha! ha!"

BINKS *(from his room, under the impression that he is humming "Behold how brightly breaks the morning")*—"Rum tum, tum, tum, tum, tum-tilly tum; *Rum* tum tum tum tido!"

THE BENCHER *(rousing himself)*.—"Hand us the 'beaker'! *(Pries into the bottle, and discovers that Binks has "drained it").* "Open the window 'till I shy it out; I owe that big dog a grudge," *(There is a crash and a howl; a blast of wind blows out the candle.)*

THE AGED.—"Confound it!"

TREGARTHEN.—*(from out the darkness)*.—"De gustibus non disputandum. There is no denying the violence of the wind."

MYSELF.—*(lighting a pipe at the re-illumined candle)*. "Let's go out! Harry's gone to the Haymarket, and there's nothing to be done here."

THE AGED.—"Ay; I know they have—all of them. I saw young Harry with his beaver on just before tea."

BINKS *(from his chamber, gliding into, 'On yonder bank reclining)*.',—Rum tum tum tum, tum, tol lol; ri, ti, ti tum tum; fol therol lay!"

THE BENCHER *(loudly to Binks)*.—"Bravo! That air again; it had a dying fall!"

[*A noise is heard in the passage, and Piffins bursts open the door and enters.*]

PIFFINS *(eagerly showing a sovereign)*,—"Come on my lads! I got some tin."

THE AGED *(parenthetically)*.—"Ha; the coign of vantage!"

PIFFINS,—"We'll go to the opera, and have a jovial spree. I've got lots of tin, my noble swells."

THE BENCHER.—"Oh, my prophetic soul? His uncle!"

PIFFINS *(seizing the aged's hat, and forcing it on his head)*.—"Come on Aged! Binks! Binks."

BINKS *(breaking off in the middle of "Il balen.")*—"Ha! ha! Fetch me my rapier, boy! What so! Gadzooks! I' fackins! Lead on, Piffini; I'll follow thee to the death! Ho, Bencher!

don thy morion. We'll show the beef-fed knaves how Binks can die."

[*Exeunt omnes, with much shouting and stamping of feet.*]

These revels usually ended in our coming home in a body at one a.m., and arousing Harry from his repose, or, possibly to the imminent danger of our necks and pantaloons, climbing over the wall of the yard, and entering surreptitiously. On one occasion, indeed, the noble bencher was carried off by the police (he had been smashing lamps under the influence of innumerable "beakers"), and had to be bailed out by Harry, much to that individual's disgust. Upon our questioning the Bencher the next morning upon the accommodation of the lock-up, he was vehement in his wrath. "A miserable hole, by jingo. They ought to be ashamed to put a gentleman into such a place. But that wasn't the worst of it. They brought a burglar in, sir; a beastly burglar; and this brute sat down, and produced an onion out of his boot. Out of his *boot*, sir, and deliberately *eat* it! Yes; eat it! O dura messorum ilia!" and the Bencher closed his eyes in mute shudderings of recollection.

At length the mail came in, and I left "Austin Friars." Tregarthen had left long ago. Binks and I took him down to Sandridge, wrapped in a large pea-jacket, and put him on board a homeward bound ship. His friends had sent for him, and he went. The last we saw of him was standing on the deck with a pocket-flask in his hand, and exclaiming, "Nunc vino pellite cuvas, cras ingens iterabimus æquor!" Poor Tregarthen? The ship never reached England: she was never more heard of.

Piffins also had gone. His mysterious uncle had done something for him, and he left us. On the night previous to his departure, a wild revel was held, which culminated in the disappearance of Piffins. He was at length brought to the "Friars" by two of his friends at an early hour in the morning. He was, I grieve to say, much inebriated, as were also his friends; and a difficulty arose as to where his friends were to be put. One we tucked into bed with Piffins himself (they fought in the night, and smashed much crockeryware), the other we knew not what to do with. Binks at length decided on the perilous expedient of arousing 'Arry, and demanding a

bed for him. 'Arry was aroused.

"Oh, Harry, my noble warrior," says Binks with assumed gaiety, "here's a 'coon here rather tight. Where shall we put him?"

"P-p-put him in the b-b-bub——" stammers 'Arry.

"Oh, all right, in the bar!" says Binks, jumping at a conclusion, and was removing the inebriate, when he was startled by a roar from 'Arry. He turned. 'Arry was standing at the window to which Binks had summoned him, foaming and spluttering in a paroxysm of rage. Put him in the bar! Good heavens! Visions of broken bottles and running taps rendered the unfortunate proprietor of the "Friars" speechless. "No, no!" he stammered at length, "The b-b-b-ar be b-bulowed! P-p-put him in the bub-*bub*-BATH!" So into the bath was the winebibber conveyed, where he was found in the morning half-suffocated, having turned on the tap in his struggles, and being unable to turn it off again!

Such was the departure of Piffins. What eventually became of the energetic Binks I know not. Compass obtained a Government appointment shortly after I left; and he and I, from the vantage ground of respectability, have had many a laugh over the old time in the "Friars."

They have pulled down the old place now, or so altered it that it is irrecognisable. A billiard room has taken the place of the ancient dining-hall, and a brilliant female, with an immense watch-chain, and a cameo brooch, big enough for a stew-pan, has usurped the functions of 'Arry. "Thus the whirligig of time brings its own revenges" I am intensely respectable now, so I make no doubt is Piffins (he is President of the Society for supplying the cannibals of Loochoofoo and Feejee islands with roast pig, to shame them out of their taste for roast baby, I suppose), while Compass, I am sure, would shudder with horror if his son indulged in the same freaks that he did in the old Bohemian days. But despite my respectability (and in his inmost soul the Agèd thinks with me) I cannot help a sigh, as I think "of the brave days when I was twenty-one," and the hospitalities of "Austin Friars." You, my friend, Smellfungus, may think me a vulgar, degraded brute, and you, O Luscher Demas, a brand not yet snatched from the burning; but then *you* have never tried Bohemianism; you

have never lived like a Prince of the Blood one day, and subsisted on a pipe and a pint of beer the next; you have never lived in an atmosphere of wit, poverty, luxury, champagne, tripe, tobacco, billiards, pawn tickets, the drama, the gutter, beef and cabbage, oysters and chablis, lavender gloves and coats out at elbows, Barrett's twist one day, and Regalias, at a shilling apiece the next; you have never gone to the pit of the Haymarket with an "actor's order" on Monday, and on Tuesday to a private box at the Royal, with a champagne supper to follow; in a word you have never lived at "Austin Friar's!" You, O respectable Smellfungus—and you, O reverend Demas, have never done this! You, would, doubtless, blush with respectable shame if you had done so, and you are therefore ignorant how easily good spirits, a good digestion, and jolly companions enable a man to triumph over all the ills that flesh is heir to. You cannot know what a fund of humour there is in common life, and how ridiculous one's shifts and strugglings appear when viewed through Bohemian glass. You see nothing ludicrous or humorous in life. Life seems to you but as a "tale twice told, vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man"—seems but as a vale of tears, a place of mourning, weeping, and wailing. Being as you are, you know but the dark portions of that parti-coloured, patchworked garment of life, and can see no force in the saying of the old Greek sage—"How the Gods must laugh when they look down upon the twistings of these little earth-worms." O, Demas, Smellfungus, and ye respectabilities, I wish ye had lived for awhile in "Austin Friars;" it would have enlarged your hearts, believe me.

A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

NEXT to a cemetery in a "quiet neighbourhood" a pawnbroker's shop is the most melancholy place possible. The chest of drawers, the silver spoons arranged starwise in the windows, the china punch-bowl, even the ragged and dog's-eared volumes that are bundled contemptuously into a corner,

all speak of better days, and tell tales of poverty and wretchedness. An atmosphere of misery seem to pervade the place. The old coats that swing by the napes from their supporting pegs suggest ideas of suicide, and the old boots that turn up their toes defiantly at the world have a despairing and reckless expression. The pictures are begrimed and dusty, the clocks and watches are all silent and useless; even the set of flat-irons, which lie rusting in idleness, tell a tale of improvidence and want.

The place is the apotheosis of incongruity. Gold moidores, once the property of swarthy sailors, now repose intermingled with the Brummagem jewellery of some unlucky "mobsman." Yon little gold watch, that once ticked at the waist of beauty, now hangs cheek by jowl with the plethoric, turnip-faced timepiece of "Fo'k'sle Harry." A child's coral lies on the top of a revolver case; and a family Bible, once the cherished property of some country home in far off England, now peeps forth from beneath a Book of Beauty, stolen by an absconding footman. All the odds and ends, the waifs and strays of civilisation, find their way here. Officers' epaulettes, cavalry sabres, special constables' staves, cabin compasses, prize rowing cups, silver-mounted whips, sword-canes, and ships' quadrants—all are as fish to the voracious net of this fisher in troubled waters. A pawnbroker's is often the mainstay of a poor neighbourhood. It keeps the miserable fag-ends of labour together. It is the poor man's bank. The most thriving pawnshops are found in the most poverty-stricken streets. The profits of the establishment arise not so much from the value of the articles pledged, as from their number, consequently it is in the poor, overcrowded streets that these places flourish most. The large, pretentious houses, whose plate-glass windows gleam gorgeous with jewellery and gems beneath the flashing lamps, lend principally large sums upon plate and diamonds; but to see the business in its details we must descend lower down the social ladder. In those streets where cabbage-stalks rot in the gutters, where the public-house doors are always on the swing, where potatoes and coals are the chief articles of traffic, where "easy shaving" can be had for a penny, and shirtsleeved men, with countenances like amiable bulldogs, lean against posts all day, puffing at short pipes; where children are plentiful, and

soap and water scarce; in streets where the passing policeman is eyed askance, and where ladies who testify "how much they have loved their lords" stand with folded arms at their doorways conversationally vituperative; where dirt is the rule and cleanliness the exception—there the "three balls" hang golden and triumphant.

It is to one of these shops that we must go if we wish to learn the details of the trade. Let us go, then, to ——'s, at the corner of —— and —— streets. It is nine o'clock on Saturday night, and the work is fast and furious. The shop is a spacious one, running nearly half way up the street, and is divided into compartments of various classes of goods; one portion of the shop being devoted to the making of garments, not the lending on them. Saturday night is the great night for redeeming; and though most of the articles taken out are put in again before the middle of the week, it is considered "the thing" to be able to wear a Sunday coat on Sundays. We enter through a side-door, and encasing ourselves behind the screen which hides the "safe" from public gaze, we take a glance round the shop and its occupants. There are but two doors through which the customers enter—one conducting to the counter, the other to a number of little boxes, constructed for the convenience of bashful borrowers. Long ranges of shelves line the walls and run far back into the recesses of the shop. These shelves are loaded with goods—shirts, boots, clothes, linen, and books—all arranged according to their value and class. The articles in the shop, however, are for sale—all pledges being deposited in the rooms above, whither we will go presently. Up the centre of the open space, and close to the counter, runs the "spout." ——'s was the first shop in Melbourne where this classical machine was introduced. The "spout" is simply a long wooden pipe, down which the bundles of pledges are thrown by the assistants. A bag, with a string attached, hangs down it, and when an article is required the ticket is placed in the bag, which is drawn up by the clerk above, who then flings the pledge down the spout to the expectant customer.

One great portion of the business done on Saturday, is "parting," which consists in redeeming a portion only of the whole pledge. For example:—A working man has pawned his Sun-

day clothes. Not having enough money to pay back the full value of the loan, he enters into an arrangement with the pawnbroker by which he is enabled to take out his coat for a certain sum, and leave the other garments. This method of proceeding is greatly favoured by improvident and needy persons. Indeed, in some families, articles are kept expressly to pawn, and are never used, save for that purpose. In the same way that a rake will often insure his life "so that he can borrow money on the policy," so will a working man purchase an expensive coat or watch, in order to "pop" it when needful.

The crowd seem to favour the counter door, They are nearly all regular customers, and have no shame at being discovered in a pawnshop. It is only at first that a pang of remorse is felt at entering the doors. Two clerks are employed entering the names of the pledgers, and the value of the articles pledged, in huge folios, and the little household wares are tossed about with a business-like contempt, that has something repulsive in it to the eyes of a stranger. To the pawnbroker it is simply a matter of business, and he tosses the bundles about, calls out to his clerks above, opens out coats, inspects under-garments, and ticks off the numbers of watches with the same calm indifference. The bag flies up and down. Fresh tickets come pouring in. The assistants in the upper rooms are running hither and thither with desperate rapidity, and bundle follows bundle down the wooden spout in apparently endless succession. Here is a woman wanting a flannel petticoat; here a man who calls loudly for "Them boots, Mister." There stands a miserable creature, with a flimsy piece of "looped and windowed raggedness," which she terms a "skirt," and upon which she is desirous of obtaining the sum of eighteen pence; and going out at the door is the decently-dressed wife of a working man, bearing a bundle of her husband's shirts, pledged during the week, for three shillings and sixpence. The pawnbroker—called "uncle," "old son," "old man," "old bloke," and "Uncle Toby" by his customers—is holding up a much frayed and tattered silk mantle, which its owner—a bold-faced young woman—declares, with many oaths, to be "worth ten bob, and no —— flies!" In the corner slouches a grimy, woe-begone, and drunken ruffian, who, in a voice husky with gin, demands "a half-bull on this 'ere ring,

mate!" The ring is one of those murderous nuggety ones, which are in favour with the class to which our friend evidently belongs, because of their usefulness as "knuckle-dusters" in a scrimmage—the projecting ornamentation being excellent for opening a vein, or penetrating an eye-ball. "Uncle Toby" views the article with knowing eye, and after some scrutiny, advances the money. The ring is perhaps stolen, and our friend has been already "spotted" by Fox, who, from his station behind the screen, is on the look-out for his "lambs," as he terms them.

Some pawnbrokers do a little quiet "fencing," or purchasing stolen goods—that is to say, they do so when there is but little risk of ultimate detection. Articles of clothing, linen, &c., which are difficult of identification, are purchased or taken in pledge without much attention being paid as to where they came from; but with watches, rings, and bracelets, the case is different, and most pawnbrokers will give information to the police, if they imagine any of their pledges to be stolen property. Indeed, an experienced thief always has his private "fence," and it is only greenhorns and young hands at the game, who would think of taking a good "swag" to a "pop-shop." Some owners of pawn-offices, however, make their legitimate business a cover for the more profitable and hazardous pursuit; and not long since, a pawnbroker in L——street, was sentenced to three year's imprisonment for this offence. He was of established and apparently respectable reputation, but had been for years carrying on business as a "fence" for plate and jewellery. Upon the detectives searching his house, an enormous store of stolen goods was discovered in a recess contrived between the walls, and more than L3,000 worth of property brought to light.

The "parting" and redeeming are being carried on with vigour. All manner of incongruous articles appear on the counter—fire-irons, boots, shoes, petticoats, watches, and books. Many are paying money, but more are borrowing it. Saturday night is the night for payment of salaries; but it is also the day before Sunday, and a Sunday's dinner is considered to be *de rigeur* among the respectable poor; consequently, those unfortunates who are paid fortnightly are reduced to the necessity of pawning some ornamental piece of property, to secure the required luxury. Among the poorer class, portions

of clothing seem to be the favourite securities, and after a few days' warm weather, great-coats, cloaks, and capes pour in by dozens; but clocks, china ornaments, and expensively-bound books—not to speak of the always-ready watch, scarf-pin, or ring—are among the usual pledges offered at the Saturday night's counter. The business done is all of the same nature, and after half-an-hour or so, we have seen all we want, the only amusement, after the first burst of curiosity, being to speculate on the varied and strange faces of the customers.

Almost every lower type of face appears over the greasy counter. The neat, poorly-dressed woman, who, with her baby at her breast, waits patiently until her turn comes; the drunken, loud-voiced "woman of the town;" the beetle-browed, and villanous "magsman;" the honest, bluff, and sturdy working man; the withered and skinny beldame, whose arms are like the roots of some gnarled and rugged beech-tree, and whose face is a very study of wrinkles; the bashful shop-boy, who, yet new to debauchery and its concomitant evils, stands with hat slouched over his brows, and comforter drawn up to his eyes, while he pledges his silver watch to buy a night "on the loose;" the recklessly defiant and rakishly-dressed new arrival of the Montague Tigg stamp, who is too idle to work, and, as yet, too proud to beg or steal, and who attempts to swagger with the shopman as he offers a Brummagem scarf-pin to pay for his next day's lodging—all come and go, in rapid succession. Business, however, is getting a little slacker, and we accept ——'s offer to visit the rooms above. Such a collection of articles! Four large apartments are boiling over with pledges. The shelves bristle with tickets. Here huge boxes are overflowing with shirts; here enormous packing-cases are piled high with boots. Crinolines hang dangling from the rafters, meerschaum pipes are stacked against the walls, concertinas, violins, and cornets-a-piston speak the distress of the musical profession; and some twenty rapiers, broadswords, and daggers, testify to the smallness of theatrical salaries, or the improvidence of theatrical people. Kemble is reported to have said that "scarcely one actor in a hundred could boast of having never visited a pawnshop," and the truth of his remark appears to be confirmed here. Crowns, sceptres, and embroidered cloaks are all visible. Here hangs the dagger—there the bowl. "Proper-

ties" of all kinds are in pledge; and the lute of the Troubadour rests lovingly against the suit of "complete steel" in which the ghost of Elsinore "revisited the glimpses of the moon."

Were we inclined for sentimental meditation, we could find ample food for fancy in the incongruous articles around us, each of which has its little history. Here is a collection of gorgeously-bound prayerbooks, and on opening one we read:—

"B——, Somerset,
15th May, '51.

"Presented to Mary ———
on her seventeenth birthday, with the best wishes and prayers of her affectionate mother."

The poor soul who owned this volume must have seen many troubles since she left "B——, Somerset." In a corner stand two instruments rarely seen in Victoria. They are barrel-organs of the true London type, one of which cost £40, and has been pledged for £7. Such articles as these always go for less than their real value. Pawnbrokers are compelled to sell by auction (though this rule is not always kept), and they naturally prefer articles which are of general use, and which can be sold easily. The usual loan is a fourth of the real value of the pledge: but, to old customers, and to those who are known always to redeem their pledges, more is sometimes given. A large floating capital is required to conduct a business profitably; —— has about £1,500 out in loans (mostly upon wearing apparel, in sums averaging about 5s.), and his profits, excluding the half-yearly sales, average L20 a week. Persons often pledge articles for a fiftieth part of their value, and never return to claim them. Six months is usually allowed to elapse after the expiration of the time mentioned on the ticket before the unredeemed pledges are sold, but, as we have said, this rule is not always kept. Thefts are rare, but on two occasions the key of the safe was stolen, and once —— was robbed of his watch at the theatre, and the next evening had it handed to him over the counter as a pledge. The thief, however, was a very young hand, and expiated his mistake by eight months in gaol.

Before leaving, we inspected the jewellery, and were shown pledges to the value of L1,200. The largest sum ever lent by —— on a single pledge was L70. A large trade is done in diamond bracelets, rings, &c., which are usually pledged by the higher class of loose women, and by tradespeople, who will

select a shop out of their own neighbourhood, and where they imagine they will not be known; and it is curious, and somewhat significant, to learn that ladies of high standing in society, whose husbands are reputedly wealthy, have often brought their jewels to ——'s for the same reason.

THE MODEL LEGISLATOR.

THE Model Legislator is to be met anywhere but in the district which he represents. You will recognise him by his self-important air, by his general ignorance, and by his astonishing partiality for eleemosynary liquor.

In person he is generally stout, brawny and bluff. His whiskers are portentous, and his belly prominent. This is not to be wondered at, for while he ceaselessly caresses the one, he perpetually administers alcoholic stimulant to the other. His hands are brown, which is a sign of exposure to the sun, and is healthy; but they are also dirty, which is a sign of sequestration from soap and water, and is nasty. His nails are broken, but it is possible that such defect may come by nature, but they are also rimmed with rich black alluvial sod, which might easily be removed by art and a nail brush. The Model Legislator wears very good clothes, but they are very badly brushed. He also wears very well-brushed boots, but *they* are very badly made. He has a diamond ring—much too small for him—on his finger, wears a cameo as big as a five-shilling piece for a scarf-pin, and has his waistcoat cut down to the top button of his trousers, in order to show his studs, which are nuggets of pure gold.

Yet the Model Legislator is not a mining man. He may "have shares"—as who may not? But he does not follow mining as a profession. Neither is he a Barrister nor a Merchant. He has but one business—Legislature. Legislature is the mistress of his soul, and he knows no bliss so great as a contested election at another's expense—no fame so sweet as a reputation for ingenious log-rolling.

Where the Model Legislator was born is known only to

Heaven and his mother. He made his appearance in Fawkner's Town some seven years ago, and proceeded at once to commence legislation. It was said that he had been "up-country," that he had made a "lucky hit," that he had kept a sly grog-shop, that he had been a waiter. Nobody knew anything except that he was accredited from the Shire Council of Gluepot Gully on a matter of road-making. He lived at the Blue Boar opposite the Chamber of Deputies, and stood all day long in the back-parlour ameliorating members of that body.

By-and-by he was seen "paving his way," talking to Chottlboy, dining with Wuff, or walking down the street with Hanaper Higgs. At nights you meet him in the lobby, or in the "stranger's room," with Chuff of "The Daily Tickler," or Crow of the "Evening Teaser." He received notes from the Government Benches, and began to call Ministers by their Christian names. The officials of the Chamber began to treat him with respect—a sure sign of political prosperity. He several times paid for cabs when Legislators had no change. It was whispered that the fat man was "engineering something," and no one was surprised when next session the Model Legislator commenced his career as member for the Glue Pots.

From that hour his genius expanded. He did not speak much, but he thought hard and drank harder. It was evident to everyone that the Model Legislator was the right man in the right place. Did anyone desire a job?—the Model Legislator was ready in a twinkling. Was there a log to be rolled?—the Model Legislator was down on his knees in the mud in a moment. Had the Chief of any party some work of more than average dirtiness to be done, the Model Legislator volunteered without hesitation. When Fang, of the "Morning Smile," fixed upon the followers of Macculloden the opprobrious *soubriquet* of Flappers, the Model Legislator took the name unto himself as a crown of glory, and bound it about his brows with rapture. For Macculloden was in power then, and gifts hung upon his nod. Similarly, when the Saxon met Macculloden in battle array and his clans were scattered, the Model Legislator koo-tooed to the new man, the Honourable Roy of Aldivalloch, and took Mrs. Roy out a driving to the Braes of Balloch twice a week. When Walker, of Derry, was at the head of affairs, the Model Legislator wore buff waistcoats, and ate the

yellowest of oranges during the debate with savage ostentation. When Callaghan O'Rourke Maguire held the helm, the Model Legislator put green ribbon about his throat, and swore by Finn-ma-coul.

If you would see the Model Legislator at his best, behold him at a Banquet. If you did not know him you would take him for the host. How he arraigns the caterer, how he harangues the waiters, how he curses the soup, how he blasphemes at the champagne! He is helped twice while another is expecting to be asked for the first time. He has a private mark on the sherry decanter, a bottle of Moet under the table, and asks imperiously for *my* Hock. When the cigars come round he generously bids you fill your case. "All free, my boy," he says. "The country pays!" It is the Model Legislator who originates those little junkettings, which are mightily refreshing to the Legislatorial mind. It is he who picnics on board the Thunderbomb, or takes the Steam Ram down the bay in order to give his children an airing. When the Honourable the Minister of Arboriculture decides that a coach-and-four to Swagman's Flat is absolutely needful for the proper settlement of the waste lands of the colony, you may be sure that among the jolly-dogs on the box will be the Model Legislator. When the Honourable the Minister of Tret and Tare—it is surprising how many Honourable gentlemen there are in Fawkner's Town!—concludes that a supper and ball is the only thing to test the substantiality of the New Customs Act, you will find the Model Legislator mingling in the giddy throng, and eating enough for ten in the supper-room afterwards.

It is surprising how this worthy man can find time to do any other business but that of filling his stomach, and yet he does get through vast quantities of mental labour. No matter how drunk he might be when he goes to bed at night, he is always sufficiently sober for his duties in the morning. You go with him to the *Closerie des Cleles*, to the Chateau *Lovat*, to the back-parlour entertainment of Madame Rigolboche herself, and yet you will find him in the morning, merry, placid, and ready for business. He is indestructible—or at least he thinks so. He fears neither man, nor God, nor devil. Only one curse comes home to roost to him, the curse of

a poor woman whom he once seduced and abandoned, and who, with the best blood of Fawkner's Town bubbling champagne in her front parlour, cried out in the hearing of all of us, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life and never overtake ye." Poor Model Legislator, he has one secret wish —he *is* a legislator, he would like to be a gentleman.

DOWN CAMOMILE STREET.

CAMOMILE-STREET is the biggest street of Fawkner's-town. That is to say it is the biggest in a notable sense. Boom-street (so named after that celebrated commander, General Boom, K.G.C.B.) claims pre-eminence in the matter of size and breadth, and Cygnet-street—were Duke's Bridge but shifted somewhat—would, in many persons' opinion, compare with it in point of beauty. But Camomile-street is so eminently genteel. *The Daily Tickler* has its office in Camomile-street. That great organ of public opinion, the *Peacock*, spreads its tail there, and is usually alluded to by the *Period*, its rival, as our "Camomile-street contemporary." The Platypus Club is in Camomile-street, and the Platypi are very haughty persons. The Woolsack Hotel is at the western end of Camomile-street. The Block is in the middle of it, between Cygnet-street and Gloriana-street; while Avernus, where Mr. Scrype, Little Tommy Tôt, and moustached Capricorn, rig the share-market, stands agape for any prey that may have escaped from Galen-square or Camomile-street East.

Galen-square is devoted to the residence of the medical profession. Medicine in Fawkner's-town is very highly thought of. Indeed, it is considered that Little Cupps, Doctor Brian de Bois Guilbert, and Cosmopolite Hanks make more money between them in the course of the year that anyone, except Josephus Abhorson, the leviathan bookmaker, and the Reverend Vox Humanum, of the Neo-Baptist Chapel. The tall, solemn, and funereal doors of Galen-square are ever thronged with patients. The carriages of the rich and great—the truly sublime and beautiful—are to be seen there. Mrs. Bangho Bloggs, the wife of Bangho Bloggs, Esquire (Justice of

the Peace, and Manager of the Peninsular and Polynesian Banking Company, Limited) is frequent in her attendance. The champing horses of Tootlepegs Smith (Smith, Smythe, Smyth and Co., Importers of soft goods) are to be daily seen spurning the mean earth in their passage to and from Doctor Trocar, *M.C.S.D.S.V.P. Lond. Kam. Spitz.* Chumpberry Hicks, the wholesale men-and-boys-trouserings-none-genuine-unless-bearing-our-trade-mark, would not allow a little Hicks to enter the world of trowserings without the assistance of Doctor Claviceps (of Clostrum and Claviceps), and it would be impossible for Reachmedown, of the Behemoth Boot Factory, to live a week without the attention of Sphericarpus Skoe. Each resident of Fawkner's-town has his or her particular physician, and Galen-square is alive from morning till night. Miss Fink, who imagines that she has swallowed a viper's egg, and that her stomach is, in consequence, a mere cistern for foul toads to knot and gender in, prefers the ministrations of Mr. Samuel Palpicornis, who has a soft voice, an insinuating manner, and a keen sense of humour which never breaks into incredulity. Sophonisba Griskin, widow of Captain Griskin, late of the Berkshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and connected with the Gryskins of Pettitoedwyl, North Wales, is enraptured with blunt Stamshoo, who roars into her ear and says, "Now, ma'am, now, ma'am, how's the tongue, ma'am? put it out, ma'am, right out, ma'am! by G——, ma'am, there's no flinching with me, ma'am!" Trinculo Numps, who carries his arm in a sling whenever he goes to visit his medical attendant, patronises Capax, called Dolly Capax by his friends, who smokes short black pipes and fights cocks in his back yard. Julius Mildman, of Mildman, Buttermelt, and Co., of Little Merkin-lane, Melbourne, and Milk-street, Cheapside, will have no one but Dolichos Dorsum to advise upon his ailments. Galen-square has stomach for them all.

Nor are the inhabitants less diversified in their costumes than in their practice. Some dress in the orthodox black, some in coats of many colours. Little Potts, late of Her Majesty's Camel Troop Contingent, Mashallaharabad, wears white jean boots, striped trowsers, a wide-awake hat, and fingers sparkling with diamonds. Romulus J. Chaw, of Philadelphia, on the contrary, goes about like a mourning crow, and Curricle Clough

is never to be seen, but at the tail of two maddened steeds, rushing down Camomile-street like a whirlwind. In Galen square live, Surgeon Pillicoshy; Doctor K. K. Kramer, the only legally qualified medical practitioner in diseases of the pineal gland (where, if you remember, Descartes thought the soul was situated); Doctor Polboody, nephew of the Polboodys, of Oysters-town; Heliogabalus Jinks, the oculist and aurist to His Majesty, the Grand Chow of Krim Tartary, and by special appointment, chiropodist to Prince Paul; Chinchonums Ghin, M.D.F.R.A.S.D.K., dwells there, and may be seen any day strolling up to the Platypus and dark brandy.

Fusel Oil-street cuts Galen-square at right angles. Fusel Oil-street is suffering a recovery. It used to be a highly immoral street. Mrs. Jezebel Jones lived there—that horrible snuffy old woman, whom one would see flitting round the Police Court of a morning, clad in a light yellow Indian shawl, wearing superb jewels on her skinny fingers, but perceptibly having neither stockings nor under-linen. It was in Heliotrope Cottage, off Fusel Oil-street, that Jack Connington, of the Fighting Forty First, fell among thieves, and was despoiled of watch and garments, being conveyed to barracks in a suit of newspapers, by a discreet cabby. It was in Fusel Oil-street that Valdepenos, fresh returned from New Caledonia, challenged the Imperialist dragoon to single combat, and received a thrust through his forearm. It was in Lycas Villa, that poor, reckless, ruined, Satoris, gasped out his brandy-maddened soul. It was in Barine Lodge, that Julius Saint saw the ghost of his old sins rise up to condemn him. It is not good to linger in this narrow street; let us hasten on.

Here is *The Daily Tickler* and *Weekly Chimes* office, with its front door placarded with caricatures by Joe Barrington, and its passage thronged with eager moralists upon John Stuart Mill. Here is the *Peacock* office, with Chips the leader-writer airing his boot-heels in the passage as usual; there the Cassowary Club, with Œdipus Quackendrum writing *Punch* copy in the upper window. Underneath the Cassowary window, stands, ever open, the door of the Iphigenia Café and dining-rooms, where congregate from morning until evening the scandal-mongers of the metropolis. If a good thing is said at the Woolsack, you will he sure to hear it at the Iphigenia in thirteen

minutes. Next to the Café is the Peacock Hotel, with jolly Hans Brietmann at the door. Alas, poor Peacock Hotel! thou hast seen many changes since the wits of the town—there were wits in those days—sat at thy table round and bandied jokes at the great Thunderer himself. Where is Hoffmann and his bull-dog; Alcibiades, barrister-at-law; Hopkins Marchmont; and Roger Wildrake, of Squattleseamere, in the moist county of Lincoln, gentleman? Ah, where are the snows of autumn? O Camomile-street, street of incongruities, I confess to an affection for thee! I like thy fine carriages, and thy ill-dressed coachmen, thy plated harness, and thy spavined horses, thy glowing silks, and thy pinchbeck nobility of the counter. When Dr. Bomba, blazing with jewels, whirls past in a cloud of dust, I smile and bow pleasingly, for has not this little dandy doctor,

> In chariots dazzling with diamonds
> And gorgeous with grooms,

devoted many an hour, whose minutes were heavy with guineas, to the cheering of poor Jack Walkingham, and the operating upon his unlucky leg? When my old friend Bullion, the banker, hurries past, with that Newmarket walk, which makes one wonder if he has to ride fifty miles for his life every morning, I am not envious—not I. When the carriage of Mr. Timotheus Tucker, M.L.A., draws up to Coodle's, the circulating library, do I ever look at the honourable gentleman with that expression in my eye, which means, "I remember the day when your mother had so many children, she didn't know what to do, and kept the Red Boot, in the City Road." I hope not. See Fango and Dango, the opera singers; how majestic in their gait, how noble in their deportment. Notice their gloves, hats, and boots. Who would not be Fango or Dango? What equipage is this, with the tiny ponies and the silver harness? Is it La Beguine returned from Rotten Row? No, by the powers that smile on virtuous love, 'tis Charivari, Prince of the Haute Ecole, and Lord of the Blazing Belt. If one were not Fango, one would surely be Charivari. Now turns from Cygnet-street—'tis the ninth time they have done the Block to-day—the red-wheeled buggy of Clipperttywichet, the Oceanic Comique. When I contemplate the many wealthy men of letters, I am not surprised that Clipperttywichet can afford to

drive this dazzling vehicle. 'Tis proper that we should, for what succeeds like success? Now we mark the carriage of Hurlo-thrumbo, five times something in the Government, and bow—if we are on that footing of familiarity—to Mrs. Mozart (her husband trades under the name of Moss, Hart, and Co.), who wears diamonds as big as pigeon's eggs, when she applauds "The Christian to the lions!" in "Polinto."

Puffing and blowing, like a miniature steam engine, is little Cape Coast Castle (of the Castles of King's-square) the distinguished Indian chess-player home on leave. He is noted for his supreme contempt for the civilisation of the hour, and is ever to be found chatting to the most disreputable man of the day. "I am on an island," he says, when you expostulate with him, "and my name is Cape Coast Castle." It is reported that he plays high at the Royal Fum, and has been rooked to a large extent by those merry dogs, Messrs. Shaker, Tom Copp, and Props of the Isle of Man Hotel. Ah, here is our Oby! Oby is Obadiah Prawn, son of Prawn and Cursetjee, the India house. He is an elegant fellow is Prawn, dyes his hair, rouges, and is reputed a terrible woman-killer. Doctor Muncker, who administers sitz baths daily to the poor creature, can tell you how much he is maligned in this last interesting particular. Arm-in-arm are young Beet, and the Most Noble the Marquis of Skimmilk, out in his yacht, seeing life. Young Beet, the heir of Old Beet, cousin to The Mangold Wurzel, and supporter of the Hanoverian Succession, is much flattered by the attentions of the great little man. Skimmilk is ricketty, and four-feet-two, and Beet is laughing ostentatiously at his lordship's jokes, which, to tell the truth, are not very entertaining. His lordship, meanwhile, is eager for the approach of his mate, Doctor Codd, who is "doing" an account of the voyage in a style which his dry humour will render highly attractive. Tom Twotooth passes us. Tom, dost remember when you and I rode into Gippsland and breakfasted with Ronald Macdonald? —poor Ronald, he's dead, Heaven rest his soul.

But cross we the road. Here is Avernus at last, the Unholy Sharemarket, in full blast. Here are Ounce, and Gambo, and Mithridates Bong. Here lounges peaceful Sporkins, or shouts furious Crambambuli Banks, most iniquitous of speculators. Mr. Scrype leans against a verandah post, Tommy Tôt bores

into the rich quartz of some unsuspecting Philistine, and Capricorn twirls his moustache in Mephistophelian glee. All day the din of battle sounds in and about this dusty, dirty, uncomfortable Verandah. Mrs. Jordan, black-eyed re-incarnation of the Merry Wife of Windsor, drives a roaring trade in her hostelry below ground. The place swarms with human beings as an ant-hill swarms with ants. All languages are spoken, and there the mildest of us grows familiar with uncouth oaths. Strange utterances perplex the stranger—whispers of "Pups" and "Fleeces," "Murderer's Gullies," and "Amalgamation Flats." Hansom cabs arrive and depart incessantly. Everybody is in a hurry. Everybody is making money. Nobody can spare time to be occupied with anything but Shares.

Standing one day and surveying the struggling humanity beneath this twenty yards of verandah, I thought—Is there not here a life which might be with propriety depicted, is there not here something of human interest not altogether unnoteworthy, something of modern civilisation not quite unentertaining? And thus reflecting I conceived the notion of a series of papers which should embody this Camomile-street civilisation, this evanescent life of the share market, this fleeting romance of speculation, this pushing of doctors, this preaching of parsons, this confusion of opera, carriages, mines, misery, journalism, theatres, politics, and worldly prudence, which we call Life in Fawkner's-town.

Perhaps you do not care to occupy yourself with your own century. If so, dear reader, we part, I trust, with mutual esteem. If you, contrariwise, consider half-an-hour in my company not thrown away, we will wander through this great Mushroom City together. I know every part of it. I have dined in Galen-square, perambulated Boom-street at midnight, quaffed champagne at the supper tables of jovial Padding and Paintpot of the Isthmian Theatre, smoked with Fango, absinthed with Dango, heard the chimes at midnight with Tom Idle, and sat out the night with philosophic Philomath, the student of the stars. From Fawkner's wharf, where, in the Sturgeon Tavern, I first met Captain Walrus, of the *Mermaid*, to St. Ignatius-hall, where preaches Vox Humanum, the town is mine. We will explore it if you will. We will become, if

it please you, acquainted with the various solar systems of doctors, lawyers, parsons, brokers, Jews, Christians, dog stealers, money-lenders, authors, pawnbrokers, actors, attorneys, barristers, artists, bookmakers, publicans, diggers, sailors, squatters, orators, politicians, merchants, beggars, and thieves, who make up the Wicked World.

You will come? Good. Then where shall we go? behind the scenes of the Isthmian Theatre, or to a lecture by the Reverend Crump? I am equal to either fortune. Decide.

MELBOURNE HOTELS.

The number of hostelries in Fawkner's Town is astonishing. From end to end, from side to side, the city is perforated with them. They are built of stone, brick, stucco, and wood. They serve brandy, gin, ale, porter, and wines. Each class in society has its peculiar tavern. You can lunch with squatters at the Woolpack, with Mr. Twitters, the travelling author, who is "doing" Polynesia, at the Chateau Quatrefages; with the sharebrokers at Mrs. Jordan's in the Sybil's Cave; with lawyers at the Pig and Whistle; with the commercial world at the Cornucopean; with the sportsmen at Chifney's Lounge; with the Old Pioneers at the Governer Brown; with old Phippslanders at the Port Parrot; with journalists at Rip Van Winkle's; with coach-travellers at the Britannia; with rich men at the Asinæum; or with poor men at the three-penny Golgotha near Figg's Horse Bazaar.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" asked good Sir John, and verily he would have had his welcome in Fawkner's Town on any day in the week but one. A circulating library might be written about the inns of Fawkner's Town. Each variety of them is worth a chapter, and I propose in this sketch to give a bird's-eye view of their appearance, reverting afterwards to minuter particulars. I propose also to deal only with hotels, and to leave the liquor-shops and drinking bars for some other occasion.

The Woolpack, the Chateau Quatrefages, and the Port

Parrot are presumed to occupy the three places of honour. When Tom Twotooth comes to town after eighteen months on a back block of the Quombo, he puts up at the Woolpack, knowing that he will there meet with Freddy Flitter, Bojo Tomkins, and Courtenay Smith. Tom rises at 11 a.m., plays billiards until half-past 1, lunches until 3, walks about Camomile street until 4, smokes until 7, dines at half-past 8, goes to the theatre until 11, and beats the town until 4 a.m. Boxem and Draft, the stock and station agents are constantly at the Woolpack, using its smoking-room as a convenient place to write letters. Mr. Alguazil Punto frequents the house, and chaffers for diamonds in the little room off the passage. Deputy Field Forager Colonel Emilius Mogg, from Ceylon on leave, is to be seen daily airing his paunch on the steps, beneath an overshadowing cigar, while Blower, of Blower and Stiff, stock and station agents, almost considers the house his own, so frequently is he eating, drinking, or sleeping beneath its roof. The Woolpack is the squatter's house, and a boarder who possesses less than forty thousand sheep, feels uncomfortable there.

The Chateau Quatrefages is opposite Heavyside's wool stores, and was built by an architect who had been dreaming of Dorè's illustrations to Balzac. It has four grey walls, and four grey towers. It has a peaked roof. It stands on a hill, and from the Palaver buildings, when the sun is setting, looks like the castle of a Norman earl. It is a good hotel, but an expensive one. You can get green peas in winter, and acclimatised pheasant at any time. If you asked one of the many waiters for a slice of cold rhinoceros, he would consult Mr. Nicol Jarvie, the proprietor, before committing the establishment to a refusal. Like Burgess and Co., the tailors of Mr. Toot's, Quatrefages, is "A1, but very dear." You pay twenty-five guineas a week for a parlour, and are charged for wax candles in the bill. If you are rich, you will find Quatrefages as near to Limmer's or Long's as anything this side the equator. If you are poor, you will do well to seek some more modest retreat. The Brazen Kettle Family go very properly to this magnificent establishment; but Earthen Pipkins, if wise, will not swim in the same stream.

At the Port Parrot one finds a generous freedom which savours of the bush. Jock o' Hazeldean (quite grey-headed

and sobered now, and terribly henpecked by his wife, who never ceases to remind him what a great match she lost when she eloped across the Border) is to be seen puffing his honest clay, in the cool fountain court. Stokes, of the Gombadinga —"old Stokes, by G—d, sir!"—is never tired of conversing with the green cockatoo, and tries in vain for any time this thirty years to make him whistle Lilibullero. Dick Stephens, of the Gash, and Tom Halliburton—who rode the bay mare Vanity from Giggeree to the Good-morning Bill, in seventeen hours—yarn over old times, when Camomile-street was belly-deep in mud, and the greed for gold had not seized the land. Lökman, the Dane, dips his yellow beard into beakers of brandied soda. O'Rourke, of the Hundred Islands, is carried up drunk to bed nightly by Alphonso, the black waiter; and Macklewain Maxwell M'Taggart mixes his hot whisky incessantly in his cosy corner under the picture of "A Highland Welcome." There is pleasant homeliness in the house. One enters assured of a welcome, assured of finding pleasant, unassuming company, and of joining in honest merry-making.

From the Port Parrot we can go to Snooper's, where they depend on the "bar-trade," and whose doors are ever on the swing to admit the thirsty. We can visit the Cornucopean, once the biggest house in the city, where a steak cost five shillings, and nothing was drunk but champagne in buckets. The Cornucopean prides itself now chiefly upon its luncheon, which is certainly excellent, though Mr. Maddison, the worthy proprietor, is growing in years, and his trim little figure, with the brown bull-dog at his heels, is not often seen bustling around the tables as of yore. The dining-room of the Cornucopean is 120ft. long, and the noise of knives at dinner is as the noise of locusts in a field. When you go to the Cornucopean, ask the lady who receives your money to make you a John Collins, and be happy.

Who does not know the Britannia, where is the picture of the Ramalees, with the starboard watch, as they appeared being smothered in the cause of duty? Who has not descended stiff and weary from the coach to find his spirits restored by Copperbottom's dark brandy, or his parched throat cooled by one of Copperbottom's Iced Drinks? At the Britannia (there is an effigy of her ruling the waves with a three-pronged fork)

you can get the peculiar tipple known as Comeagain Joe, which is nothing more nor less than the finest of liqueur brandy. At the Britannia you can look up at the ceiling and fancy yourself on board the Arethusa, with the famed Belle Poule lying straight ahead, her 500 men dancing on her decks in the approved method of the French navy. At the Britannia you can read the latest telegrams concerning Choko for the Sydney Gold Cup, Tambourine for the Handicap, and Cantaloup (by Giraffe, out of a Phœbus mare), who is being "kept dark" at Waghorn's stables on the Pickitup Creek. For Copperbottom has a racing stud, and has, in his youth, gone down to the sea in ships. On salt water or in the racing stable he is equally at home, and when you see his kindly face beaming between the picture of Boadicea (winning the Derby by a neck) and the picture of H.M.S. Thunderbomb off the Needles, you realise for the first time that it might not be impossible (always supposing that you could find many men like Copperbottom) to raise a troop of Horse-marines.

A house midway in social standing between the Britannia and the Port Parrot, is the Governor Brown. The Governor Brown is situated at the extremity of Spavin's Horse Bazaar, and is remarkable for its brown sherry. The bar-room reminds you of Surtees' descriptions of the inns where Jorrocks the Magnificent put up his occasional horses. There are pictures of Beeswing, and Banjo, and Bluestocking. Flying Pantaloon, the celebrated American trotter, is represented as evanishing into space with a pair of wheels and a man. Mercator, the sire of Sindbad, and own brother to Vasco di Gama, is arching a very bright bay neck in a very empty stable. Winchester—the real old Waxy blood—is to be seen showing his teeth at Whalebone; and Blue Beard grins approvingly at the Fatima filly, by Sultan out of a Georgian mare. On the seats beneath these works of art sit Blackadder, Desborough, Wuff, Jinks (late of the Hollowbacks Blue), old Mumblepenny, and Hopping Jerry of Agony Point. There you may see the sporting correspondents, Q. R. W. Catchet, the Handicapper; Bangatem, of the *Peacock;* Smalls, of the Mercury; and Mr. Hennessy O'Linnessy, of the *Owl.* There gleams the yellow beard of Abbot, the South Australian, and owner of the Monk. There is to be seen Cornelius Flatcatcher, the tallest man and the best cross-

country horseman in Victoria. But we will return to the Governor Brown.

Let us pass Cooper's Sporting Kiosque, for it is not properly an hotel, being rather a huge room where H. Blackadder and Bong, little Hawkins and Long Harrison Hope lay the odds the whole day long amid a Babel of bookmaking. The Pig and Whistle is adjacent, with boiled beef on the board, draught stout in the cellar, and Mr. Replevin, Q.C., in the chair. Shall we look in there, and interview the ancient warrior, who reposes upon the laurels of his victory over Smileyfaced Bob, the Weaver's Joy? No, I do not feel inclined for beef. Shall we drink champagne at the Carbanero, that very sly house where you hear the tempting rattle of the dangerous bones too often for peace? Shall we play unlimited loo in the back parlor of Mrs. Katherine Peto, or taste the sweets of real roulette behind the iron door of that innocent-looking Mrs. Nym? Shall we sit up late, and go to the Casino de Holofernes, where all is blue silk and bad grammar? Shall we simply soak in Grandison's Royal Isthmian Café, or shall we eat German Sausage and Caviar at the Hoopdedoodenzüyder? Shall we go up to that delightful private boarding-house in the northern suburb, where Mrs. Shipley entertains the wandering wicked, or shall we drop into tea at Pump's Temperance Hotel, in Milk-street? No, the vista opens too widely. Enough for to-night. Let us roam on reflectively, and gather materials for a future paper.

We have the Blue Boar to see. We must visit the Rip Van Winkle, and the Horse and Groom. Dimlo's, the theatrical house, must not be forgotten, and we owe Paddy Miles's Boy, the handball house, a call. We must go to the Funcion Gambetta, the Daisy Farm, the Owl in the Ivy Bush. We will visit Potztausend, that dear old German who wears silver spectacles, and gives you a most delectable dish made of minced whale's liver. We must drink colonial wine at Fürst's. We must go down on the wharf and see old Gam, of the Torpedo, and old Sheepshank, of the Sailor's Pride. We will visit the Early Bird at the the Market. We will take our "mornings" with Jerry the Sneak at the Artful Topper, round the corner. We will penetrate into the Coffee Shop of Signor Pedro Garcias, and take some of his unlicensed refreshments. The world of Taverndom lies open to us, so onward!

SQUATTERS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

"ARCADES AMBO."

NOT "blackguards" both, as naughty Byron has it, but "squatters." Yesterday afternoon, when reading the remarks of our latest critic, Mr. Anthony Trollope, upon Australian life and manners, I received almost simultaneously, a letter from my old friend Robin Ruff, of the Murrumbidgee, and a visit from my young acquaintance, Dudley Smooth (nephew to Lord Lytton's friend), of Scott's Hotel. Both were squatters, both about equally wealthy, both good fellows in their way, both occupied nearly the same position in Society, both were alike—and yet how widely different!

Robin Ruff, writing in a shaky hand, with honest independence of spelling, and hearty contempt for unnecessary doubling of consonants, sent a message to his grandson, and would I see Wether and Weaners' people about "them yowes." Robin Ruff is an old man. He is nearer seventy than sixty I should say; but he is as erect as a dart, and can ride a long day's journey, or do a hard day's work with many a younger man. He is six feet high, his hands are knotted and brown—mottled with sun, and hardened with labour. His shoulders are broad, his head well set on, his eye confident. His head is white, and his beard is white also, save that brown patch round the mouth that looks as if snuff had been spilt on it. In appearance he is not elegant. His coat is too big for him, and his hat is not of the fashionable mould. His boots are clumsy, and have thick soles, which creak as he walks. He carries a big oak stick, and wears a big silver watch. He looks very fierce indeed, and not at all a "lady's man;" but people who know him well like him, and little children run to him at first sight.

Robin Ruff came to this colony in 1836, the year before Mr. Latrobe was made Superintendent. He had been squatting in Sydney before that, but hearing much of the "new colony," came over to better his fortunes. Old Ruff—long since put away comfortably in the kirkyard—had kept a little shop in a little Scotch town, and had saved a bit of money, but Robin,

adventurous lad, wearied of the big grey hills and the quiet old straggling street, wearied even of his uncle's farm, with its dull round of ploughing, and sowing, and reaping, determined to seek his fortune. The old father advised, and the old mother wept beneath her horn spectacles, but Robin would go. Wise bodies at market assembled, predicted "nae guid" of the lad —(he rebuilt the market-hall the other day, with good Aberdeen granite)—and it was generally prophesied that he would bring his parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

For the first ten years of his Australian struggles he seemed likely enough to fulfil the worst of their prophecies. It was a hard fight, and little to get for it. But by steadiness and industry he got a little money together at last. The marvellous virtue that lies in sheer hard work brought him through after ten years, and made him independent. Arrived in the Port Phillip wilderness, up the country he went. Land was to be had easily enough in those days, and being his own bullock-driver and stockrider, and shepherd and farmer and cook, Robin Ruff soon made a home for himself. He began to be looked upon as a "warm" man. Jolly boys carousing in Melbourne town, at the foundation of Prince's-bridge, spoke of Ruff's luck and cursed their own in genial fashion. By-and-bye the great crash came. Sheep and cattle were worth nothing, and Ruff's luck seemed gone. But it turned again. He had bought land with his saved money, and when the "diggings broke out" (like an eruption, one would think), had recovered his losses.

He is an old man now, and people ask him why he doesn't "go Home and live;" but he knows better. His daughter is married here, and his grandchildren are here too. He has his station to occupy his mind, his trips to Melbourne, his rubber, his pipe, his club, and his chats with other jolly old boys. How the old fellows chuckle as some quaint nickname, springing up in the conversation, recalls some hearty piece of jollity in the "old days!" He did go home once, but he didn't like it. London was so lonely. He didn't like to pull out his old clay pipe in his dapper nephew's smoking room, and when his niece talked French to him, and asked his opinion of the *mise en scéne* at the opera, he felt uncomfortable. He went to his native town, but his father and mother were dead and he could

remember nobody. A railway bridge spanned the burn where he paddled in his boyish days, and the Telegraph Office had been built where stood the tree on which he cut little Jeanie's name with his clasp-knife forty years before. He gave money to the local charities, and rebuilt the market-house, and for that the town council got at him and gave him a dinner, and a fat cheese-monger with a turn for oratory, made speeches at him all the evening. Sickened, tired, and disappointed, he took his passage for Melbourne, and, smoking his pipe in the Port Phillip Club, on the night of his arrival, with the old faces round him, inwardly vowed he would go home no more. He is not a brilliant fellow to talk to, he is not aristocratic, nor even deistical, but he is a fine, honest, kind-hearted old man, and has not been without his use in this brand-new go-ahead colony of ours.

As I looked up from his letter, I saw Mr. Smooth in the doorway. He was of a very different stamp. Mr. Smooth was a very young gentleman. His hands were brown but well-kept, and his whiskers were of a fine yellow floss-silk order, like the down on a duckling. He had but lately come down from his station, but was arrayed in the most fashionable of fashionable garments. His trousers were so tight, that his legs looked as if they had been patented by some mono-manaic player on the flute, as cleaning machines for that instrument of music. His waistcoat yawned like a whited sepulchre. He wore half-a-yard of black satin tied round his neck, or rather his shirt collar. His feet were encased in shoes of that high-heeled class affected by step-dancers, and the suddenly expanded trouser-ends flapped around his ankles—entwined like two barber's poles, by the red stripes of his silk stockings. In addition to a gold hawser that swung heavily from button-hole to pocket, and fluttered—so to speak—with lockets and charms, as though it were a clothes-line on which such trinkets had been hung out to dry, he was spotted generally with jewellery. His manly breast was like nothing so much as Biddy's canvas-covered trunk studded with brass nails, and at his throat, and on his wrists, gleamed gigantic plates encircled with his name and date—I mean his crest and bearings. The crest of the Smooths is two flat-irons rampant, and from every available portion of my young friend's body gleamed golden repetitions of those time-honoured weapons.

He wore a hat which seemed to have been made by an eccentric hatter, who in the midst of an attempt to imitate the head-covering of a sportingc oal-heaver, had been stricken with remorse, and finished his handiwork with a haunting sense of the beauty of the episcopal broad-brim. His manner was affable and easy, he smoked a very strong cigar, and cursed only to that extent necessary and becoming in a man of fashion.

"Well, you melancholy old cuss," exclaimed this Arcadian youth, "how are you? Got any soda and B.? I was so dooced cut last night! Went knocking round with Swizzleford and Rattlebrain. C'sino, and V'ri'tes. Such a lark! Stole two Red Boots and a Brass Hat. Knocked down thirteen notes, and went to bed as tight as a fly!"

This and more he tells me—sitting the while on the end of my sofa, swinging his flute-cleaning legs, and puffing with his cigar, at an angle of forty-five degrees. His language is ornate and redundant of adjectives. Anything he doesn't like is "Beastly" or "Loathsome;" anything he does like is "Festive," "Sportive," "Ripping." He calls his father "a cheerful swell," or a "festive cuss," and when he goes to the theatre with his family, has been heard to allude periphrastically to his mother as a "square party in the boxes."

Mr. Smooth's papa—Dudley has been named after his uncle, for whom the family entertain a profound respect, as a man moving in good society,—came out here fifteen years ago and made his fortune by lucky speculation in land. He owns several stations, has a house in the hottest and most uncomfortable part of South Yarra, and is a most respectable person, with a stake in the country, and a tendency to stomach. He has placed Dudley on the Murriowooloomooloone riangtrotolong station—he likes the fine old native names,—and that young gentleman is "managing" it at a fine rate.

Dudley is a great man on the Murrio &c. He is called the "—— boss," and lives in the "house," in contradistinction to the "hut." He also keeps his horses habitually in the stable, and feeds them with "oats"—tremendous achievement! He has a buggy and a trotting mare. Nobody says anything to him if he "coils" in the front parlour all the afternoon, and when he rides over to the little public-house and is condescendingly blasphemous towards the publican, the best brandy—

without the Barret's twist at the bottom of the cask—is brought out in his honour. At mustering time he is in his glory—for, to do him justice, he can ride hard enough—and when he gets drunk at night, his stories are voted exceedingly humorous. He is, in his way, a sort of Epicurean. He despises the vanity which prompts honest John Strong of the Plains to jump over a hurdle with a fat wether under each arm; but he is very particular about the brightness of his stirrups, and is the only man on the station who has his boots cleaned every morning.

When he comes down from the country, he makes, as it were, a foray into an enemy's country. He does not enjoy himself during the day—the time hangs heavily. Having paid a visit to his father and mother, if they are in town, he "looks up a friend," and the two loaf aimlessly about the town. They may be seen "knocking the balls about," at Scott's or the Port Phillip, or drinking "soda and b.," or "sherry and bitters," at any decent bar in town. If it is a "selling" day, you can meet them at Kirk's Horse Bazaar, lounging against the wall as though they owned so many blood-horses themselves that the sight of anything on four legs was wearisome. But it is at night when they enjoy life. What with the theatre and the café they feel quite like old *roués* by midnight, and stroll down to the Varieties or the Casino like a twinned Alcibiades in the Agora,—only they have never heard of Alcibiades. There they drink, and smoke, and bask in the smiles of beauty. By two o'clock it is time to "knock round," and having supped at Cleal's, and the night Hansom having been duly chartered, Dudley and his friend take a tour in the provinces. It is possible that in the course of their peregrinations they meet Swizzleford and Rattlebrain, and then it is, ho, for the breakage of lamps, the carrying away of signs, the petty larceny of gilt hats and wooden boots! Dudley is under the impression that his dancing society is much sought after by ladies, and behaves to those poor creatures in a tyrannically fascinating way, putting his name into their programmes with a tender violence that is quite affecting. He dances a little wildly, but with much vigour and height of action. He doesn't sing, but he can eat a great deal, and is fully alive to the fact that a tip to the waiter will secure a cool bottle of champagne for himself and friends,

long after the general run of guests are wearied of seeking refreshments and finding none. He plays billiards fairly, and is proud of his skill at pool. He makes a book on the races, and is almost as fond of losing as of winning. This promising young gentleman is two-and-twenty, and intends soon to go home and see the old country. He is quite complacent about it, and talks of "doing Europe" as he would of doing "Collins-street."

Let me, in conclusion, add only that Mr. Smooth has not a very strong sense of moral responsibility, for though he would not willingly do a dishonorable action, he is so impressed with the virtue of success, that a "smart" scoundrel is, in his eyes, a far more worthy being than an honest dunderhead. He is making money, however, and has no reason to be otherwise just now than honest. His station is fitted with the latest improvements. His prize cattle are fattened on prize principles. His sheep are washed with hot water, and his paddocks are sown with English grass. He has not arrived at the glory of his next neighbour, the Hon. Tom Holles Street, younger son of the Marquis of Portman-square, who was educated at Oxford and Cirencester, and has taken up squatting on scientific principles. The Hon. Tom washes his sheep in an American dip at the rate of two hundred a minute, drafts cattle in lavender gloves, has nearly perfected a shearing machine, quotes Æschylus to his overseer, prohibits all swearing, except on Sundays, and has named his working-bullocks after the most distinguished of the early Christians. The Hon. Tom belongs to a later phase of development, and our young friend is far behind *him* in civilisation; but Dudley Smooth stands out in alarming contrast to poor, honest, simple-minded Robin Ruff.

PATHETIC AND IMAGINATIVE.

CANNABIS INDICA.

(A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.)

THE following story, if it has no literary merit, is, at least, remarkable as a literary curiosity.

Some time back, having read and heard of the effects produced by opium, I was tempted to try an experiment upon myself.

It has often struck me that though we have accounts of the dreams and sensations of opium and *haschich* eaters, written *after their recovery*, no man had ever willingly given to the world a poem or story composed while under the effects of a narcotic. That there are many such existing cannot be doubted; but we cannot point to any one with certainty. I think that a story, written under the influence of *haschich*, may be interesting from a psychological point of view. External objects and recent marked events obtrude themselves with curious persistence into the dreamer's vision; and it is strange to trace their incoherent occurrence. The drug seems to unlock the doors of thought, and our ideas, instead of being induced one by the other, as is the case in normal ratiocination, appear to flow out in a confused and mingled stream.

Of all narcotics, *cannabis indica*, or Indian hemp, is the most powerful. Its use is comparatively unknown in England, but in Algeria, Persia, and Asia generally, it is an established luxury. It is best known in the shape of *haschich*, which is a greenish perfumed paste, made out of the pounded leaves of

the plant, and is either eaten, or taken in the form of pills. It is taken by the poorer natives as *gunjah* (the dried leaves of the plant, which are sold in the bazaars in bundles containing about twenty-four each); it is known also as *sujee*, *majoon*, and *khéf*, the latter being smoked in the shape of a coarse powder.' The effects of the drug are somewhat different to those produced by opium. Of the visions superinduced by the use of the latter drug, De Quincey, in his "English Opium Eater," has given a full account, any particular reference to which is needless. Under the influence of doses of laudanum he had the most extraordinary dreams, consisting for the most part of huge temples, and amphitheatres crowded with figures, which were for ever shifting and changing. It is noticeable that in all opium-visions motion plays a prominent part. The phantoms are seldom still, and the brain is turned into a vast kaleidoscope of mixing horrors and beauties. The sense of height, depth, and weight is also affected, and the dreamer imagines himself to be at one moment seated on the pinnacle of some immeasurable tower, at another, lying at the bottom of a fathomless abyss, or oppressed by masses of matter of incalculable weight. His reasoning powers are in abeyance, while the imagination is indefinitely excited. With *cannabis indica* or *haschich*, the effects are different. As with opium, an overdose will paralyse the motor nerves, and induce temporary paralysis of the body, but the reasoning faculties are in full play. The eye dilates and shines like that of a serpent, the power of articulation remains, and the patient is capable of working out the most subtle chains of reasoning.

M. Moreau, a French physician, has left us some record of his experiences under the influence of *haschich*. He says that the first operation of a moderate dose of the drug is to give extraordinary energy to the mind, inducing, at the same time, a mental ease and quietude. After some time, however, the imaginative faculties are called into play, and the *haschich*-eater can call up the most delightful visions *at will*. He has, for the time being, the "divine afflatus," and can imagine and reason upon matters of which, in his natural state, he would be unable to treat. Abuse of the luxury is, of course, followed by the same effects as those induced by opium. The reason wanders; the imagination becomes disordered; horrible

phantasms present themselves; and the wretch who perseveres in his deadly pleasure becomes a living corpse. I have been recently informed by a friend, who was for some time with the French army in Algeria, that a *chef d' escadron* of Spahis, named Georges de Noirace, who was quartered at Setif, in Algeria, and who was frequently obliged to hold councils with the Cadis and Khalifas, was in the habit of smoking *khéf* (the leaves of the *cannabis indica*) during the interview, stating that it was only by reason of the increased intellectual power, which its use afforded him, that he was able to combat successfully the subtle plots of the Arabs. I give this anecdote for what it is worth.

Anxious to try the effects of this wonderful drug, I applied to my friend, Dr. ——, of Collins-street, who, I knew, possessed a small quantity, to give me some, stating the purpose for which I required it. At first he refused, and it was not until I agreed to permit him to prescribe the quantity of the dose, and to be present during its operation, that he consented.

On the 17th of December, he came to my house, at about five o'clock in the evening. Having partaken of a very light dinner, I determined to submit myself to the experiment. It was agreed that as soon as I found myself under the complete influence of the narcotic, I should endeavour to dictate some story, or compose some poem, which Dr. ——— would take down. I requested him also to make notes of my appearance and actions at various times.

Before I proceed further, a short description of the room in which the experiment took place may be interesting. I have spoken of the effect that external objects have upon the faculties of the dreamer, and it is beyond question that many of the incidents related in the narrative which follows, were unconsciously suggested by the pictures, books, and ornaments in the chamber. I have also added foot notes to the story, as it was originally written down by Dr. ———, with the intention of explaining, wherever I could, how the ideas arose.

The room is oblong, with two windows fronting the street; the door is opposite to the windows. A fire-place, with mantelshelf and looking-glass is at one end of the chamber, and a book case at the other. Over the looking-glass is a mezzotint engraving of an Italian monk, the face being of a strange and startlingly life-like nature. A large engraving of Martin's

"Palace of Satan," occupies the place of honour over the book-case, and on each side are two engravings, after Holbein, descriptive of the entrance of Death among a party of revellers, and Death tolling a bell in a church tower. On one side of the fire-place is a writing table loaded with books and papers, and on the wall above it hangs a chromolithograph of one of Birket Foster's woodland pieces. On the wall, fronting the windows, is another low book case, with two Art-union Parian statues, one a bust, "Clytie," the other "The Dancing Girl." Above them is a water-colour picture, by Cattermole, of a party of Breton peasants riding by the sea-shore. On the mantelshelf is a French clock surmounted by a statue of the Indian Bacchus, in bronze, and a seapiece hangs between the windows. A table in the centre of the room was covered with books, among which I noticed, "Les Contes Drolatiques," of Balzac, "Montaigne's Essays," translated by Hazlitt, Doré's "Dante;" several numbers of the "Journal Amusant;" some *Saturday Reviews*, and an illustrated edition of Keats. During the day I had been doing some literary work of an utterly unimaginative character (having reference to a statistical report), and had been reading Balzac's "Gobseck" in the afternoon. Dr. ——— and I had been conversing during dinner on indifferent subjects, but I must confess that, in my mind, at least, the idea of the approaching experiment was paramount, and I was constantly wondering what sort of visions would result from the effects of the drug. With this premise, I will now give the notes taken by Dr. ——, and the story I composed, without further comment.

NOTES BY DR.———

17TH DEC., 7 P.M.—My friend having wheeled a sofa in front of the fireplace, and lain down upon it, I gave him two pills, containing each about three-fifths of a grain of *cannabis indica*. He drank some warm tea after taking them. Pulse at 50. He is rather nervous and excited. For at least three-quarters of an hour I observed no visible effect. He talked rationally, and frequently asked me if I observed any change in his demeanour, and expressed a wish for the dose to operate.

8 P.M.—The pulse has been rising during the last quarter of an hour. It is now at 70. No particular change in the

patient, save extreme restlessness. A slight dilation of the pupil of the eye is visible. He talked on various indifferent subjects, I always endeavouring to lead his mind away from the imaginative or grotesque.

8.15.—Pulse at 74. He complained of thirst, and dryness in the throat, I gave him some cold weak tea to drink, which appeared to relieve him. He expresses much desire to read these notes, but I refused him permission. He becomes sarcastic in his remarks; and, upon the subject of the "vital principle" being started, talked with more clearness than I should have expected from a layman. Can this be the effect of the drug?

8.35.—Pulse at 76. Skin dry. Pupil of eye much dilated. He shows a disposition to remain silent for some minutes at a time, and allows his head to fall back upon the cushions. The experiment grows interesting.

8.45.—Pulse at 74. Skin cooler. The patient is motionless, and, save by convulsive twitchings of his hands, seems partially paralysed. He will, however, reply to questions, and seems to catch the idea I wish to convey almost before I have completed the sentence. I ask him if he is ready to dictate, he says "No."

9.15.—The drug is operating. His eyes are open, fixed, and brilliant. He smiles occasionally. His hands lie by his side, and I was obliged to prop him up with pillows. Pulse at 83. I asked him if he were ready to dictate. He said, with some apparent difficulty of articulation, "I am thinking. I shall be back directly."

9.30.—He will not be aroused, but remains with his eyes fixed. Pulse at 78, or thereabouts. Skin cool. He recognises me, but seemingly not without an effort.*

* It must have been about this time that I began to dream. I remember saying, "I am thinking." I was trying to collect my ideas, which came with such pleasurable and strange rapidity as to make me laugh. I was conscious of Dr. ——'s presence, and knew that I was behaving strangely. A globe of light seemed to burst in my brain, and the most curious stripes and bands of light seemed to float in the air. I seemed to *hear every colour on the pictures and wall, as if it were a sound*; and the noise made by the scratching of Dr. ——'s pen sounded like the roaring of a cataract. I remember trying to lift my hand, and finding with *pleasure* that I could not, or rather that I did not wish to, exert the needful will to do so.

9.40.—He is in a stupor. Eyes large, projecting, and unnaturally bright. Pulse 72. Skin cool, and slightly moist. Will not reply to questions. Begin to fear that all hopes of his dictating a coherent story are gone.

10.10.—He is moving. I have spoken to him, and shook him slightly. He said, with difficulty, "Have you not heard?"†

10.30.—He has recovered from the stupor, but is evidently not in his normal state. His eyes are still bright, and he seems disinclined, or unable, to move. Pulse at 70. He says that he is ready to dictate.‡

10.35.—He speaks slowly, with deliberation, and with apparent difficulty, but he never hesitates for a word, and seems to be rather reciting from a book than composing. [Written at 2.12: I have been astonished many times during the writing of what follows, at the extraordinary command of language, and the fitness of expression, possessed by my friend. The adjectives and metaphors are wonderfully expressive, and he seems to hit upon them at once, though he has told me that, in his normal state, he is much given to correction and emendation. There is also a strange consistency in the narrative, and a sort of under current of meaning that is most unusual in Opium dreams.]

† I remember this. I was under the impression that I had been relating an account of a party in the desert, in Africa, who were looking for water, but cannot recall particulars. I thought, also, that I had lain in a stupor for hours. I was dreaming all this time, but with a sort of inner consciousness that I was dreaming. For example, if I thought of a theatre, *I found myself in one*, knowing all the time that it was only a delusion. The visions seemed to be ideas materialised. Instead of calling up a mental picture of a scene, I thought I could see it actually.

‡ I remember now distinctly. I was in a state of utter bodily paralysis, and could only speak with an effort, which, however, became less painful as I proceeded. I commenced to dictate a story. The ideas came without any effort, and I imagined that I was explaining a scene that was actually before my eyes. I had only to withdraw my enforced attention from Dr. ——, and I was instantly present in the place that I was describing. I remember that my voice sounded like that of another person, and that I listened to my own story with interest, as if I did not know what would come next. I seemed to be two persons in one. My ordinary self was listening to some new-found self, of which I had been hitherto ignorant.

Here follows the story, written down exactly as I dictated it. I have given in foot-notes the objects that I have imagined suggested the train of ideas :—

. . . . . .

"He closed the door and stepped out into the darkness. It was a bleak night. The wind had risen, and howled, and cursed as it swept down the narrow street that led to the rooms of the Student Martialis. The spirit of the storm had arisen from his lair in the hills of the Geisberg and Kaiserstuhl, and was flying abroad on some unholy errand. The cold moon was up, and half hidden by the rapidly drifting clouds, she cast a fitful gleam down upon the gabled roofs and quaint turrets of Heidelberg town.*

In the upper air the clouds were driving fast before the gale that rushed after them open-mouthed : but below, the mist and murk hung heavy over the river, and clung, like a funeral sheet, to the skeleton-like bridge that spanned the Neckar with its black arches.

A wild night !—a night when unholy things are abroad, Student Martialis !—a night for Walpurgis revelry and Witch meetings !—a fearsome night ! Dull noises came, mixed with the shrill blasts that shrieked and groaned through the ruined Rittersaal in dying cadences, as of some human thing in agony ; and, down in the valley of the Neckar, horrible horse-laughs died away from among the mists over the river. The moon swam out suddenly from under her mist-shroud, and struck all the dark street into marbled whiteness with her brilliant glare. The Student Martialis saw his shadow suddenly grow out on the white pavement as an ebon silhouette of himself. An ungainly shadow it was : tall and distorted, wrapped in a big cloak, that the gusts of wind had blown back into a grotesque semblance to the pinions of some evil bird. A shadow, surmounted by a slouched hat, from which the black-blown elf-locks writhed like wounded serpents—a shadow sustained by two long, lean spindle-legs, with huge lumps of feet, that equalled in size those of a giant or wooden-shoed Dutch peasant. In fact, the shadow

* I had received a letter, a few months back, from a friend of mine, who had been at Heidelberg Uuiversity. He made no mention of the city in his letter, but referred to a meeting with a common friend who had been at college there. I have no idea why I chose the name Martialis.

of the Student Martialis seemed to be a model of Mephistopheles cast into a pair of tongs.*

As the Student looked, the moonbeam died away again; and as the monstrous shade was swallowed up in darkness, Martialis thought he distinguished another beside it—a short, dumpy one, that flickered out for a moment, and then disappeared.

"Pretty rings, gentleman; Who'll buy any rings?"

The Student Martialis started back, and as he did so, he came into contact with something—something that was alive, and moved, and croaked.

"Pretty rings, gentlemen. Who'll buy any rings?"

The moon shone out again. There were two shadows now—that of the Student Martialis, and that of an old woman; and the two bobbed and flickered on the white screen of roadway with all the distinctness of figures in a phantasmagoria.†

"Go away, woman," said the Student Martialis; and he turned to put her back from him.

Heavens! what a hideous old woman it was! She had put on a big cloak, it would seem, to come out in; but the frolicsome wind had blown it all awry, and left her skinny, withered arms exposed.‡

Her petticoats, too, were all too short for her sapless old bones, that stood out from a pair of enormous shoes, like the handles from two churns. What a face she had! Puckered into a thousand wrinkles—as many as seam the bark of an old elm tree—and set with two red, sunken, carbuncles of eyes

* The allusion to Mephistopheles and the "Walpurgis night" must evidently have been brought about by some lurking idea of Restch's "Faust," of which I was, and am, a great admirer.

† The figure of the old woman would seem to arise from the same cause as the introduction of Mephistopheles; but it might also have been suggested by the picture of the cloaked and hooded skeleton in Holbein's "Death Dance." The notion of the two shadows arose, perhaps, from the shadow of——— on the wall. I am utterly at a loss to account for the mention of "rings." The idea must have been prompted by some dim recollection of one of Hoffmann's stories, but which one, I have no notion. A friend, on the contrary, asserts that it was suggested by a tale which appeared in *Blackwood*, entitled "The Diamond Bracelets."

‡ The night on which the experiment was made, was remarkably wet and stormy, which in some measure accounts for the element of rain and wind which runs through the whole composition.

that glowed with a most unnatural fire through the shadows. She laid a hand, shaking with age and palsy, and knotted and gnarled as the root of a pine-tree, upon the arm of the Student Martialis; and, extending to him the other, which held a small wicker basket, she croaked, in accents that seemed but half articulated by her blue shrivelled lips.

"Rings—rings! Buy my pretty rings!"

An irresistible feeling of horror came over the Student Martialis. He longed to turn and run, but felt spell-bound with a nameless fear. He looked instinctively down the street for the bright cheerful light that shone from the house he had just quitted, but it was gone. The street was all still and deserted.

"They have gone home very early," said the Student Martialis.

The moon went out again, but he could feel the pressure of the hag's hand tightening on his arm in the darkness, as she piped, with a gruesome senile merriment,

"Pretty rings, gentlemen! Buy my rings!"

"Peace, hag, and begone!" cried Martialis. "How came you abroad on such a night as this? I want no rings. Begone!"

The old crone returned, in a fœtid whisper, as she crept closer to him, "Buy my rings, pretty gentleman!"

"What do you want for them?" asked the Student, in vain trying to shake off the bony hand that pressed into his flesh.

The hag placed her palsied head close to his, and, with a chattering laugh, said, "I sell them dearly to some, but you shall have one cheap, my pretty Student. You shall give me a kiss for one, Student Martialis!"

A kiss! He made an effort to wrench himself free from the horrible presence that stood near him in the darkness, but in vain. His senses reeled, his heart leapt into his mouth with disgust and loathing. Let him only get free!

"Give me one and go, in God's name!" cried the Student Martialis.

He heard a mocking laugh above him, and a window was flung up in the house opposite. A sudden burst of moonlight showed him the street again, and the head of ———,* the

* I found that Dr. —— had written the name of a Professor at Heidelberg College. I have, of course, suppressed it.

mad Professor, protruded from his window on the second story.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Professor, "courting it at night, my pattern student?"

Martialis shuddered at the laugh and turned away; but the hag placed one lean arm about his neck and glued her mouth, garnished with some three or four yellow teeth-stumps to his.

The Student Martialis could feel her charnel-house breath, and see her hot red eyes through the gloom. There was a wild scream from the tortured blast above, echoed by the cry of the Student Martialis, as he forced himself away from the horrible contact.

. . . . . .

What was this? He was not in Heidelberg streets at all—he was leaning against a withered elder-tree, close by the Neckar-bank! There was something on his finger—a ring of elder-wood. How it clung to him! He tried to wrench it off, but could not.

The wind howled louder, and the driving clouds obscured the moon. Far away upon the hill yonder, he could see the light of the college faintly twinkling.

"How came I here?" cried the Student Martialis.

He looked hurriedly round—all was darkness and night. The rushing of the swollen stream below him made a dull continuous noise—the bass of the wild witch song that the wind was playing. The branches of the elder-tree shook and creaked in the blast, and the Student thought he could hear them murmur, "A kiss! A kiss! A kiss!" as they bent towards him—the knotted and gnarled limbs groping about him, as did the hands of the old hag in the Rheingasse.*

"God defend me from all harm!" cried the Student Martialis, and ran with a horrible fear at his heart up the road to the town; but as he ran he could hear the creaking branches swaying behind him, and, turning his head, he saw the elder-tree stretching forth its withered limbs, as if to hold him back, and it was no longer an elder-tree, but a horrible travestie of the old woman with the rings.

* I cannot tell whence the idea of the "kiss" was derived. Perhaps from some suggestive sound made by the wind outside.

The mountain of All-Saints, on the other side of the river, loomed vast and black—a shadow among shadows—but the Student could see flames, as if of summer lightnings, playing around its crest, and shining with the fitful glimmer of corpse lights among the ruins of the old convent. How steep the hill was! Run his best, Martialis could not top it. A nameless something at his heels seemed to drag him back,† and the crooked trees, that bristled, white and ghastly, along the roadway bowed their heads to him, and blinding his view of the town lights with a multitude of leaves, whispered, "Stay with us! Stay with us, Student Martialis!" But he heeded them not, for he could feel the Elder-witch gaining on him at every stride. He dropped his cloak—it was too heavy—but he could run no faster. He flung away his hat, but the keen blasts, instead of invigorating him with their fresh coolness, screamed in his ears, "A kiss! a kiss! a kiss! for the soul of the Student Martialis!"

There came a sound of footsteps upon his ears, and he heard shouts of laughter. It must be some students returning from the beer-scandal. They came down the hill. Martialis ran faster and faster, till at last he rushed in among them, with scared eyes and white face and open hands, crying, "Save me from the Elder-witch. She has bought my soul with a kiss!"

"Ho! what have we here?" said the foremost student. It was Paolo Sarpi.*

"Ha! Martialis, mysterious youth, whither away so late?"

But Martialis could only grasp and cling to his friend's arm, and gesticulate wildly.

The student laughed, and seizing him by the arm, led him down the hill with the rest. Was it his fellow student that led him? He was like him in face and figure; but then, how came he with those fierce eyes, that strange garb, that little cap, and cock's feather?†

"It cannot be a masquerade!" said the Student Martialis.

Down the hill they went, whooping, gambolling, and shout-

† We have all experienced this feeling in dreams.

* The name of the monk whose picture I have mentioned as hanging over the looking glass.

† Retsch's "Faust" again.

ing, with a fearsome mad glee, that seemed strange and terrible to the affrighted student.

"Wilt come with us, my bold fly-by-night—we go a long voyage?"

"I will go anywhere with flesh and blood," said the Student Martialis.

A solemn man, whose head was turned looking over his shoulder, said, with the voice of a little child, "Our ship is anchored in the stream yonder."

As he spoke, Martialis saw a huge ship, with all her sails set and full, lying motionless in the most shallow part of the Neckar stream, where there was not anchorage for a cockle-shell.

"Cheerily, ho!" sang out Sarpi; and, in a twinkling, the whole party were on deck. The mighty ship, veering round, ran straight for the Odenwold.‡

Through the mountains they went. The rocky cliffs seemed to open as they passed in, and the great vessel ran silently through. Student Martialis saw the lights of the town wax dimmer and dimmer as they entered the vast cleft in the mountain side, and he could hear indistinct mutterings above, below, and around. The whole air seemed alive with sound, and the water-bubbles on the black surface of the water gleamed like the eyes of drowned men.

Flappings of wings, and harsh croaking notes, as of evil birds, were heard in the mist: and amid the continuous roar of the wind, a keener gust than usual would scream in high-pitched accents—"A kiss! a kiss! a kiss! for the soul of the Student Martialis!"

The mountain walls grew wider and wider, the breeze came fresher and more chill; till, at length, with a bound, that shook her from stem to stern, the ship leapt forth into the open sea. The wild waves were tumbling in from the black midnight ahead, shaking their white manes like a thousand wild horses, and leaping up at the ship with the rage of wolves at their prey. Not a jot of her course did she abate, but with every stitch of canvas set, and swelled by the fierce gale that met the leaping waves in the teeth and hurled them, struggling and hissing, back, held steadily on through the vast flood of surging waters.

‡ I cannot tell how the idea of a ship came into my head. Could it have been suggested by the sea-piece on the wall?

The sea-gulls swooped past with low cries of pain and woe, like condemned souls doomed to wander for ever in the black abyss of midnight. They looked at the Student Martialis with eyes full of pity. Strange monsters surged up out of the seething waste of waters, and played about the ship. Gigantic shadows of evil things seemed to glide up out of the mist, and to sweep onward and over them into the yawning jaws of darkness; while, ever and anon, the face of the Elder-witch gleamed, white and ghastly, from out the waves, and mocking whispers from the spirits of the night, floated past crying, "A kiss! a kiss! a kiss! for the soul of the Student Martialis!"

On a sudden the wind sank, as if struck down by some mighty hand. The billows no longer leapt and spread in sheets of hissing foam. The calm large moon shone out bright and mellow in the cloudless sky, and the ship rocked peacefully on the long swell of a tropical sea, beneath floods of lustrous moonlight.

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Martialis stole a look at Paolo Sarpi. He was standing with one hand on the helm, and the other raised above him. As the student looked, lo! it was no longer Paolo Sarpi, but a skeleton Death* who stood there; and who, raising a bony finger to his lips, piped a shrill whistle.

The whole ship's company were silent and still. Their heads swung lazily from side to side. They smiled inanely; they leant against the bulwarks in various attitudes; and as the student looked, he saw that they were no longer men, but rotting corpses.

The sides of the ship began to swell and grow. Her masts shot up higher, her deck broadened, and her shining shoulders heaved, as if possessed with life. There was a shout from below, and instantly the whole vast deck was alive with savage forms. Dark-browed, red-capped, and bearded, they swarmed up the hatchway, broad as the cathedral square of Milan; and, with fierce gesticulations, surrounded the terrified student. A hideous multitude was there. Some gibbered like apes; others, clad in the vestments of the Egyptian kings, stalked to and fro in silence, with their fingers on their lips. Some laughed like

*The picture of Holbein again.

hyænas—some grovelled like swine. A woman, one-half of whose face had been shorn away, took root in the deck, and her hands and arms grew out into long filaments, that floated in the air. A burly seaman seized one of the corpse-crew by the arm, and Martialis laughed as he saw the member come off in the assailant's hand. How they jumped and danced! Paolo Sarpi was whirling round like a dervish; and a fat Armenian monk left his stall in the Bezesteen to offer him a jar of olives. The mad Professor was there; and, with a wild yell, he flung his horn-rimmed spectacles overboard, and leapt and capered with the rest.

. . . . . .

A lurid smoke burst from below, and tongues of fire ran greedily up from rigging to mast. A hot breath swept over the doomed ship, and the pointed flames leapt and crackled amid the dim shifting smoke-cloud that hung heavily on the thick air.† Martialis tried to move from where he stood, but a dread sense of horror weighed down his limbs, and with eyeballs, and parched tongue, he glared speechless into the sea of faces that gibbered at him on all sides. Suddenly, no one knew how, a tall form appeared in the midst, a man naked and bronzed as the Indian Bacchus. He had a crown of white lotus leaves upon his head, and passing one arm round the student he plunged with him into the deep clear water.* They sank down noiselessly into the warm atmosphere of the ocean, and as they sank lower and lower, past coral beds and sparkling diamond reefs, past waving many-coloured sea-weeds, and still, grey forests of petrified sea shrubs, the blaspheming crew shouted, and the crackling fire hissed, "A kiss! a kiss! a kiss! for the soul of the Student Martialis!" They sank lower and lower till the reflection of the burning ship was a watery sun above them, and in an instant the student Martialis found himself lying on a grassy bank in the warm sunshine. He was on a hillock in a vast wood.† The tall elms made a delicious shade of brown trunks, and the shadows of their emerald leaves, transparent in the sunlight, flickered and danced upon the

†I cannot imagine whence the idea of fire arose.

* The figure on the clock must have suggested this episode.

† Birket Foster?

mossy turf. Mighty oaks towered aloft and shut out the prospect around, save where between an avenue of stems the rich corn-fields sparkled and nodded over the intervening ferns. Brown, burnt up, dry ferns were beneath him, and others, fresh and green, clustered around the feet of the forest trees. There was a murmuring sound of insects in the air, and the sweet odours of summer breathed balmily around. The tall foxglove nodded familiarly to him, and the tiny blue-bell peeped out shyly from the long grass with its sweet eyes. In the interstices of the woods, beds of cool, gummy hyacinths spread their rich sheets of blue, and the larks, above in the cloudless ether, sang in a paroxysm of love and delight. Martialis turned to look for his guide. He was gone! and in his place, by his side, was a beautiful woman. The bright locks of her wealth of golden hair half veiled her face, but her dark violet eyes shone through the falling tresses, as the sweet stars shine out amidst the soft grey clouds at eventide.

Martialis looked below. The whole wood-glen was alive with tiny forms.‡ Here a delicate-limbed, rogueish elf swung upon a foxglove blossom, and there two more discussed some weighty matter of business beneath an overhanging dockleaf. A band of frolicksome fairies down in the hollow were attacking an owl in her nest with spears of bulrushes; while, upon the pool among the ferns, others sailed their tiny boats of lily leaves, or speared with bulrushes the monstrous dragon flies that settled—brilliants of green and gold—for a moment to warm their huge gauze-wings upon its surface.

The Student Martialis turned, as in a wonder-stricken dream, to his companion. She approached her rosy lips to his, and bending forward until her balmy breath fanned his cheek, said:

"Dost thou not know me, Student Martialis? I am the Spirit of Dreams, and thou art mine by that ring thou wearest."

Martialis looked at the elder-wood ring on his finger. It was no longer wood, but gold, and sparkled with a thousand gems.

"I am thine from henceforth, O Martialis. In the warm sunshine, in the driving storm, in the tempest, and amid the

‡ I fancy that some remembrance of Etty's "Oberon and Titania," must have prompted this scene.

fire, call to me, and I will come to thee—yes, I am thine!" she murmured, in a voice as low and sweet as the cooing of innumerable doves borne by the warm summer breeze over beds of roses. "Let us seal our bridal with this kiss, thou cold student of dead love. By this kiss I claim thee mine, O Student Martialis!"

Martialis looked into her glorious eyes, languid and faint with love. He felt her warm, sweet breath strike his cheek as she drew his face down to her lips with her trembling arms. He looked, and a sudden undefinable horror struck him cold and chill as the blast of an east wind, for he saw in the eyes of the siren at his side something that reminded him of the witch-woman of the Rheingasse. He started back, and, with a supreme effort, tore the ring from his finger.

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There was a shrill cry, and then a rush of wind and rain, and the whole forest, with its fairy people, faded away behind a storm of blinding rain and driving mist. The face of his temptress changed, and, with a horrible cackling laugh, a lean, withered old woman rose and tottered off into the fog, crying:

"Rings—rings! Who'll buy my pretty rings?"

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NOTE BY DR. ——.

"3.15 A.M.—I have finished writing. My friend's voice has suddenly stopped, and he has fallen back insensible. Pulse at 52. He will probably sleep now for some hours."

I woke at 4.30 the next day, very much exhausted, with a violent headache, and general feeling of intense debility, almost amounting to despair. By 9 p.m. I was much better, and at my usual hour for rising next morning was quite recovered. I was much surprised on reading the story I had dictated. I had forgotten parts of it, and had no conception of its general tenor. As —— has remarked, there seems to be a consistency, and an under current of meaning, if I may so call it, which I cannot account for, and which the curious reader may discover for himself.

I simply lay the facts of the case before the public.

THE HAUNTED AUTHOR.

HIS OWN EXPERIENCE.

"What can I do for you, sir?" I asked blandly, astonished. He was a tall broad-shouldered man in a rough pea-jacket, and scowled portentously.

"Put me into an honest livelihood," he answered. It was such a strange demand that I could only stare. "Don't you understand?" he said, seating himself with rough vehemence, "I want to become a reputable member of society. I want some honest employment."

"But, my good sir, why do you come to me? Your motive is most excellent, but an honest employment is the last thing at *my* disposal."

"That be blowed!" said he, "you could give me a fortune if you liked, you know you could. But I don't want that. No, I'm fly to that game! You'll have some blessed elder brother, that nobody knowed of, coming back from New Zealand and succeeding to the ancestral mansion; or you'll get me pitched out of my gilded chariot at the church door, and marry my wife, that ought to be, to somebody else. I know you. I only want a modest competence, nobody interferes with that."

"Your language is even more mysterious than your appearance, my friend," I said.

"Pshaw!" said he (I never heard a man out of books say "pshaw"—never), "don't you know me?"

I looked at him steadily, and it seemed that I ought to know him, that hat, that pea-jacket, that knotted scarf around his muscular throat, those brown sinewy hands, those fierce eyes—all were familiar to me. That bundle and that stick—had I not seen them a hundred times in the admirable drawings of Gilbert, Julian Portch, Cousens, Carrington, and Calvert.

"You don't happen to have any marks about you?" I asked, while a cold sweat broke out upon my brow.

He laughed—that bitter laugh which I had described so often.

"I have a peculiar mole on the back of my neck, the tip of my left ear is shot away, my right side still bears the mark of

Pompey's claws when he defended his young mistress Alice in the lonely swamp. I have lost the little finger of my right hand, and have three pear-shaped wens, besides the usual allowance of strawberry marks."

There was no mistaking him. It was my Villain! I knew his blood-thirsty nature, and dreaded the tremendous struggle which experience told me was to follow.

"But why come here?" I urged.

"I am sick of it," said my Villain, doggedly. "I ain't to be badgered any more. It ain't a respectable business. First, I was Jabez Jamrack, then Black Will the smuggler, then Curlewis Carleyon, then a Poacher, then a Burglar, then an Unjust Steward, and now I'm an Escaped Convict."

It was true. The unhappy creature before me had figured—in my world-renowned novels—in all those capacities.

"It's getting a little too rough on me," continued my Villain. "I ain't a bad sort—at least, I wasn't when you took me from my peaceful home in the old Kentish valley—and I say I'm getting sick of this line of business. I've a conscience, Mr. Clarke, though you don't give me credit for it, unless it's 'seared,' and I'm not going to be plunged into the black abyss of crime no longer. How many poor young maidens haven't I carried off? How many unsuspecting barrow-knights haven't I pushed over the towering cliff? How many policemen haven't I knocked on the head? How many custom-house officers—cussing and swearing tremenjious the while—haven't I buried in the foaming billow? How many children haven't I kid-napped? How many wives haven't I married, and dispoged of afterwards in various ways? My eyes, what a Beauty I've been, haven't I?"

It was true. He had done—by my direction—all these things.

"It ain't my pussonal appearance," continued the miserable man, "though what with warts and moles and strawberry marks, that ain't much to boast of. It ain't on account of wounds with axes and bullets and such like that I cares. It ain't because I'm out all nights in all sorts of weathers, mostly thunderous. It ain't because I'm often drunk, always in debt, and totally disreputable. It ain't because I've murdered a large variety of mothers, and brought the grey 'airs of a corresponding number of aged fathers with sorrow to the grave. It

ain't because my langwidge is altogether ridiculous, and I leave out more 'h's' and put in more oaths in my conversation than any natural man did yet. It ain't that. No!" he cried, waxing wroth, "it's because I'm always left at the end of the third volume, if I'm alive, without hope of mercy or promise of repentance."

I shuddered.

"Take some brandy," I said, and pushed him the decanter. He took it, and filling half-a-tumbler with neat spirit drained it at a gulp. I knew he would, The Beast—under my direction—invariably took his liquor in that fashion.

"I appeal to you, if that's fair. Is it right? Is it just, guvernor? Your young curate allays gets the gal he's after. Your comic servant winds up with the chambermaid. Your aristocratic villain, the Marquis, my master, who poisons his niece, and shoots his aunt with an air gun, *he's* all right. He disports himself in the gilt and splendid sallongs of Parry, *he* does. He drives four-in-hand down the Bullyvards, and marries the lovely and accomplished Duchess of Double-Gloucester. If he does get found out, he blows out his brains in the true style ot the hold regeem. *He's* never hung in chains, or tuk to Newgate, or starved to death in a deserted drive on the diggings of Bend—i—go."

"What can you do?" I asked, terrified at the vehemence of this strange man.

"Do!"—again that harsh and grating laugh, at which so many hapless maidens have trembled; I wished I had made it a little sweeter—"What *can't* I do? Haven't you left me 'anging by my 'ands from a bough, suspended for a whole month over a horful precipice? Haven't I raised trees with my mighty muscles, and burst open doors with kicks of my ponderous boots? I can do anything. But why waste words? Are we not alone here? No sound but the whistling of the wind in the wide chimney of the moated grange; no footstep but that of the midnight mouser as she creeps stealthily to her prey. Ha, ha! Thou art mine, and——"

Ha, ha, indeed! I guessed how it would happen. My experience as a novel-writer told me as much. Just as the enraged ruffian advanced to seize me, Leonard Fairfield, my pious hero, who had been waiting in the passage of the Priory ever

since his return from sea, bounded into the room, and caught my assailant by the throat.

"This, villain, in thy teeth!" he cried (How often had he cried thus?) and pinioned him.

It might be thought that I stayed to lend assistance. Not I! I knew better what was required of me. With a shriek of terror I fled out of the open door, and sped along the lonely road with the speed of a hunted stag.

Black Jack and Meran Hafaz were consulting in the thieves' kitchen when I entered. I knew the cunning nature of the latter, and felt that the thousand pound note I held between my fingers would purchase the secret of the potion. I showed it to him. He laughed satirically.

"That is some of Flatman the Forger's work," he said. "Why did you not kill him in your last chapter?"

Ass that I was, I had allowed the maimed and mangled wretch to live! and this was how he repaid me!

Outside came the hurried tramp of feet. They were on my track.

"Save me, Black Jack," I exclaimed wildly. "Remember when you were fast locked in Newgate, without hope of mercy, I took you out by a subterranean passage never before known to exist, and gave you the hand of the fair Belinda."

"Ay, but only to recapture me in the next number," replied Black Jack, with a grin of scorn. "I've not forgotten the ducking you gave me at the Lonely Mill. No. Let them tear you limb from limb; I care not."

My position was evidently desperate, when a new-comer appeared upon the scene.

By his wavy hair, square-toed Wellingtons, massive watch chain, and handkerchief that hung from the right hand pocket of his shooting coat. I knew him at once.

He was Sir Aubrey de Briancourt.

"Assist me!" I exclaimed.

The look of scorn he gave was sufficient to daunt a bolder man, but I knew of a spell by which I could compel him.

"Hist!" I said, in a thrilling whisper. "Proud scion of a lordly house, there is another Sir Aubrey. Refuse to aid me, and young Fairfield shall assume thy name and title. These minions are beyond my power, but remember you are to be

continued in our next."

The threat made pale the cheek even of one whose ancestors had bled on Bosworth, and the baronet waved a white hand towards the back door.

"Take my cabriolet, dog!" he said, with that courtesy which characterises the British aristocrat.

At that instant the rough voice of the Villain was heard at the gate.

I need scarcely remark that I leapt into the cabriolet, and was soon driving with the rapidity of lightning towards Goodman's Gully.

Fast behind came the echo of hoofs. The lightning flashed incessantly, and the negro who held the reins was white with fear.

All at once a man clad in a red shirt jumped from behind a bush and seized the head of the mare.

"Who are you?" I cried.

"The most abused of all," said he. "I am the Typical Digger! I am, the man whom you and others of your tribe have made eat bank notes as sandwiches. I have shod my horse with gold, and swilled champagne—which I detest—out of stable buckets. Frank Fowler has maligned me, Orion Horne has sneered at me, Kingsley has mocked me, Howitt has slandered me, Thatcher has made ballads on me. Do y' think a man is never to change his shirt? Why should I always be compelled to appear in this sanguinary garment? Am I to pass my life in finding repeatedly gigantic nuggets, and being perpetually robbed of the same? Am I to be for ever considered such an ass as to give handfuls of gold-dust for a glass of brandy. Must I never shave? Shall the tyranny of the fictionmonger compel me to *sleep* in boots?"

"Calm yourself, my friend," I said, "There is not much harm done. I know of some poor fellows whom the fictionmongers have treated much more rudely."

At that instant the demoniac howls of my pursuers were borne upon the blast.

"That may be," roared the digger of Romance, but I will be avenged on *thee*. Come!"

The cabriolet disappeared in the distance—there was never a cabriolet yet that did not do so under such circumstances—

and my captor led me away.

He paused at the door of the usual bush inn (how well I knew it), and striking three loud blows upon the door (they invariably struck three loud blows), we were admitted into a long apartment. I beheld with astonishment that all the personages whom I had imagined the creatures of my own too fertile brain were there.

"Wretch!" cried the fair Madeline, "why did you not unite me to the Duke? You know you only changed your mind at the last moment."

"Monster," said the lovely Violet, "You made me pass three nights of horror in the Red Farm, when one stroke of your pen would have freed me."

"Miserable man," cried Jabez Jamrack, "the blood of the Earl be upon your head. You knew that I had no intention of killing his lordship until the base lack of a 'sensation' for your last chapter impelled me to the bloody deed!"

"Christian dog!" roared Mordecai the Jew, "I was born with charitable impulses, and should have lent in peace the humble shilling upon the ragged coat of honest poverty, had not your felon soul plunged me into crime to gratify the tastes of a blood-and-thunder loving public."

"And I," remarked Henry Mortimer, with that cynical smile that I had so often depicted, curling his proud lip, "did I wish to throw my elder brother down a well in order to succeed to his name and heritage? No! I loved him fondly, madly, as you took pains to state in your earlier chapters. I should have loved him still, had not Cora the Gipsy wound her spells about my heart. Who brought her to me? Did I of my own accord, I, a proud scion of Britain's aristocracy, demean myself to such a love? No minion, 'twas thy brain contrived the meeting, thy hand that hurled my elder brother into the abyss, and stamped the brand of Cain upon my brow."

"Away with him!" hissed Lady Millicent, the Poisoner, "I knew not of the deadly power of strychnine until he told me. A lovely child, I roamed the lordly gardens of my father's princely mansion, and chased the butterfly from flower to flower. 'Twas he that set on the smugglers to seize me, and under his vile tuition I acquired in ten short chapters, all the hideous knowledge of the Borgias! Away with him!"

"'Twas he dishonoured my bills," cried Lord Agustus Plantaganet.

"'Twas he that let me linger in consumption for forty pages folio!" cried Coralie de Belleisle, the planter's daughter.

"'Twas he that blighted my voluptuous contours with an entirely unnecessary railway accident!" wept the lovely Geraldine.

"Away with him!"

"Mercy!" I cried, gazing in terror on their well-known lineaments, "Mercy!"

"Mercy!" cried the Lost Heiress, Isabella Beaumanior, "when for two long hours you deliberated whether my sainted mother or the poacher's wife should give me birth! Mercy for *thee*! Oh, no, no, no!"

It was terrible to hear my own impassioned language thus turned against me.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried I in despair, "consider the exigencies of fiction!"

"Fiction be blowed!" roared the digger. "This way boys." A deserted drive was before me—how many luckless wretches had not I thrown down it?—and I made one supreme effort.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I shouted, "consider dramatic unity! You could not all be happy."

"Dramatic unity be d——!" snarled Jabez Jamrack, "that is the last thing you thought of."

I trembled over the abyss.

"Hold!" said the rough voice of my Villain, who had now approached. "Make me respectable and you shall live."

"I can't," I said faintly. "It is impossible. You are too great a ruffian."

"Let go!" cried the digger, and I already felt myself launched into the chasm, when a loud ringing sounded in my ears, and I heard the voice of Leonard Fairfield. The noble fellow had sprung the alarm-bell.

"Fiends!" he shouted with all the force of his lungs—ha! ha! 'twas I that gave them to him!—"Thou art baffled! Black Demon! Thy limbs shall feed the ravens, and the magpie perch upon thy fleshless skull! What ho! Without there!"

"Why seek to dispel my *ennui* with this *espieglerie*, *mon ami*," said the soft tones of the Count in his native tongue. "*Sacre*,

let the *pauvre petit* escape, my *dejeuner a la fourchette* awaits. The *coup d'œil* is superb, the *tout ensemble* all that could be desired. *Voila.*"

The digger swung me over the yawning grave. All the buttons in my waistcoat gave way, and for an instant my life hung literally by a thread.

"Will you make me respectable?" said the Villain.

"Never."

The button cracked. I was going, going—gone, when the alarm-bell sounded, the door was burst open, and

* * * * * * * * * *

Bridget entered.

"It is the boy from the printers' for the proofs," said she.

"Tell him to wait," said I; and wiping the sweat from my intellectual brow, I seized my pen, and in ten lines had got my Villain comfortably in irons at Norfolk Island.

A CHRISTMAS EVE WATCH.

AN INTROSPECTIVE SKETCH.

DEATH.

GREATOREX.—On the 25th December, at the Saplings, Lucy, the wife of Henry Greatorex, M.P., aged 37 years.

YES, this commonplace paragraph, printed last year, is all that remains of her.

How long was it that you had lived together? Nearly 20 years! Ah, look in the glass and examine your hard, sordid, and cruel face. It was smooth, and bright, and hopeful when, 18 years ago, you rhymed and raved. You are a successful man, Mr. Greatorex. You have gained honors, you own money, you have land and beeves. The world, of which you were once so defiant and so frightened, has recognised you. You fear it no longer, but despise it rather, wondering how you could have ever valued its opinion so highly. Your servants are obedient, your banker affable, your children well-trained, and your wife—ah, I forget that adjunct to a well-furnished household!

On this Christmas Eve let us recall that one. It is midnight. In the sick chamber lights burn low, and the patient turns restlessly. The women are pale with watching, and their eyes turn wearily upon you as you enter. "Go to bed," you say; "get some rest. *I* will watch now." So you are alone with her. How long are the shadows flung from that wired fender! They fall and flicker on the carpet, as in the bright English afternoons flickered on the greensward the shadows of the elm trees. The elm trees! The high elms, that seemed unclimbable to you, daring as you were. Do you remember how small they looked when you saw them last? In boyhood one has great dreams. What were yours? Of Fame, if I mistake not? A drawingroom, crowded with great men and women, and a whisper, "That's he! that's Greatorex?" It was a far-off vision, though; for the merry carpenter, your father, who whistled at his work below, had other views for you. There were times when you hated your father—when you hated all the surroundings of your sordid home. "Harry is such a queer boy!" you would hear them saying sometimes—in a sort of pitying way—and tears of wounded vanity would spring to your eyes. But the faithful elms comforted you. They whispered peace, and showered down upon you in their rustling leaves all their memories of past summers—all their longings for coming spring. When oppressed by the hardness of your lot, by the seeming hopelessness of your hopes, you ran away to seek your boyish fortune, did not the elms watch awake all night above your head, and rock you with their waving boughs to slumber? Ah! that little village, once so hated, so despised, had charms for which in cities you have since sought in vain.

Never again, my famous Greatorex, will you know those hours of perfect peace—few and far between, perhaps—when as a boy you tasted with your young soul the first fresh draughts of nature. You are now famous, you have had your will, and for you nature has now no freshness.

Yet, with the remembrance, "how the old time comes back again!" It was a summer day when you first met her. A sweet English summer, with the hedges rich in bloom, the fields brown with waving corn. How pure and virginal she looked. How heavenly a vision was that poor little body clad in cheap

muslin to your wayward eyes. Of course you were poor; lovers are always poor. Of course prudence bade you not to marry; it always does. Of course you held your wilful way; lovers like you, Henry Greatorex, always do. It was happy, that first-love spring time, though, was it not, weary man, watching through the darkness of the night? The house, if small, was pleasant, and in the little garden your first children played. What matter if work came to you but slowly. In those bright days you had courage to starve; now, with your five guinea port, and your critical experience of claret, you would not endure a week of simple living! Ah, me! the "brave days when you were twenty-one!"

How the little wife clung to you. What a wonderful man you were in her eyes. Debt! Difficulties! Her confiding soul scorned them. Was not Hal, that noble being, Hal the Magnificent, superior to all difficulties and all dangers? Only let there be enough money to pay the monthly rent, and to buy those ever multiplying boots, and dynasties might fall for all her woman's heart would flutter. Do you remember when you made your first grand *coup*? What was it now, I forget? A picture, a book, a cork cutting machine of which you were sole patentee? something of that sort. Do you remember how you came home—nose in air, soul in heaven—and flung the crisp new notes into her lap? Why, sour, foolish wise man, you wept like a child that day, or I am no judge of you.

By and bye you grew rich. Slowly, it is true; but still you grew rich. The small house was exchanged for a larger one, and you paid your bills by cheques. You had a bank account. Harry Greatorex, the carpenter's runaway son, with a bank account! It is nothing now to sign cheques. Habit has deprived you of even that pleasure; but it was a great thing then. You made friends. Not friends like Tom Spottiswood, who smoked a pipe in the street; or like John Martley, who kept a wife and four children on £100 a year; but powerful friends—friends who could advance you in your profession, who could aid you in life, who could, while climbing up the ladder, extend to you a helping hand and pull you up after them. Your first "dinner" was a great success. How nervous the wife was, how snappish *you* were, how badly everything began and how well it ended, and how alone—like the couple in Marriage a la

Mode—with the *debris* of the feast, you confessed with cheerful regret that, for all your fears, Lucy had passed the ordeal more successfully than yourself. But there came other dinner parties, which were not so pleasant, and you had a notion that supercilious wives of useful friends sneered at your attempts at grandeur. You began to be "asked out," and as your fame was to be made, you felt—so you said—compelled to go. These dinners were progressive; you were developing according to the Darwinian theory. First, to Sir Thomas Gubbins, the alderman and tallow-factor. Then to Sir Jukes Jukes, banker and man of letters. Then to the prim, gaunt house of Mr. and Lady Champignon. And lastly to the mausoleum of that great Mummy Monarch, My Lord Bagwig. You became a notability. Your name was quoted in newspapers. Idiots at their tea-table chatter called you "a rising young man"—and so you were, perhaps, but I fear me that the poor soul which had linked itself with yours did not rise very high, or feel very much nearer heaven in the celestial society of My Lord Bagwig and his noble company.

You fretted at this time, I believe, and you were unamiable, or those lines on the wife's white face mean little. She never complained though, she was too fond, too proud of you for that—you poor miserable selfish creature. To be sure she was not like those marvels of training whom you met in "society"—those exquisite icicles who did everything proper to ice, but melt. Their people were not her people, nor their God her God. You—ambitious man—soon wearied of domestic chit-chat of children and puddings. Your soaring intellect demanded the conversation of Prime Ministers, of dandies, of men of letters and fashion. That fortunate appointment—a Gabo-Island governorship, a seat at the Board of Commerce, I forget its name now—enabled you to gratify this laudable desire, and for some months you deserted your home to stand stifled in a drawingroom, or wedged on a staircase. You pretended that this attendance upon great men was compulsory, and that you would much rather remain by your own fire. *She* knew the truth, though.

It was about this time, I think, that you met Lady Alicia. *There* was a woman who might have helped you in life. Lady Alicia never entered a room hurriedly. Lady Alicia was never

red-faced. Lady Alicia never turned simple eyes upon the lion of the evening and asked him who Darwin was. It is true that Lady Alicia had never in all her life seen occasion to put her mind out of a walking-pace, that Lady Alicia had no romping, healthy children, that Lady Alicia had been crammed—like an aristocratic turkey-poult—with facts upon Darwin and other "topics of polite conversation" when poor little Lucy was mending her father's stockings, and that Lady Alicia was bored to death by "lions" when Lucy was cooking your honeymoon chop. But you did not consider these things. In your sublime self conceit you saw only that *you*, the great Greatorex, were her superior and wondrous being somewhat ill-mated. O! the bitter things you said! The cold, cowardly, cruel words—each stinging like a hail-pebble, which your fretted manliness flung at her. For all your success, you lived a wretched life in those days. Yet it seemed to you that your conduct was quite just and natural. No thought of her long-suffering, of her devotedness, of her weakness, of her faith—no memory even of the three small graves where you had wept together came to move you. You were a man of the world—you wanted only to succeed in life.

Is that dawn which glimmers at the window? What mean those clanging bells? Christmas Day has come! Christmas Day! You do not believe the legends of your faith, and the story of the Glimmering Star that paused above the stable in Bethlehem is no more to you than the veracious history of Jack the Giant-killer. Yet memories will rise at the clanging of those gleeful bells, memories which bid the hard eyes soften, and the rigid mouth falter. Christmas Day in your old home meant something, for it meant forgiveness of offences, banishment of hard looks, and smiling peace for all. How sweet to forgive! There is something in the soul divine when it assumes that God-like privilege. Ah! which of us does not need to be forgiven—which of us can stand upright before his accusing conscience and say, "I have never wronged the tender souls who love me?" What stirs behind the curtain? Does she waken—waken to greet another morning? You draw aside the folds and bend over the bed. The pale, pale face seems to reproach you. Ah, this is your own doing, rash and selfish man. She suffered in silence, but your coldness killed her. The rushing memo-

ries sweep across your heart. The spell of the past is upon you. "Ah, my wife, dear wife, look up, look up! *Forgive me.*"

The cry was wrung from your tortured soul, but did she hear it? Was it that across the pale face flashed a smile, that the glazing eyes brightened an instant with pity, that the parched and speechless lips moved as though they fain would have spoken, and that the gracious spirit, trembling already in the dark pass of death, fluttered back to life to lay one tender kiss upon your lips? Was it so? You cannot say. You dare not hope! The moment has passed; forgiven or not forgiven, you kneel there alone; all the gold in your coffers, all the praise of the world, all the blood drops of your heart will not bring back that much loved, much wronged spirit. No; your wife is Dead!

Ay, sitting there this Christmas Eve you bethink yourself of that night, of your agonies, your despair, your resolutions. "From this time forth," you vowed, "women shall hold the highest price in my respect, and it shall be my creed that all women should be all men's care, not in the petty measure of it which the dandy volunteers to well-dressed *ladies* in some trifling trouble, but to the full, with heart and hand for *all* women even the most degraded, and it may be that in the practice of this creed I shall pay fitting tribute to the memory of one so often made to grieve by me." True; you are right to practice such a creed, but do not think to buy immunity from anguish. Unhappy one, who selfishly has violated the divinest love, there is for thee no place of repentance, though you seek it daily and with tears. Though you alone were privileged to dry all women's tears that cruel men force from them, one wet face would haunt you still, and must for ever.

Those gleeful bells ring out! Ring out for peace and prayer! Pray then, pray for him who has so sinned and so repented, that on the threshold of the Hereafter, as the fainting soul glides from his mortal thrall, a glad Presence shall receive him there, and blend him with her celestial light, and buoy him up in her encircling arms, and plead for him, nor plead in vain—"O, Lord of Pity and of Love, I loved him once, and did pity him, and dying, gave him my forgiveness. I do beseech Thee, give him Thine!"

THE CHILDREN'S SUICIDE.

FROM "HIS NATURAL LIFE."

JUST outside this room Sylvia met with a little adventure. Meekin had stopped behind, and Burgess, being suddenly summoned for some official duty, Frere had gone with him, leaving his wife to rest on a bench that, placed at the summit of the cliff, overlooked the sea. While resting thus, she became aware of another presence, and, turning her head, beheld a small boy, with his cap in one hand and a hammer in the other. The appearance of the little creature, clad in a uniform of grey cloth that was too large for him, and holding in his withered little hand a hammer that was too heavy for him, had something pathetic about it.

"What is it, you mite?" asked Sylvia.

"We thought you might have seen him, mum," said the little figure, opening its blue eyes with wonder at the kindness of the tone.

"Him! Whom?"

"Cranky Brown, mum," returned the child; "him as did it this morning. Me and Billy knowed him, mum; he was a mate of ours, and we wanted to know if he looked happy."

"What do you mean, child?" said she, with a strange terror at her heart; and then, filled with pity at the aspect of the little being, she drew him to her, with sudden womanly instinct, and kissed him.

He looked up at her with joyful surprise.

"Oh!" he said.

Sylvia kissed him again.

"Does nobody ever kiss you, poor little man?" said she.

"Mother used to," was the reply, "but she's at home. Oh, mum," with a sudden crimsoning of the little face, "may I fetch Billy?"

And taking courage from the bright young face, he gravely marched to an angle of the rock, and brought out another little creature, with another grey uniform and another hammer.

"This is Billy, mum," he said. "Billy never had no mother. Kiss Billy."

The young wife felt the tears rush to her eyes. "You two poor babies!" she cried. And then, forgetting that she was a

lady, dressed in silk and lace, she fell on her knees in the dust, and, folding the friendless pair in her arms, wept over them.

"What is the matter, Sylvia?" said Frere, when he came up. "You've been crying."

"Nothing, Maurice; at least, I will tell you by-and-by."

When they were alone that evening, she told him of the two little boys, and he laughed.

"Artful little humbugs," he said, and supported his argument by so many illustrations of the precocious wickedness of juvenile felons, that his wife was half convinced against her will.

* * * * *

Unfortunately, when Sylvia went away, Tommy and Billy put into execution a plan which they had carried in their poor little heads for some weeks.

"I can do it now," said Tommy. "I feel strong."

"Will it hurt much, Tommy?" said Billy, who was not so courageous.

"Not so much as a whipping."

"I'm afraid! Oh, Tom, it's so deep! Don't leave me, Tom!"

The bigger boy took his little handkerchief from his neck, and with it bound his own left hand to his companion's right.

"Now I *can't* leave you."

"What was it the lady that kissed us said, Tommy?"

"Lord, have pity of them two fatherless children!" repeated Tommy.

"Let's say it, Tom."

And so the two babies knelt on the brink of the cliff, and raising the bound hands together, looked up at the sky, and ungrammatically said, "Lord, have pity on we two fatherless children!" And then they kissed each other, and "did it."

ABOUT GARDENS AND FLOWERS.

"HAD I not observed," says Sir Thomas Browne in the epistle dedicatory prefixed to his "Garden of Cyrus," "that purblind men have discoursed well of sight, and some without issue excellently of generation, I, that never was master of any considerable garden, had not attempted this subject."

The excuse which the good physician made to his "worthy and honored friend Nicolas Bacon, of Gillingham, Esquire," may serve indifferently for the present writer, who knows nothing of botany, and but little of horticulture. In the words of Sir Thomas, "he pretends not to multiply vegetable divisions by quincuncial and articulate plants, or erect a new phytology," nor has he any claim to a place in the list of worthies given by Master Gerarde in his famous *Herbal*, as "skilled in the excellent art of simpling." Yet, nevertheless, he is not without something to say upon the subject, having at divers and many times received much consolation and benefit from contemplating that which Lord Bacon called "the purest of human pleasures; the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which palaces and buildings are but gross handiworks." It would be easy, however, to quote authorities in favour of a wholesome love of gardening. Omitting Gerarde's friends—Enak, King of the Arabians; and Artemisia, Queen of Caria—a respectable catalogue of sovereigns is yet left to the worshipper of social precedent. Queen Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the Second were horticulturists of eminence; Catherine of Russia asserted that she found the best happiness of her life in the gardens of Peterhoff; and at the Trianon at Versailles yet linger the rose trees planted by the hands of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. As has been pleasantly remarked, a fanciful writer upon gardening might start from Eden, linger in the Hesperides, visit the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and pause as his taste might lead him either in the Gardens of Epicurus or the Academe of Plato. From the vines of Lucullus, the roses of Pæstum, and Cæsar's

> "Private arbors and new-planted orchards
> On this side Tiber,"

we can in imagination travel onwards to the leafy "pleasaunces" of the middle ages; lie on a bank beside Boccaccio,

> "With ladies' laughter coming through the air;"

visit John Evelyn amid his yew hedges, Sir William Temple in his "perfection," or attend at Versailles when the King gives the orders for the *grandes eaux*.

It has been said that there are but two styles of gardening, the Classic and the Romantic. The first comprises the Italian, the French, and the Dutch styles, the second the English

style and "every other style." A Dutch garden is the paradise of littleness. Trimly-clipped hedges lead to neat duckponds, arbors of yew overhead, miniature lakes, bridges of wood, painted green, over-arch chasms a foot deep, dug out for the express purpose of being so bestridden. In the midst of a quarter-acre of this magnificence sits a stout burgomaster smoking a pipe, and at peace with all mankind. The French garden is a succession of surprises. Le Notre, who spent 200,000,000fr. for Louis XIV., made a labyrinth at Versailles which enclosed 39 figures of cocks, hens, foxes and eagles to illustrate the fables of Æsop. Wooden musketeers shot water from their musketoons upon the spectators, and canvas "perspectives" beguiled the visitor to knock his nose against a wall. Watteau has painted the sort of people who patronised the air of these places. M. le Marquis de Carabas walked there, and an army of lackeys brought wine and biscuits to his Magnificence when the prospect palled. It is proper to add that in the true French garden no one ever sits down because of the buckram in one's coat skirts. When the Revolution whisked M. le Marquis out of existence, somebody of taste under the Empire exhibited a "garden in ruins" as a pretty and appropriate conceit. The Italian garden is the garden of luxury and splendour. Spouted fountains, marble colonnades, terraces upon terraces of turf, formed but harmonious parts of that majestic place of leisure which engirded a villa, itself the casket of a thousand gems. There intruded no rude noise, no unpleasant sight, no hint of the more sordid portions of the business of living. The garden was but an expansion of the palace, and the palace was its owner's home for its owner's soul. The English garden may be said to be a medley of these styles. It is called "natural," because the English mind seldom rids itself of a liking for homely wildness. Englishmen derive comfort from the contemplation of useful objects, and no landscape would be considered truthfully "English" unless a stack of hay, a waggon shed, or the smoke of a woodman's hut gave token of employment and the rewards of labour. Lord Bacon's idea of a garden may be cited as containing the best expression of this foible of taste "In the Royal ordering of gardens there should be gardens for all months in the year for which severally things of beauty may be then in season. For December and

January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all the winter—holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress, yew, fir, rosemary, lavender, periwinkle, germander, orange trees, lemon trees, and sweet marjoram. For March there come violets—specially the single blue, which are the earliest, the yellow daffodil, the daisy. In April follow the double white violet, the wallflower, the gilliflower, the cowslip, the fleur de luce, and rosemary," &c. Then, after speaking of his "alleys of green" and his "stately hedge," he says—"For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildnesss. Thickets made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses, for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade. I like, also, little heaps in the nature of molehills to be set—some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander (that gives a good flower to the eye), some with red roses, some with sweet-williams red, and some with bear's foot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly." Being withal sweet and sightly! The words seem to recall the gracious days of our first youth, when Rosalind was living, and Malvolio an entity to be believed in. The mere repetition of the list of flowers awakes memory of poetry. The violet, the primrose, the daisy, the daffodil—Daffodils

> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; Violets (dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> And Cytharea's breath); pale Primroses
> That die unmarried ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength,
> Bold Oxlips
> And the Crown Imperial; Lilies of all kinds;
> The Flower de Luce being one."

Why, we are with Perdita! We are in English fields in the month of May—

> "When daisies pied and violets blue,
> And ladysmocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

A fig for your *ranunculi* and *leontoda!* Who would give up such a name as "love-lies-a-bleeding" for a wheelbarrow full of them? It has been well said—"The azured harebell, the pale

daffodil, the golden crocus, the crisped hyacinth, the columbine, the bugloss, the eglantine, and the primrose, breathed poetry from their birth. But what poetaster will adventure to sing the glories of a modern ballroom bouquet? Who shall build lofty verse with such materials as polypodium aspenfolium, and cardiospermum halicacabum?"

This question brings the present writer to his subject, for he set out with the intention of saying something about the Botanic Gardens. Mr. Guilfoyle, the director of that place, has done one service at least to common humanity, he has caused, whenever practicable, the English name of a plant to be added to the Latin designation bestowed upon it by botanists. There is a charm in looking at purple flowers, but the charm is increased when the onlooker knows that the heavy luxurious blossoms are those of the deadly nightshade. Would the name atropa belladonna move him as much? "Nor poppy nor mandragora will ever medicine to that sweet sleep which it knew yesterday," a mind which knows it only as papaver somniferum.

The list of plants possessing medicinal properties, which is given in the appendix to the report of the directors, furnishes some curious examples of the picturesque nomenclature of our forefathers. The *amni majus* was with them the bishop's weed, the *echium vulgare* the viper's bugloss, the *hypericum performatum* the St. John's wort, the *sedum telephium reflexum* the livelong, the *cneorum tricoccum* the widow's wail, and the *cercis siliquastrum* the Judas tree. Who would not rather write, think, and speak of the goat's rue, the lion's ear, the burdock, the stagmint, the tansy, the holy herb, the celandine, the wormwood, the hare's ear, and the horehound, than the *galega officinalis*, &c? Who loves not to hear the quaint sounds of cats-ear, chickweed, bladdernut, fox-tail, sow-bred, samphire, hyssop, pimpernel, mistletoe, cuckoo-pint, and touch-me-not? Ah me, for old-fashioned England! Ah, me, indeed, some one may cry, for the old-fashioned English gardens! It is the fashion now to repudiate the "kitchen," and to banish from sight and mind the ollitory. The "salad gardens" have vanished with our "salad days." And yet those lovely young ladies, our great-grandmothers—stare not, dear reader, they were really lovely once—had many simple delights in their garden of herbs. Sage and marjoram, thyme and parsley, have had their lovers, and their

careful, tender, garden-wives. The yellow roses and the purple-red hollyhocks were dear to the gentle girl whose daughter was the mother of any one of us. "Batchelors' buttons" and "snap-dragons" played a pleasant part in the romance of many a once winsome woman, who sits now nodding in widow's weeds on fire-side sufferance of the fine gentlemen shopkeepers she has borne. The old-fashioned garden, the "place of peace," spoken of by Goldsmith, Miss Mitford, and Mrs. Gaskell, is "clean vanished." In "Our Village," charmingest of books, we find sad hints of the incoming of steam engines, the outrush of foolish hinds, eager to become somebodies. The same pages record a corresponding waste of garden ground. Hollyhocks are declared vulgar, for like the travelled Melbourne cit.—whose wife having once paid carriage hire to Chamouni, "cannot live below the Righi"—the "amateur" in gardening feels socially unsafe unless supported by the authority of the seed-shop. In vain sings some trifler who had never a bank balance—

> "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine."

Who, in this most advanced colony, has seen an oxlips; which of the many makers of protected boots was ever "canopied with luscious woodbine;" whom, among the herd of "those that sleep and feed," was familiar, save in invoices with "musk roses and with eglantine"? The harmless delights of garden-ground are absent from them. Music and perfume are theirs, but at secondhand. Cut flowers fill their plaster vases, hired fiddlers make melodious their rented rooms. The inner charm of horticulture is denied them. They cannot grow a flower but that they must have it straightway clapped into a flower-pot as a show plant. They cannot compass a turnip of more than customary bulk but they will record it in the nearest newspaper as sedulously as though they were advertising the erection of a tombstone over some dead relative, whom living they had treated with that vulgar contumely which only *parvenus* know. For flowers, however, as for friends, there is still the promise of the future. Nations may be forgotten, and cities wasted, yet from their dust and amid their ruins flowers immortal spring. All other forms of luxury may fade, but spring perennially re-

news the graces of the garden. When Titians, Canovas, Aldines, are rotting masses of rubbish, trees and blossoms bend eternally above them. Nay, when the end of all things earthly comes, and we with all our longings cease to be, the Promise speaks to us of a land of flowers :—"The new earth will be a second Eden, and Paradise and innocence shall be restored. Then shall the feathery palm-tree and the lowly snowdrop flourish in the same clime. The wilderness shall bloom with the rose of Sharon. Instead of the thorn shall come up the myrtle tree, the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." As the good Duke of York was accustomed to add to the Temple-church admonition, Let us pray,—"With all my heart! With all my heart!"

Any person of taste who happens to hurry through South Yarra by way of Anderson-street, is not unlikely to turn through one of the little iron gates on his right hand rather than follow the broad road that leadeth to destruction of all æsthetic peace by its abrupt revelation of Government House. Once inside the Botanic Gardens he becomes conscious of a soothing influence. His nerves, "crisped" by the experience of Gothic mansions built of weatherboard, Italian villas standing in 50ft. of space, "towers" and "battlements" not "bosomed high in tufted trees," but erected as adjuncts to chimney-stacks, and having a magnificent view of the stable-yard—become less irritable, and his eye—no longer excited by seeing "Melrose" upon a paling fence, or "Belvoir" upon the gate of some *marchand des habits* —swims in a delight at once temperate and serene. It is not improbable that the traveller at this stage of his journey may heave a sigh, and pause to contemplate the rolling-lawn which has worked this relief to him. Mr. Guilfoyle is great in lawns; 2600 yards have been laid down during the year, and 3500 yards of the former paths abolished. Nothing is so delicious as a well-kept lawn. Indeed, people with irritable brains find relief in belonging to a bowling club. They think that it is the exercise, but their physicians know that it is the colour of the grass. Green spectacles, as any oculist will tell you, are specifics for ill temper. Velvet turf is a difficult thing to obtain in this climate, but the lawns in the Botanic Gardens are wonderfully green and luxuriant. They are made principally

of buffalo grass and kept in order by horse machines. The plan of procedure is to subsoil, plough, harrow, level, and rake. Then sow thickly with mixed lawn grasses and clover-seed. In the spring it is advisable to plant buffalo and doub grasses. A large lawn should be drained with stones instead of pipes. Mr. Guilfoyle has adopted this method, known as French drainage, and finds it answers admirably. Stand on this point under the elm-tree, and look towards the lake, where the swans and wild fowl are swimming. The broad lawn grouped with subtropical plants, palms, bamboo, agaves, and cordylines, was formerly occupied by the rubbish-yards and sheds. An immense number of trees, more than 600, have been transplanted here, some of those removed being 25ft. high. Yonder summerhouse, with the thatched roof, is also new work. The wattles were brought from the Yarra banks. Nothing is more difficult than the erection of rustic-work. It may be considered to be almost a special art. The present writer attempted once to construct a wooden chair of "natural timber." He succeeded admirably —so his friends were good enough to say—so far as picturesqueness went, but unhappily nobody could sit upon the natural knots, projections, and spiky points which formed the chief beauty of the wood when living! There is one rustic seat in the gardens which deserves special notice. It is in the shape of an armchair, and commands a view of the bridge across the neck of the lagoon. A happy accident of branches shuts out all that is ugly in the distant view of Richmond, and an instant's effort of imagination will transport the spectator far beyond all

> "The tumult and the strife
> Here where men sit and hear each other moan."

It is proposed to remove what is termed the Experimental Garden, and to turn the bank of the lake where it stands into a "wild spot," as Bacon calls such places. Aloes, New Zealand flax, rhododendra, magnolias, arbuti, azaleas, and others will charm the eye, while the tea-tree scrub cut into vistas will afford pretence for inner lawns and nooks of verdure. But let us turn back through the Fern Gully. The beauty and the coolness of this place may tempt us to linger. The transplanted trees afford needful shelter to the stag-horn and elk-horn ferns. The stems of many of the trees are clothed with the pale green of the cya-

theas and the Dicksonias, while bignonias, jasmines, and cloth of gold roses, already planted, will next year flower amid the dusky trunks. The gravel-walk—bordered with vases from which the crimson flowers of the cacti hang like blood-gouts—leads us to the private garden of the director—open to the insatiate public, of course, on Sundays. In front the lawn again stretches unbroken until it melts into the dark line of the shrubberies. Here and there purple, yellow, and crimson blossoms light up the background; thorn hazel and holly bound us. On one side heliotrope and tuberose perfume the air; on the other, petunias and verbenas festoon the dividing railing; and cyclamen, crocus, and bluebells edge the turfy paths. Shall we visit the hothouses, where all quaint forms of vegetable life arise to bewilder us? The flesh-eating plants, the insect-catching plants, the plants which look like spiders or smell like butcher's shops, all are there. Such monstrosities have no favour in my eyes. They remind one of things leprous and unholy, and are to be classed amid those "loathliest weeds"

> Whose coarse leaves are splashed with many a speck,
> Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Prickly and pulpous, and blistering and blue,
> Livid and starred with a lurid dew.

No, let our visitor rather sit on this bench while the birds perform that particular melody of Rossini which they are wont to do at this time of day; let his mind expand into gratitude and content under the influence of shade, melody, and color. Alphonse Karr, you may remember, wrote a lovely little book about some very "narrow plot of ground," where he tended his flowers, and felt himself in China, Japan, Spain, or Central America by turns as he caressed his almonds, his china asters, or his orange tree. When his friends returned from a tour round the world, "I had not got half-way round my garden," said M. Karr. But perhaps our imaginary visitor is not gifted with the genius of the author of *Autour mon jardin*, and perhaps the associations awake in him only recollections of other gardens which he knew long ago. Perhaps the garden of his memory was attached to a mansion in English ground, and its details realized the fancy of that quaint writer in the long defunct *Carthusian*, who, ere Poe was known to Englishmen, sketched out his own domain of Arheim. What think you of this pic-

ture :—A garden sloping to the south, where swirls the brook between high-hanging banks. A terrace, broader than the house is high, runs the length of the building, and from its western side a glimpse is caught of the redly-setting sun. Musk, noisette roses, and jasmine clothe the oriel window, and honeysuckles and clematis—the white, the purple, and the blue—cluster round the top. The upper terrace, strictly architectural, is free from all plants save those which twine around the balustrades, or fix themselves in the mouldering crevices of the stone. From the vases which surmount the broad flight of stone steps which lead to the lower terrace, the gourd throws out its vigorous tendrils, and displays its green and golden fruit. A vase of larger dimensions,

"Rich and rough with stories of the Gods."

stands on the eastern terrace, and is backed by the masses of crimson rose and straw-colored hollyhocks that spring from the bank below. The lower terrace is twice the width of the one above, of the most velvety turf, and laid out in the Italian style. Here are collected the choicest flowers of the garden. The Dalmatic purple of the gentianella, the dazzling scarlet of the verbena, the fragrant lobelia, the bright yellow and brown of the calceolaria, here luxuriate in their trimly-cut parterres, and

"broider the ground
With rich array."

The lower terrace now slopes by steps cut in the rock to a lawn where climbing roses cling to the balustrades which crown the height above. Mignonette, "the Frenchman's darling," violets, and musk spring at every step. The scented heath, the tuberose, the rarer jasmines have each their place, while the sweetbrier, the wallflower, and the clove are not too common to be neglected. The trunks and stumps of old pollards are here set, and their cavities, filled with rich mould, bear creepers, trailers, and twiners of every hue and habit. Onwards the lawn trends, not a sod broken. Here and there a bed of gay shrub-like plants rises from the "smoothly-shaven grass," and amid masses of laburnum, lilac, and guelder rose, fruit trees of every kind hang their bright garlands in spring and their mellow produce in autumn. Thence winds a path, the *deliciæ* of the garden, planted with such herbs as yield their perfume when trodden upon and crushed—burnet, wild-thyme, and water

mints, according to Bacon's advice, who bids us set "whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

But leave this mass of gorgeous coloring, and descending these rude steps turn to the left hand, where a broad gravel walk leads to the kitchen garden, through an avenue splendid in autumn with hollyhocks, dahlias, China asters, nasturtians and African marigolds. Walk now between the clipped hedges of box, yew, and hornbeam, which surround the bowling-green, and enter this fantastic labyrinth, in the centre of which, perched up on a triangular mound, is a fanciful old summer-house, with a gilded roof which commands a view of the surrounding country. Quaint devices of all kinds are here. Here is a sundial of flowers arranged according to the time of day at which they open and close. Here are peacocks and lions in livery of Lincoln green. Here are berceaux and arbors and covered alleys, and enclosures containing the primest carnations, and cloves in set order, and miniature canals that carry down a stream of pure water to the fish-ponds. Further onwards, and up to the south bank, verging towards the house, are espaliers and standards of the choicest fruit-trees. Here are strawberry beds, raised so as to be easy for gathering, while the round gooseberry and currant bushes and arched raspberries continue their formal style up the walls of the inmost garden, whose outer walls are clothed with fruit and flowers, that the stranger within the house "may be satisfied," without being tantalised by the rich reserves within the gate of iron tracery of which the head gardener keeps the key. "The dew upon the grass," says the dreamer, "reminds me that I have taken too long a stroll." The light from the drawingroom windows calls us homeward, and as we approach the porch we hear those sweetest sounds of gentle company, "the strains of music and the voice of girls."

The day in the garden is ended. As sings a poet too little known—

> "'Tis the pause of eve,—
> A large moon on a sudden mellows full
> From out the delicate foam of apple blossoms,
> Flooding the summer woodland with rich peace,
> That e'en the nightingale in the heart o' the wood,
> Who, steeped in dewy duskiness of leaves,
> Pours forth her soul in a delicious sorrow,

Feels the tranced languor steal her grief away,
And all her rich lament and melody of love
Amorously fainting on the ravished air
Swoons into silence. Through the dusky wood
Now poppy-crowned night comes on apace,
Murmuring a murmurous charm, and all things hush.
The breezes die upon the heavy air,
The brooklet past white gleaming osier beds
Sluggishly glides, sweet perfumes fade; the leaves
Of slumbrous elms and fragrant blossomy limes
And shadeful lindens where on summer eves
The drowsy bees drone heavy lullabies,
Tremulously whispering their soft good nights,
Dream in the gloom, and even silence sleeps."

CRITICAL.

THE FUTURE AUSTRALIAN RACE.

OUR ANCESTORS.*

THERE has been much vaguely talked and written about the Coming Man. There is certainly no doubt but that in a few years the inhabitants of the colony of Australasia will differ materially in their mental and physical characteristics from ourselves. Let us consider for a few moments why and in what probable respect this difference will occur.

The tendency of that Abolition of Boundaries which men call Civilisation is to destroy individuality. The more railways, ships, wars, and international gatherings we have the easier is it for men to change skies, to change food, to intermarry, to beget children from strange loins. The "type"—that is to say, the incarnated result of food, education, and climate—is lost. Men rolled together by the waves of social progress lose their angles and become smooth, round, differing in size only; as differ, and remain similar, the stones of the sea beach. The effect of the increase of ease in the means of locomotion has been making itself apparent for the last three hundred years. With the discovery of the Americas there came upon all nations a sort

* Tractes des Degenerances, Physiques, Intellectuelles, etc. Morel, Paris, 1857. North American Medico-Chirurg. Review. 1857. Transformation of the British Face: Simcox, 1869. Portraits of the Tudor Family: Arundel Society. (Exhibited South Kensington, 1865.) Miniature Portraits: Arundel Society. (Exhibited South Kensington, 1865,) Hogarth's Works: Folio, Heath. Rowlandson's Caricatures: Folio, Ackerman. Gilray's Caricatures: Folio, Bohn. Sketches of H.B.: Folio, M'Lean. Sir Joshua Reynolds: Folio, Sam. Reynolds. London *Punch* until 1853.

of spirit of freedom and a desire for change. Though the terms "Greek" and "Roman" had been held to signify two distinct and certain forms of physiognomy, yet, in the feudal towns of *moyen age* Europe, were priest-artists who revived the one, and stern Crusaders who re-begat the other. The Moors brought the eagle beak of the East into Arabian Spain; and the fair-haired Northmen, precursors of Columbus, sailing to the site of Boston city, bid their savage virtues live again in their descendant redskin warriors. The only "types" which have come down to predecessors of Columbus as unaltered, say the archæologists and the naturalists, are those of the Copt, the Ass, and the Hyæna. The Chaldean is much the same as he was pictured on the Ninevite marbles 3000 years ago, but in 1600 years the Egyptian has had far less change than the average face of the dweller by the Mediterranean knew during the three hundred years between the death of Phidias and the placing of the Castellani sarcophagus in the British Museum.

As for England, variation in national physiognomy is so astounding that one is tempted to suspect the representation as untrustworthy. Yet Holbein, Vandyke, Reynolds and Romney were fully competent to represent what they saw, and we are forced to admit that, from the chivalresque attitudes of Vandyke, through the sedate romance of Reynolds, to the grosser intelligence of Romney, and up again to the spiritual brightness of Richmond, the changes are true, though sudden. When we say of a portrait, "What an old-fashioned air," we are really saying, "That is the grandfather's face come back again." Even in the rudest times, and under the most unfavourable conditions, those who drew the human face did their best to copy the faces of their neighbours. An Egyptian artist never presented a fair-haired or round-eyed face as his type of beauty. An English manuscript-illuminator made his saints and virgins always delicate and blue-eyed. Through the clumsy handling of the monkish painters, we can still understand that our ancestors had, for the most part, rolling eyes, fleshy noses, larger at the tip than the bridge, long upper lips, strong chins, and coarse jaws. The long, symmetrical, oval face, with its arched eyebrows and melancholy air, has, in these days, disappeared. The Norman type is becoming absorbed. The face is square. The Danish eagle-beak—the characteristic of the predatory

race—sinks down and broadens into the sensual and cogitative proboscis of the ruminating animal. Those stern eyes which glowered in the semi-darkness of a down-drawn visor have evanished. The cheeks, no longer pressed forward by the locked helmet plates, relieve the mouth and raise the corners of the lips. The nation, recovered from the wars of the Roses, seems to breathe freely. A chastened air of spirituality is cast over the brows, and the features appear moulded by serious thoughts and high emotions. The liberal patronage which the Tudors bestowed upon art culminated with the arrival of Holbein in England, and from that date we can examine at our leisure the gradual collection and assimilation of those features which makes up the "English Face"

Let us turn to the Royal portraits, as they are reproduced for us by photography, and understand how it comes that at masquerades and on the stage the modern countenance looks so obtrusively out of place. The type of his nation during his life was Henry the Eighth, and Holbein's picture of him does more than Froude's whole history to show us his real character. Broad, burly, somewhat sullenly he stands, his feet wide apart, his hands thrust into his belt, and his eyes looking straight at you; his lips are full, sensual, firmly shut; his nose broad and clubbed, with heavy wrinkles at the brows, his eyes crow-footed, and his ears widely opened. The expression is that of the elephant—great sagacity, little refinement, strong will, and courage dauntless to resist. Anne of Cleves, who simpers beside him, is a long-chinned, big-eyed, narrow-browed creature, perfectly placid and wholly uninteresting.

But when we come to Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Kate Howard, and Parr, we see the vivacity which was to thrill the next generation already stirring. Anne Boleyn is plump, voluptuous, but of high courage and temper. But for the full jowl the face would be refined and daring. Seymour has an intelligent, earnest, and thoughtful face; Howard a sly, sensual, and self-restrained one; Parr has the forehead of an artist, and the mouth of a wit. Intelligence gleams from each head. In the next generation the coarseness of lip and jaw vanish. Mary has no sexuality save that which springs from disease. Her pressed, vinegar lips, the lower one almost split, the wide nostrils, and the prominent cheek bones, give ample assurance

that the broad lips, the high brow and the somewhat æsthetic weakness of her husband could never match her temper. Elizabeth's fine and haughty face comes like a burst of sunshine among these gloomy intellects. Who is accountable for that aquiline nose, and that firm, sweetly-moulded chin of Louis de Hervè's picture? Anne Boleyn perhaps alone could tell. Elizabeth's nose is a revelation in national physiognomy.

The club nose was the characteristic of the age. Louis XII. had it, so had the noble, serious face of the Duke of Suffolk, so had Dorset, Jane Grey, James, IV., Francis II., Mary of Guise; the beautiful, intellectual face of Guilford Dudley would be nearly Greek but for this trait. Elizabeth and her rival, Mary of Scots, were almost alone in exception. Were not the supposition too fanciful, one might imagine that they escaped from the influence of parental impress, and that their minds moulded their features wholly. The heads of both women are keen with intelligence. There is not a trace of the sensual weakness or the sensual strength of the last generation. An age of Spensers, Wriothesleys and Raleighs was at hand. Women began to rule, not through the flesh, as in the days of chivalry and lust, but through the spirit. Elizabeth and Mary were alike in one regard. They were both incapable of loving, and both for the same reason. They never met a master, or at least one who cared to master them. Elizabeth was too contemptuous to surrender, Mary too confident to keep. One scorned to admit a lover, the other disdained to obey him. The keynote of passion struck by these two women vibrated through Britain. Men became adorers, poets, adventurers to win the one; murderers, rebels, plotters, martyrs, to secure a lasting claim upon the other. What result had this state of things in moulding the fleshy masks which these daring and impetuous spirits wore? Let us see.

The portrait of Spenser shows us a haggard-eyed, eager-browed and disappointed man. From the eagerness, the disappointment, came the banishment of the world, the turning to nature, the yearning for the good — the Faery Queene. Sir Nicholas Poyntz has a long, curling upper lip and no chin; Babington is an ardent visionary; Drake has soft, curling hair, a streaming silk beard, a full face, and a look of deep melancholy. A beautiful miniature of Barbor (who, by the death of

Mary, was delivered from the stake) is a most notable face. Nothing of the former generation but the firm jaw remains. The nose describes a waved line, the lips are keen and close, the forehead broad and slightly retreating, the eyes large, well opened, and at once sad and scornful. When we compare these faces with those of the Duc d'Anjou, cold, cruel, and selfish; Henry Valois, weak, mean, and treacherous; the Duc de Guise, violent and conceited, we begin to understand how England succeeded in creating a literature and reforming a religion. The only French face which presents strongly the characteristics of the English one of 1500-1600 is that of Coligni, the Admiral of France, murdered at the Huguenot massacre. The type of the intellect which was foreshadowing the reign of the Grand Monarque is to be seen in the wonderful and beautiful face of the infamous and delightful Catherine de Medicis.

Out of this melancholy and thoughtful splendour what came? Take the portrait of William Lenthall, Speaker of the Rump Parliament, on the one hand; and Charles the First, when Prince of Wales, on the other. Charles is a young man of high brow, secretive mouth, heavy nose, and a head remarkable for its narrowness. There can be no question that the spirit which animates such features is at once irresolute, rash, and untrustworthy. Lenthall is sour, grim, and bitterly in earnest. The relentless mouth, with its snag-tooth, the pinched nostrels, the long, sloping nose, the eyes scaled like those of a snake, present a type of extravagant melancholy even more detestable than that of the English king. Between these extremes, however there is a whole gamut of notes. Cavaliers and Roundheads were both gallant fellows, and if some portion of the dash and fire of the old barons held the one, the grave and serious air of the thinking thrall gave solidity to the courage of the other. The square brows, serious eyes, and stern air of the daughter of Sir Richard Stewart is preserved in the rugged and thoughtful face of her son, Oliver Cromwell.

With the Restoration came the reaction. Black-browed hysterical-lipped Charles loved pleasure, and gathered round him wits and rakes. Have not all the portraits of this Court the same air? Make allowance for the similarity of costume, for the fact that the artist, having to paint every woman half naked, endowed each with the same redundant bosom and flowing hair,

and we shall yet be forced to admit that all the "beauties" are very stupid, sleepy-eyed, over-fed persons; in their "fitness" resembling Dudu, but though "large, languishing, and lazy," yet by no means of a "beauty that would drive you crazy." The men are better. Rochester and Sedley had brains enough to have made them great men, but the large mouths and bald temples show that the curse of the age was upon them and that they were too lazy to be virtuous. Across the Channel, however, men of the world enjoyed life still. The Court of Louis le Grand was crowded with men of genius, and the best of much that was good in a society which existed on a quagmire, looks out of the serene and religious eyes of the second wife of Louis Quatorze, Francoise D' Aubignè, Madame de Maintenon. There was no woman in England equal in sense and wit to the widow of Scarron, but there was also no one equal in boldness and villainy to Frances Howard, the poisoner of Sir Thomas Overbury.

During the next century the increase of the means of living gave a solidity to the jaw, and banished the wrinkling lines of thought around the eyes. There arose a race of refined Elizabethans. The English face in the days of Anne was the face of indolent greatness. The very vices of the age were those which sprang from a disdain of consequences. Men lived, made love, fought, drank, got into debt, or died in a stately manner, doing out of sheer indolence all those things which the train of the French Regent—his clever, pimpled, careless face is the mirror of his age—did in laborious pursuit of pleasure. The strain of French vivacity yet lingering in the airs which blew over the kingdom, gave us eager, impulsive Pope; genial, careless Steele; brought us, by force of its example, the bitterness of Swift; the salacious humour of Sterne; nay, even the jovial tenderness of Goldsmith; while the back-bone of "old English manners" (as eating, drinking, and healthful profligacy were termed) saved the nation from ruin in the general overturn of the long-threatened French Revolution.

From this period the country of English physiognomy lies straight before us, with finger-posts on either side. Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Lawrence have reproduced our ancestors in their habits as they lived; Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Gilray have taught us how to recognise them, Lavater how to talk with

them. These men and woman were our immediate forbears, and yet we are no more like them as a race than they were like the men and women of the Puritan days, than the Puritans were like the Elizabethans, or than the heroes of the Armada and the Spanish main resembled the feudal barons or the knights of chivalry.

With this much of introduction, let us proceed from the accession of George I., and note the causes which have continued to produce those nondescript physiognomies which we meet in our daily walk. We are all familiar with the terms—"An Elizabethan face," "a Puritan face," "a face for hair powder," "a nineteenth century face." We know still better the expressions —"An Oriental face," "an Italian face," "an English face." Let us endeavour to understand what these terms mean. Let us see why, in a few years, we may talk of an Australian face, and what that face may be like.

OURSELVES.

WHEN we look at those portraits of gentlemen in white wigs, and ladies in short-waisted dresses, which adorn the walls of some few houses in the colonies, and are reproduced by the score in Wardour-street, for the benefit of modern gentlemen who are desirous of begetting ancestors, we are struck with one peculiarity—the fullness of the jowl. In the portraits of notable men this peculiarity is almost exaggerated into a defect. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick even, had it. It is one of the signs of the times, and stamps a man as belonging to the Georgian era—to the days of Hogarth's *Beer-street*, Smollett's *Feast after the Manner of the Ancients*, and Gilray's *Evacuation of Malta*. What is the cause of big jowls, full temples, and bull necks? What, in fact, is the cause of the Georgian face? Simple excess of aliment. The men of 1720 to 1795 were gross feeders. The Germans are notorious crammers. It is their capacity for gorging which is the measure of their power. They are a race of strong-willed men—men combative and masterful. Experience shows that hollow-templed men are poets, philosophers, and essayists. *Facts* show that the wits who were supplanted by the strong thinkers

of the Hanoverian invasion *were* exactly such hollow-templed fellows. From the instant the Germans poured into England —from that instant began the reign of full feeding and of drink.

Not to confine ourselves to the respective duration of the uninsurable lives of Kings, let us consider, as from a height of observation, the British people from Hogarth to Gilray. Their recorded lives are records of alimentary excess. *The gate of Calais* is a jest at the sparse feeding of the French nation, and is remarkable as a proof that Hogarth, who may be justly considered a type of the middle-class Englishman of that day, had no notion of nutriment save in the shape of lumps of cooked flesh. His Frenchmen are represented as having become lanterns upon a diet of rich soups, and his English as having been reared into grand adiposity by the mastification of beef-shins and collops of veal. In *Beer-street and Gin-lane* we see the same theory expressed. The drinkers of gin are squalid, haggard and thin. Men kill themselves; women drop their children over area railings; corpses are thrust into coffin-shells. All is hideous and terrifying. The beer-drinkers are presented, not as well-contented, home-keeping persons, but as boozers, fat, swollen with malt, fermenting with new yeast, rudely amorous, bestially desirous of all sensual gratification. This full-up-to-the-throat sort of happiness was really what was enjoyed at the time. In *Midnight Conversation*, hot punch in huge bowls lends zest to song. In the *Rake's Progress* the hero is dyspeptically insane. In *Marriage a la Mode*, a cur, half-starved, leaps on the table to seize a bone. In the *Four Stages of Cruelty* the good boy offers his cake to save the life of the tortured dog. Everywhere intrude shapes and forms of eating. In *Midnight and Noon*, the girl whom the black boy is kissing, carries a huge pie. In the *Industrious Apprentice* a whole row of Aldermen are seen, with napkins swathed under their fat chaps, gnawing bones. In the *Election Dinner* the prevailing taste for gorging and guzzling may be said to have reached its height. One man has burst his waist belt. One pours wine over his friend's head. The *disjecta membra* of the feast lie around, as are scattered the fragments of a carcase torn by dogs. The host is dying of a surfeit. Oyster-shells literally pile the tables. Tobacco-smoke completes what gluttony began, and burdened stomachs kick against their load.

Let the reader bethink himself of the incessant device employed by the novelists of the Georgian era to produce an *embroglio.* What is the excuse for Mr. Tom Jones, Mr. Joseph Andrews, or Mr. Peregrine Pickle leaving his chamber in the inn? A modern writer, true to modern facts, would insinuate sleeplessness, a desire to smoke and so soothe the too active brain, fear for his own or his horse's safety—a thousand other matters turning upon mental exercise. Nothing of this sort occurs to the heroes of Fielding or of Smollett. They go to bed and sleep soundly, but are awakened by the effects of their gluttony. "Joseph, in whose bowels the roasted pork was still sticking," and "Jones, who began to feel the effects of the punch, combined with the too hearty supper which he ate," rise from their beds and, returning, blunder into different chambers. The device seems so easy that we are convinced it is natural. The men of that time did habitually that which men of our time do but seldom—they over-ate themselves. The caricatures of Gilray and Rowlandson are full of allusions to this practice. To put out of mind those grosser jests with which the student of caricature history must be of necessity familiar, we can remember the *Orgies of the P— of W—l—s*, and that recurring decimal in the humorous sum the *Household Economy of Farmer George.*

The example of riotous living set by the Regent and his friends was, however, an example tempered in some degree by taste. Escaped from the insularity of her moral position, England contrived to get into her cooks' heads some notions beyond roast beef, even though she was compelled to achieve the task by conquering the nations who understood the art of living. During the reign of H.B. we notice that the faces depicted are less gross than of yore. Lord Althorp is a heavy jowled man, to be sure, but the rising curve of little Lord John's nose had already risen above the horizon, and the Iron Duke brings back the severest Roman physiognomy. Though the sensual lip, the wrinkled throat, and the retreating forehead were not to be eliminated for a generation, we see clearly, in the first pages of the struggling *Punch*, that the English national face has undergone a change. It has become lighter and more keen. Science advances, restrictions upon trade are removed, men, no longer embittered by fierce party

struggles, turn their attention to money-making. Victoria reigns. The husband of the Sovereign is a man of wide sympathy and philosophic mind. Under his auspices philanthropy becomes fashionable. Universal peace brings attempts at social improvement, engineering schemes are projected, industrial exhibitions held. The picture has another side. The importance of trade is absurdly magnified. To die "rich" is considered to be worth the cost of living an unhealthy and dishonest life. Speculation—which hardens the eye, and wears the strained muscles always engaged in concealing the expression of natural emotion—is rife. Ruin, rapid and total, overtakes many. Genteel Poverty asserts a physiognomy of its own, at once humble and haughty, timid and stubborn. There rises out of this ruin, and this competition, a creature who is known as "Brummagem"—a man who is neither very rich, nor very clever, nor very well behaved, but who pretends to be all three. *Videri quam esse* is the motto of smart brokers, sharp traders, and those who thrive by dexterity in avoiding legal offence. In the midst of this—when Tennyson, the hollow-templed, high-nosed, haughty poet, is writing "Maud" to urge the

> Smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogues
> To leap from counter and till—

war bursts, and England regenerates herself in the Crimea, and is fierily re-baptised in Indian plains. From the men of those latter days—from the men of the *last* half of this century, springs the Australian race. The gold discoveries attracted to this hemisphere some of the best nerve-power of England.

Already there existed in the Australias much sturdy Anglo-Saxon stuff. The officers and soldiers who, with their families, constituted the free population of early colonial days, were men of courage and daring. Many of the voluntary immigrants were at least equal to the best middle-class Englishman, while the banished population over which such men as Fyans and Therry ruled, had at least, the merit of being eminent in their several capacities, even though their capacities had been misapplied. Among the convicts were many men of great courage, great strength, great powers of brain, and in many instances of astonishing talents for mechanics and the fine arts. It is only reasonable to expect that the children of such parents, transplanted to another atmosphere, dieted upon new foods, and re-

strained in their prime of life from sensual excess, should be at least *remarkable.*

But criminality is not reproductive. Being as abnormal a condition as skill in painting or playing is an abnormal condition, it cannot flourish beyond its generation. The genius of the thief buds, blossoms, and dies as surely as does the genius of the artist. But for immigration the convict continent would have been depeopled. Immigration ensued, and what an immigration! The best bone and sinew of Cornwall, the best muscle of Yorkshire, the keenest brains of Cockneydom—Bathurst, Ballarat, Bendigo had them all. With them came also the daring spendthrift, the young cavalry officer who had lived too fast for the Jews, the younger son who had outrun his income. Barristers of good family and small practice, surgeons having all the Dublin Dissector in their heads and all the hospital experience of Paris in their hands, met each other over a windlass at Bathurst, or in a drive at Ballarat. If there was plenty of muscle in the new land, there was no lack of blood. Put aside prejudice, and look at the Bench, the Bar, and the Church of this great continent. Look at the schools, libraries, and botanic gardens of Australia. Read the accounts of the boat races, the cricket matches, and say if our youth are not manly. Listen to the plaudits which greet a finished actor or a finely-gifted singer, and confess also that we have some taste and culture. Go into those parts of the country where the canker of trade has not yet penetrated, and mark the free hospitality, the generous kindness, the honest welcome which shall greet you. Sail up Sydney harbor, ride over a Queensland plain, watch the gathering of an Adelaide harvest, or mingle with the orderly crowd which throngs to a Melbourne Cup-race, and deny, if you can, that there is here the making of a great nation. You do not deny it; but—. But what?

"There are many factors in the sum of a nation's greatness—Religion, Polity, Commerce."

Granted; but these are controllable. There is only one influence which we cannot escape, though we may modify it, and that is the influence of Physical Laws. Let us consider what climate the Australian nation will live in, and what food it will be prone to eat, and, having arrived at a distinct conclusion upon those two points, we can predict, with positive certainty,

their religion, their polity, their commerce, and their appearance. You stare? Attend for a moment, and you will see that a proposition of Euclid is not clearer.

OUR CHILDREN.

THE quality of a race of beings is determined by two things: food and climate. The measure of that quality is the measure of the success in the race's incessant struggle to wrest nature to its own advantage. The history of a nation is the history of the influence of nature modified by man, and of man modified by the influence of nature. The highest practical civilisations have been those in which man came off victor in the contest, and employed the wind to drive his ships, the heat to work his engines, the cataract to turn his mills. The lowest, those in which nature reduced men to the condition of brutes—eating, drinking, and feeding. Given the price of the cheapest food in the country, and the average registration of the thermometer, and it is easy to return a fair general estimate of the national characteristics. I say a general estimate, because other causes—the height of mountains, the width of rivers, the vicinity of volcanoes, etc., induce particular results. But the intelligent mind, possessed of information on the two points of food and climate can confidently sum up, first, the bodily vigour; second, the mental vigour; third, the religion; fourth, the political constitution of a nation.

Before speculating on future events, let us apply our test to history. The climate of Egypt is hot and moist, the inundation of the Nile renders the soil wonderfully fertile, and food is extremely cheap and easily obtained. The climate of India is hot, and the inhabitants live for the most part on rice, which is cheap and usually obtained in abundance. The climate of Mexico is hot. Indian corn, which formed the staple of the food of the inhabitants, is astonishingly prolific and consequently cheap. Now, cheap food means in all cases cheap marriage, or in other words rapid reproduction of the species. A hot climate means small expense in house-building, clothing, or furniture. A man sells his labour to meet his requirements, and in a hot country his requirements are few. In a hot country,

therefore, wages are low, and the rapid increase of population renders human life of little value. The difference between the labourer and the employer of labour, then, is great, and from this difference comes tyranny on the one side and slavery on the other. The rich grow richer and the poor poorer. Wealth means leisure, and leisure means luxury and learning. Consequently we should expect to find that a nation living under these conditions would present the following characteristics :— A poor and enslaved peasantry, a rich and luxurious aristocracy, who cultivate great learning and some taste for art.

Now, this condition answers precisely to the condition in which Antony found Egypt, Warren Hastings found India, and Cortez found Mexico. In each place the nobles lived in incredible luxury, and the poor in incredible misery. The learning of each nation was the marvel of its successors. The expenditure of human life in each was terrible. Human beings were not only sacrificed in thousands for the building of the gigantic temples common to each country, but absolutely slaughtered like sheep to celebrate the triumphs of a conqueror, or appease the anger of a god. It is remarkable that the religion of each nation was bloodthirsty and full of terror. Siva the destroyer, Tyhon the Betrayer, Kitzpolchi God of the Smoking Hearts, alike demanded offerings of blood and tears. It is quite easy to account for this. Each nation grew up among scenes of natural grandeur, and a witness to the almost daily performance of the most majestic operations of nature. The hurricane, the storm, the simoom, the flood, the earthquake— all were familiar to their minds and poets were created by the influence of the scenery which they described. Men having, by the expenditure of their own blood, modified nature with aqueducts, canals and roads, nature modified their struggles for freedom by the imposition of a terrible superstition which darkened all their days.

It is an absolute fact that religion is, in all cases, a matter of diet and climate. The Greek, with pure air, light soil, and placid scenery, invented an exquisite anthropomorphism, in which he deified all his own attributes. The Egyptian, the Mexican, and the dweller by the Ganges invented a cruel and monstrous creed of torture and death. The influence of climate was so strong upon the ancient Jews that they were perpetually

relapsing from Theism into the congenial cruelties of Moloch and Astarte. Remove them into another country and history has no record of a people—save, perhaps, the modern Pagans of our Universities—more devotedly attached to the purest form of intelligent adoration of the Almighty. The Christian faith, transported to the Libyan deserts, or the rocks of Spain, became burdened with horrors, and oppressed with saint-worship. The ferocious African's Mumbo Jumbo, the West Indian's Debbel-debbel, are merely the products of climate and the result of a dietary scale. Cabanis says that religious emotion is secreted by the smaller intestines. Men "think they are pious when they are only bilious." Men who habitually eat non-nitrogenous substances and pay little attention to the state of their bowels are always prone to gloomy piety. This is the reason why Scotchmen and women are usually inclined to religion.

Now let us consider what climate and food will do for Australians.

In the first place, we must remember that the Australasian nation will have an empire of many climates, for it will range from Singapore and Malacca in the north, to New Zealand in the south. All varieties of temperature will be traversed by the railroad traveller of 1977. The enormous area of Australia, that circle whose circumference is the sea, and whose centre is a desert, is a strong reason against federation. It is more than likely that what should be the Australian Empire will be cut in half by a line drawn through the centre of the continent. All above this line—Queensland, the Malaccas, New Guinea, and the parts adjacent — will evolve a luxurious and stupendous civilization only removed from that of Egypt and Mexico by the measure of the remembrance of European democracy. All beneath the line will be a Republic, having the mean climate, and, in consequence, the developement of Greece. The intellectual capital of this Republic will be in Victoria. The fashionable and luxurious capital on the shore of Sydney Harbour. The governing capital in New Zealand.

The inhabitants of this Republic are easily described. The soil is for the most part deficient in lime, hence the bones of the autochthones will be long and soft. The boys will be tall and slender—like cornstalks. It will be rare to find girls with white and sound teeth. A small pelvis is the natural result of small

bones, and a small pelvis means a sickly mother and stunted children. Bad teeth mean bad digestion, and bad digestion means melancholy. The Australians will be a fretful, clever, perverse, irritable race. The climate breeds a desire for out-of-door exercise. Men will transact their business under verandahs, and make appointments at the corners of streets. The evening stroll will be an institution. Fashion and wealth will seek to display themselves out of doors. Hence domesticity will be put away. The "hearth" of the Northerner, the "fireside" of Burns' Cotter, will be unknown. The boys, brought up outside their homes' four walls, will easily learn to roam, and as they conquer difficulties for themselves will learn to care little for their parents. The Australasians will be selfish, self-reliant, ready in resource, prone to wander, caring little for home ties. Mercenary marriage will be frequent, and the hotel system of America will be much favored. The Australasians will be large meat eaters, and meat eaters require more stimulants than vegetarians. The present custom of drinking alcohol to excess—favored alike by dietary scale and by carnivorous practices—will continue. All carnivora are rash, gloomy, given to violences. Vegetarians live at a lower level of health, but are calmer and happier. Red radicals are for the most part meat eaters. A vegetarian—Shelley *exceptio quæ probat regulam*—is a Conservative. Fish eaters are invariably moderate Whigs. The Australasians will be content with nothing short of a turbulent democracy.

There is plenty of oxygen in Australian air, and our Australarians will have capacious chests also—*cæteris paribus*, large nostrils. The climate is unfavorable to the development of a strumous diathesis; therefore, we cannot expect men of genius unless we beget them by frequent intermarriage. Genius is to the physiologist but another form of scrofula, and to call a man a poet is to physiologically insult the mother who bore him. When Mr. Edmund Yates termed one of his acquaintances a "scrofulous Scotch poet," he intended to be personal. He was merely tautological. It may be accepted as an axiom that there has never existed a man of genius who was not strumous. Take the list from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon, or from Job to Keats, and point out one great *mind* that existed in a non-strumous body. The Australasians will be freed from the high-

est burden of intellectual development.

For their faces. The sun beating on the face closes the eyes, puckers the cheeks, and contracts the muscles of the orbit. Our children will have deep-set eyes with over-hanging brows; the lower eyelid will not melt into the cheek, but will stand out *en profile*, clear and well-defined. This, though it may add to character, takes away from beauty. There will be necessarily a strong development of the line leading from nostril to mouth. The curve between the centre of the upper lip and the angle of the mouth will be itensified; hence, the upper lip will be shortened, and the whole mouth made fleshy and sensual. The custom of meat-eating will square the jaw and render the hair coarse but plentiful. The Australasian will be a square-headed, masterful man, with full temples, plenty of beard, a keen eye, a stern and yet sensual mouth. His teeth will be bad, and his lungs good. He will suffer from liver disease, and become prematurely bald; average duration of life in the unmarried, fifty-nine; in the married, sixty-five and a decimal.

The conclusion of all this is, therefore, that in another hundred years the average Australasian will be a tall coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship. His religion will be a form of Presbyterianism; his national policy a Democracy tempered by the rate of exchange. His wife will be a thin, narrow woman, very fond of dress and idleness, caring little for her children, but without sufficient brain power to sin with zest. In five hundred years—unless recruited from foreign nations—the breed will be wholly extinct; but in that five hundred years it will have changed the face of nature, and swallowed up all our contemporary civilisation.

It is, however—perhaps fortunately—impossible that we shall live to see this stupendous climax.

THE BEACONSFIELD NOVELS.

"NO MAN was ever written out of reputation but by himself," said one who was as well acquainted with the world as most men; and if ever a secretive man displayed his true character by his writings, that man is Benjamin Disraeli,

Earl of Beaconsfield. From the brilliant audacity of Vivian Grey, through the tawdry splendor of Alroy, the inflated conceit of Tancred, and the bitter satire of Lothair to the self complacent balderdash of Endymion, we can trace the varying moods of a mind ever posing before imaginary footlights, and true to only one belief—there is but one Disraeli, and Benjamin is his prophet.

We know the history of this Beaumarchais of statesmen, this Figaro of novelists. The son of a scholar, and the grandson of a man whose ambition was to become the head of a financial house, which might have anticipated and excelled that of the Rothschilds, he but escaped being formally received into the covenant of Abraham by reason of the profound carelessness of his father as to religious ceremonies of any kind. He was baptised a christian at the church of St. Andrews, Holborn. But baptism did not remove the stigma which in those illiberal days was fixed upon the Jew. Gifted with excellent parts, and endowed with boundless ambition, young Benjamin found himself, the instant he entered into life, an object of derision or a subject for pity. He was a Jew, and it mattered little that he wrote the best verses in his form, or beat easily the dunces, who boasted a descent from Norman conquerors, the ingenious cruelty of the schoolboy exhausted itself in attacks upon one so happily constituted for suffering. What the sensitive boy endured may be gathered from Vivian Grey. That book—the first of his novels—was written when he was in early manhood, and, like most first books, it is drawn entirely from internal consciousness. There we see his own picture—the handsome vivacious, ambitious boy, the darling of women, the secret counsellor of cabinets, the profound philosopher, the man of silent sorrows, the Faust who has exhausted life's pleasures—in a word the impossible splendid monster which every young man believes to be his true eidolon. Vivian Grey is a book particularly calculated to display the personal qualities of the author, the plot, simple though it is, affording singular opportunities for the revelation of character in its constructor. The scene in which Grey triumphs over Mallard, the usher, his former enemy, is remarkable for its vivid rendering of the worst and meanest passions of a bad and mean nature. His school companions have sneered at Vivian. To revenge himself he simulates, with a cunning quite foreign

to an Englishman, but quite natural to a gentleman claiming the honor of an Oriental parentage, a sincere friendship for the usher. By his inspiration, the usher renders the lives of the youths under his care almost insupportable, and having roused the passions of the lads to boiling point, Grey delivers the wretched man over to them for their vengeance. This is just what the inmate of the Winchester school would have liked to do. The story of Mrs. Felix Lorraine also is very powerful in the completeness of its revenge. This lady falls in love with Vivian, and, failing to secure his affections, tries to poison him. He, in return, simulates—always simulation with Mr. Disraeli's heroes—friendship for her, and finally conveys to her news which causes her to break a blood vessel. Says the youthful inventor of this episode, "Vivian Grey quitted the room with the smile of a bridegroom." A man who could feel such joy in hatred at twenty-two was not very much impressed with what is popularly supposed to be the cardinal virtue of the religion into which, by no fault of his own, he had been received. Vivian Grey made, and deservedly, the reputation of its author as a man of brilliant talents. There were "keys" printed, in which the various personages (it is remarkable that the principal of them was called Lord Beaconsfield) were fitted with their true names. The excitement caused by the book is referred to in Contarini Fleming, where it is mentioned as "Manstein." "You should get it," says one fashionable person to another. "We are all in it." This is Disraeli's idea of fame,—that fashionable folks should say of his novel, "We are all in it."

Contarini Fleming was his next work of importance. He had written Popanilla in 1828, and the Young Duke in 1831, having contested (and lost) an election for Wycombe in the Radical interest. Popanilla is a bad imitation of the Voltairean romances of Candide and Ingenu; while the Young Duke is only redeemed from dulnesss by the amusing bathos of St. James's love-making to Miss Dacre, and a really spirited description of the *jeu d'enfer* between the well-born sharpers and their victim, in which the latter loses some £100,000. It is pleasant to view the sublime indifference with which money is scattered abroad through the whole of Beaconsfieldonian fiction. Cash is dirt. Cidonia carries portmanteaux full of sovereigns. Contarini Fleming flings purses to beggars, and Mirabel gives

£10 notes to cabmen. Jewels and gold are mere names. Lothair gives an order for a rope of pearls as big as a pigeon's egg. The pacha of Yanina wears a waistcoat stiffened with sapphires. Astarte's shoes are powdered with diamonds. Ormsby gives Lucretia "a bouquet of precious stones." Nor is this affectation. It is a mistake to presume that Jews love money. They love what it brings. Before they were persecuted into undertaking the horrible trade of usury, history in no way shows them as a money-grubbing people. On the contrary, their faults were extravagance and luxury. Their women were clothed in purple and fine linen, their nobles walked delicately, their tables blazed with silver vessels, and the chargers of their captains were housed with gold. The men who re-built Solomon's temple were not avaricious. The Jew loves power. Debarred for eighteen centuries from all the delights of open government, he burrowed beneath the throne, and crept with his moneybag by a backstairs way to power. The debtor is a slave, and all the world was debtor to the Jew. Crammed into their stinking *ghetti*, breathing an atmosphere that would have killed any but those who followed the hygienic laws of Moses, the progenitors of the present Earl of Beaconsfield, Knight of the Garter, hugged themselves in their enforced filth, for they knew that the proudest noble in the land had not the terrible power which the parchments so smilingly signed gave them over the hearths and homes, the wives and children, of the "prodigal Christian." Money! It is a mere name to Israelitish ears. There is no pleasure in the contemplation of sovereigns. But there is pleasure—fierce exultant pleasure—in the contemplation of the agony of others, and the thought that the velvets of Miriam and the diamonds which flash from lovely Rachel's neck were paid for by the sweat and tears of the Gentile. This is the keynote of Disraeli's perpetual jewel-song. He loves splendor, and he loves it at the expense of others. He is like the Oriental monarch clad in the robes of his fallen foe. He sees, in imagination, the Peacock-Throne, and the gems he dispenses so lavishly are the spoils of the race which has so long oppressed him and his people. Contarini Fleming, with his band of robbers, his lofty ancestry, and his island palace, where two Theban lions guard the brazen gates, is nothing more than Disraeli, the once despised Hebrew, enthroned in glory, the

equal of princes, the patron of poets, the friend of kings. Alroy, the descendant of David, with his foot on the neck of the Moslem, and the bride of a monarch in his arms, is only Mr. Benjamin Disraeli taking his seat in the House of Commons, having on a olive-green coat, his hair curled over his collar, his brown hands glittering with rings, and his breast mailed with golden watch chains. Alroy smiling defiance at the Karasmian chief is only Mr. Benjamin Disraeli sitting down amid immeasurable laughter, exclaiming, "I have attempted many things; I have often failed, but I have more often succeeded. The time will come when you *shall* hear me!" Mr. Phœbus, who laughs at money, preferring to keep loose rubies in the locker of his cabin, and marrying his wife only because she was of pure Semitic descent, is merely Mr. Benjamin Disraeli proclaiming that the only people worthy of living are the descendants of Abraham, and the only thing worth having is power over one's fellow men.

And the persistency with which he forces upon us his belief in these two things is very remarkable. He goes back to the heroic type for his Hebrews. Instead of those dwarfed and hangdog creatures, with mien alternating from abject servility to brutal triumph, according as they obey or command, who present themselves in European cities as specimens of the results of eighteen centuries of persecution, he paints a tall, vigorous and noble-minded Oriental, upright and honest, rich as becomes a Prince of Zebulon, generous as becomes a Prince of Naphtali. Be his Barizy of the Tower or the Gate, he bears no affinity to that Barizy of Houndsditch made familiar to us by less romantic fiction. This glorified Hebrew has but one mission—to succeed in life. He may love—casually; he may fight—by chance; he may pray—when nothing more immediately profitable occurs to him. But his business in the world is to get on, and to get on by means of going into Parliament. "Adventures are to the adventurous," says Ixion, and the mission of the modern Hebrew is too like that of Mrs. Putney Giles, "to invade society, and conquer it as the English did India." This is to be done in a thousand ways—by lending money, by giving dinners, by marrying a fashionable wife, by making speeches, by assuming Christianity, by becoming a friend of a cardinal, by conspiring against the Holy See. There are a

thousand ways laid down in the Beaconsfieldian *secreta monita*. If the sacred name of Cohen prove inconvenient, change it for Colquohoun. If the restrictions of Mosaic dietics are disagreeable to your friends, breed choice Berkshires, and become partners in a Frankfort sausage factory. Neither principle nor honor need bind you. Take the advice of Vivian Grey, and betray the leader of your party; or copy that illustrious prelate who nearly converted Lothair, and win an adherent by deliberate falsehood. Above all, never forgive. Forgiveness is a weakness, and moreover quite opposed to the traditions of race. Nor does Mr. Disraeli refuse to take his own medicines. When Coningsby terminated his follies by going into the House, the author of his being had been a member for more than six years. He had contested Wycombe as a Radical, he had contested Taunton as a Conservative, and he had been returned for Maidstone as a Tory. He made his *debut* as a Peelite, and his maiden speech was an unprovoked attack on O'Connell. He attempted afterwards to become the intimate of the latter, and taunted the former with having dealt doubly with a friend. The attack of Disraeli on Peel is worth quoting. Not only is it a very happy specimen of vitriol-throwing, but it shows how sweet a thing is the satisfaction of long-delayed hatred. Peel had once been the personal friend of Canning, but when in 1827 Canning replaced Lord Liverpool at the head of the Government, Peel deserted him, and led "that ignoble Opposition," which was popularly supposed to have hastened the great statesman's death. In his reply to Disraeli's bitter speech anent the letter-opening business of Sir James Graham, Peel had betrayed unusual heat. It was bad enough, he said, to be attacked in front, but to be thus stabbed in the back from behind the Government benches was intolerable. He saw through Mr. Disraeli's pretence of friendly comment, and in his loud clear voice he quoted Canning's lines—

> Give me the avowed, erect and manly foe,
> Firm I can meet, perhaps can turn the blow;
> But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
> Save me, oh save me, from the candid friend!

Disraeli's retort came a few days later, and it was as fierce as unexpected. Commencing in calm impassive accents he referred to Peel's rebuke, and especially to his apt quotation-

"The right honorable gentleman," he said, "knows what the introduction of a great name does in debate, how important its effect, and occasionally how electrical. He never refers to any author who is not great, and sometimes who is not loved—Canning, for instance. That is a name never to be mentioned, I am sure, in the House of Commons without emotion. We all admire his genius; we all—at least most of us—deplore his untimely end; and we all sympathise with him in his fierce struggle with supreme prejudice and sublime mediocrity, with inveterate foes and 'candid friends.' The right honorable gentleman may be sure that a quotation from such an authority will always tell—some lines, for example, upon friendship, written by Mr. Canning and quoted by the right honorable gentleman. The theme—the poet—the speaker—what a felicitous combination! Its effect in debate must be overwhelming, and I am sure, were it addressed to me, all that would remain for me would be thus publicly to congratulate the right honorable gentleman, not only on his ready memory but on his courageous conscience." An eye witness records this scene. Peel, trembling with rage despite his self-possession, his assailant uttering his sarcasms "with the cold repose of a machine, as if the speaker were far too sublimely lifted above all human passions to be in the slightest degree influenced by what was going on before his eyes." *The theme, the poet, the speaker, what a felicitous combination!* The House shouted with laughter. With laughter! —Disraeli was acquainted with this laughter, for he himself felt its burning sting. And this revenge? Was it not exactly that which Vivian Grey would have advised, that which Honain or Fakredeen would have rejoiced to inflict.

I pass over Henrietta Temple, which is a love story, chiefly remarkable for the priggishness of its hero, the mental feebleness of his beloved one, and the skill with which the gentleman who had just been rejected by the Taunton electors permitted the world to see how intimate he had been with Count D'Orsay and that peculiarly constituted family party, of which the witty Frenchman was at once the host and guest. Venetia, published the following year, is a tribute to the memories of Byron and Shelley, who, in quaintly intermingled guise, appear under the names of Lord Cadurcis and Marmion Herbert. Coningsby—which will probably be afterwards remembered best by Thack-

eray's patronage of it—was published in 1844, and was followed in 1845 by Sybil, a work fondly presumed by its author to depict life in an English manufacturing town. Like all Lord Beaconsfield's books, it is over-laden with ornament but has some few passages of great power. The affectation of sympathy for the suffering is, however, not well put on, and the noble sentiments with which the book is crammed ring sadly false. Like all his political novels, however, Sybil served the writer's turn, and gained him some credit among strangers for benevolence. The neat and dainty satire of Ixion followed, and in the same year was published Tancred, in which was foreshadowed that Imperial policy which circumstances enabled the writer to strangely realise :—

"Let your queen" said the Emir—Disraeli again in masquerade—"transfer the seat of her empire from London to Delhi... I will take care of Syria and Asia Minor; the only way to manage the Afghans is by Persia and the Arabs; we will acknowledge the Empress of India as our Suzerain, and secure for her the Levantine coast. If she likes she shall have Alexandria as she now has Malta, it could be arranged... Aberdeen and Peel will never give your Queen this advice. Their habits are formed; they are too old, too *rusés*. But you see the greatest empire that ever existed...and quite practicable, for the only difficult part, the conquests of India, which baffled Alexander, is all done." These are remarkable words to be uttered more than thirty years ago.

This same Fakredeen has some sentiments concerning debt which must be consoling to those who have known Mr. Disraeli's countrymen, not wisely but too well :—

"What should I be without my debts?" he would sometimes exclaim. "Dear companions of my life, that never desert me! All my knowledge of human nature is owing to them! It is in managing my affairs that I have sounded all the depths of the human heart, developed my own powers, and mastered the resources of others. What expedient in negotiation is unknown to me? what degree of endurance have I not calculated? what play of the countenance have I not observed? Yes, among my creditors, I have disciplined that diplomatic ability that shall some day found and control Cabinets. Oh, my debts, I feel your presence like that of guardian angels? If I be lazy you

prick me to action; if elate, you subdue me to reflection!"

His appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852 seemed to quench the literary spark in him, and it was not until 1872 that the veteran fiction writer astonished the world with Lothair. This is the most amusing and least tawdry of his books. It is founded on the intrigues of the Catholics to win the faith and fortune of a young English nobleman just of age, and is full of the bitterest sarcasm on English society. Mr. Phœbus, the artist—the immortal Benjamin again of course—says that he admires the English aristocracy because they lead a perfect life—they are fond of out-of-door exercise, they know no language except their own, and they never read. St. Aldegonde, a nobleman of eccentric tastes is asked to dine with a wealthy parasite. He does so upon the assurance that he will meet one Pinto—a finished portrait of a well-known *raconteur*—who tells good stories. The servants crowd about him with the choicest dishes, but he refuses them all. "Will not your lordship take something?" says poor Mr. Brancepeth, "a pie of plovers' eggs, an ortolan, some sturgeon's roe?" Yes, at last St. Aldegonde *will* take something. "Have you any cold boiled beef?" Alas! there is no boiled beef. "One can never get anything to eat at these places," says the peer to Pinto. The excuse which Phœbus makes for his apparent extravagance is very fine. Lothair suggests that some mean fellows may envy the painter his yacht, his island and his diamonds. "No," says Phœbus, "envy is a purely intellectual process, splendor never excites it. A man of splendor is always looked upon with favor, his appearance exhilarates the heart of man. People wish to dine with him, to borrow his money, but they do not envy him."

There are some good sketches of living characters—spitefully drawn of course—among which may be cited those of Goldwin Smith and Cardinal Newman, and the doctrine that every trick and stratagem is justified by ultimate success is enunciated with a greater vigor of speech than ever. Since the production of "Lothair," its author has been raised to the peerage, and received the garter. This astounding good fortune he attributes complacently to his own transcendent merits, and in his last work—"Endymion"—thus alludes to his past life:—"I have brought myself by long meditation to the conviction that a

human being with a settled purpose must accomplish it, and that nothing can resist a will that will stake even existence for its fulfilment." I do not propose to criticise "Endymion" further here than by saying that it is quite as spiteful as "Lothair," and far more extravagant. A gross libel upon some literary man who once offended the author is said to be meant for a portrait of Thackeray. If so it is a very bad portrait, for the method of speech used by St. Barbe is by no means that of the author of "Codlingsby." Charles Dickens is satirised under the name of Gushy. It is perhaps fortunate for the mental serenity of the noble Earl that both Thackeray and Dickens are dead. Indeed, with more than Aryan prudence, he took care to pen nothing which could offend either until both were incapable of reply.

It is not necessary to recall the political life of Lord Beaconsfield to judge his character. The inner man, as depicted for us in the Beaconsfield novels, is drawn from Lord Beaconsfield himself. He is a Jew, full of sensuous admiration for color, and overflowing with appreciation for the lowest forms of art. He is madly ambitious, but tempers his eagerness by self-constraint. He is secretive and unscrupulous. He is fond of the admiration of women, but incapable of uttering a sentence of sincere passion. His soul, into which the iron of a long captivity has entered, finds its chief joy in hatred, and coldly rejoices in the torments of its defeated foes. Frankness is as impossible to him, as generosity. He is always acting a part, and only when alone allows himself to be natural. Intense egotism is at once his weakness and his strength. Having won all he strove for, he finds himself alone in the world with no one to share his honors. He pays the penalty which selfishness has always to pay. He has bought success at the price of affection. The world wonders, but a sort of contempt mingles with its admiration. Beaumarchais has become a nobleman has he?—how wonderful and how good a joke. Sidonia is all he dreamed and more. Success has indeed crowned the life-struggle of ambition. And in a short time ambition itself will be at rest, and its triumph but a memory among men. "Ambition! at thy proud and fatal altar we whisper the secrets of our mighty thoughts, and breathe the aspirations of our inexpressible desires. A clouded flame licks up the offering of our

ruined souls, and the sacrifice vanishes in the sable smoke of Death." Amid the grandeur which his restless spirit has at last achieved, the lonely old man sits and waits the hour when he must leave it. Does he recognise that all his genius, all his wit, all his industry, and all his intrigue have but won for him the dubious reputation of a splendid charlatan.

MODERN ART AND GUSTAVE DORE.

THE spread of serial and popular sketches is one of the most prominent features of the literature of the present century. Sixty years ago cheap periodicals were almost unknown, and the illustration of the magazines of the day was considered an inferior profession; but the immense demand for cheap popular literature gave a fillip to art, and the high price paid for vigorous etchings and engravings stimulated the artists of the day, and virtually created the modern school of engravers. The old woodcuts in the magazines of forty years back only excite ridicule in the present day, and even Bewick, who is the father of wood-engraving in England, looks rough and coarse when compared with the pretentious and finished pictures of Harrison, Weir and Harvey. Tom Hood's *Comic Annual* and even Seymour's *Sketches*, show to disadvantage beside the brilliancy and dash of John Leech, the exquisite finish of Tenniel, the bold mannerism of Gilbert, and the careful drawing of Lawless and Walker. But the public seized upon the sketches of the day with such avidity, that the demand for rapid and vigorous draughtsmen was sudden and fierce. A new field was on an instant opened to artists. It was no longer needful to spoil an acre or so of historical canvas, or to expend a hundredweight of crayons in "sketches from the antique," in order to gain bread or reputation. The immediate profit gained by a man who could hit the public taste in the periodicals of the day was immense, and the popularity of Gilray "H.B.," Hood, Seymour, and "Phiz," tempted many a young artist to publish his own crudities before he had

properly learnt his trade. But the pressure did infinite good; it startled the dabblers in art into temporary attention, and while elevating the public taste, it compelled the twaddlers of the old school to resort to nature for their inspiration. A rapid change was at hand. The followers of the "heroic school," who would potter for months over some terrific and impossible conception, and who in their heavy chariots of conventionality lumbered with much dust and labour towards the goal, saw the lightly-clad footrunners pass them in the race, and were forced to flog their fat and pursy steeds to overtake their daring competitors. The laurel was bestowed by popular acclaim ere these dawdlers could strip for the contest, and while they were meditating upon this course of action their barbarous rivals were half-way to the winning-post.

The painful elaboration of the steel engraving gave way to the easy and dashing woodcut. The town was flooded with sketches, caricatures, and etchings. At the first blush the delighted public bought everything; but the reaction was at hand. The fury was too violent to last. There was so much to select from that nothing but the best would be accepted. Each reader of a penny journal set up to be an art-critic, and the public grew fastidious. Nothing but the best description of talent could command a price. The people clamored for cheap art, but would take nothing but productions of worth. Good engravings were purchased with avidity, bad ones not at all. Serial art became a profession, and its followers made their mark in the artistic world. Illustrated papers, magazines and journals were the rage, and many an artist of eminence threw down the maulstick for the graver. The names of Leech, Millais, Hablot-Browne, Lawless, Walker, Weir, Harvey, and Tenniel became household words, and the pre-Raphaelite *renaissance*, which, with all its extravagances and absurdities, has done much to elevate the popular taste, testified to the working of artistic feelings among the people. Pre-Raphaelitism was the popular feeling struggling for expression; it was the rebellion of the partially-educated masses from the tyranny of the old masters. The people called for nature, and nature they got with a vengeance; and the wild, hideous grotesquerie of the new school was a protest against the excess of idealism into which art had lapsed. The pre-Raphaelites did for art what

the realists did for literature. Artists and authors went hand in hand, and the writings of Dickens and Thackeray parallel the pictures of Millais and Tenniel. In France the change was even more marked. The easy dash of the wood-engraving was eminently suited for the French intellect—always too eager for victory, and too careless of consequence. The French artists flung themselves furiously into the breach, and waged desperate war against the idealists. Balzac was the leader of the realistic school, and his writings once accepted, realistic art was called in to aid his disciples. Gavarni (Paul Chevalier) was the Balzac of art. He led the whole of the Quartier Latin to the attack, and the heavily-armed legions of the Academy went down before the reckless attack of these Bohemian *retiarii*. The sickly sentimentality of the French school *par excellence* received a deadly blow; but the extravagances of the victors diminished the glory of their victory. The realists went to extremes, and the tyranny of the tribunes became worse than that of the kings. The materialism of the new school was worse than the idealism of the old, and it is only within the last few years that the true level has been approached. With the exception of Gavarni (whose dashing sketches have been familiarised to the English public by the plagiarisms of the publishers of Reynolds' and Albert Smith's *brochures*), Gustave Doré is the only modern French artist who is much known in England. Doré is of the latest school, and is free from the accusation of extravagant pre-Raphaelitism. His chief characteristics are power and versatility, while in purity of detail he is at fault. He is essentially the "people's artist," but he is never vulgar. The happy medium between ideality and materialism is expressed in his works, and though they abound in faults, they are so notably the expression of public taste that we have taken them as illustrating the present state of artistic feeling in Europe. Each age has its artists, each age its poets. Literature and art go hand in hand, and, taken generally, will be found to reflect the passions and tastes of the people. A religious and superstitious state of public feeling produced the sublime altarpieces of the old masters. The stern practicality that followed upon the Reformation gave us the Dutch school; and the military spirit that arose during the long wars at home and abroad, the battle scenes, executions, and historical paintings of half a century

back; while the long peace which followed gave leisure for the English school to elaborate their scenes of rural and domestic life. The spread of popular knowledge called forth the pre-Raphaelites, and that vulgarly-sensational class of painters which begins with Frith and ends with Solomons. The reaction following on this artificial pressure created a higher school of art than any, to the ranks of which many of the repentant pre-Raphaelites are deserting.

Doré is the exact type of this school. He was born at Strasbourg in 1833. His father was an engineer in the department of Bas Rhin. At fourteen years of age the boy's talent for drawing was so marked, that Philippon, the editor of *Le Journal pour Rire*, attracted by some dashing and brilliant sketches, agreed to give him 5,000 francs a year to supply illustrations for that serial. This was accepted, and the boy, who was still at the College Charlemagne, at once rose into notice as an artist of genius and vigour. In 1861 he had produced some 60,000 vignettes, and his exhibition in that year of the celebrated picture of "Virgil and Dante in the Regions of Eternal Ice" created an extraordinary *furore* in Parisian artistic circles. His *Rabelais* and *Balzac*, and his illustrations of the war in Italy and the Crimea, are productions of more than ordinary merit; but the works which have gained him his chief fame in England are the *Elaine* and biblical illustrations. Doré differs materially from the modern French school. He is more vigorous than Darjou, more natural than Berthall, and more eccentric than Marcelin. The German element enters largely into his temperament; with the grotesque ideality of Retsch he can unite the realistic tone of Holbein, and, when he pleases, the accuracy of Durer. He can be as pathetic a moralist as Hogarth, and in his sublimer moments he even expands to the massive proportions of Michael Angelo. Of all French artists he reminds us most of Jaques Callot. The prevailing characteristic of his drawings is exaggeration of nature, but the exaggeration is rather an habitual production of her most sublime aspects than any affection of ideality. As has been said of Turner, "his eccentricities are always in harmony with nature. The aspects he paints may be seen any moment, but are, in fact, seldom seen." His woods are forests, his crowds seem whole nations, his seas boundless oceans, and his caves bottomless abysses. To this exaggeration of proba-

bility he adds astonishing power of harmony in his designs. His details are often faulty, his figures contorted and out of drawing, and his landscapes almost impossible ; but the effect produced upon the mind of the spectator is realistic to the highest degree. All carelessness of individual outlines are lost in the life-like appearance of the scene. The attitudes of his figures are often impossible in repose, but the very exaggeration gives them the appearance of motion and life. We seem to see his horses prance and his warriors combat. The individual figures in his groups are so necessary to the composition that the removal of one of them would ruin the effect of the picture. He conceives a scene, not a single figure, and he conveys the impression of his own ideas to the mind of the spectator by a daring disregard of detail which is the highest proof of genius. His pictures of battlefields seem as if we had caught a glimpse of the scene through a moment's rift in the smoke. We grasp the whole, but have no time for detail. This faculty in composition is one which is seldom a characteristic of modern painters. Hogarth possessed it, and so did Turner ; but the pre-Raphaelite photography of the Frith school mistakes magnification of insignificance for true art, and its disciples group accurate photographs of incongruities together, and imagine that they have produced a picture. Compare Hogarth's "March to Finchley" and Frith's "Derby Day," and the difference is apparent. The first is an actual representation of a living, breathing crowd, in which each figure is made subordinate to the effect of the whole composition ; the other a grouping of all kinds of individuals into an improbable if not impossible whole, in which each figure is a picture, each square inch a study, but which, when viewed as a composition, is more like a masquerade or a "stage tableau" than nature. Doré has been accused of being "sensational." The term, as used in an artistic sense, is utterly out of place. The "sensationalists" mistake repulsiveness for sublimity, and minute attention to insignificant detail for faithful rendering of nature. Where Doré paints a plague-stricken city, they would photograph a leper, and would paint the sores of Job with infinite care, content to rob the patriarch of that element of sublimity which alone makes his sufferings tolerable if they can procure an accurate delineation of the potsherd. All is sacrificed to the vulgar love for the curious and the difficult. They would

rather be admired for their power of execution than for their power of conception, and their productions are calculated to call forth no emotion save that of wonder. We praise the artist, not the picture. The palette and maul-stick are everywhere thrust under our notice, and we lose our admiration for the purple of a sunset in thinking of the care displayed in grinding the colours. In the estimation of the pre-Raphaelites a well-painted oyster is a more pleasing and artistic work than a battle-piece where the swords are not all made to regulation pattern, and a photograph of a railway station is preferable to an ideal picture of the wars of the Titans. Art is not the mere tricky reproduction of a brick wall. To produce a bad imitation of what anyone can see in its natural form by simply looking around him is not the function of an artist. True art is to eliminate all baser elements.

> "As when a painter posing on a face,
> Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man
> Behind it"—

to paint, not what must be or what has been, but what should be and can be. The region of which the painter is king neither lies in earth nor heaven, neither in night nor day, but in the twilight, in the debateable ground between reality and imagination. It is his office to interpret to the dull sons of earth those heavenly sounds which he alone can hear. True art exalts what it sees, not reproduces it in all its coarseness. A picture that excites no feeling but that of wonder at the skill of the artist, is about as valuable to humanity as the clock of Strasbourg Cathedral, which contains some hundred figures, is constructed with extraordinary ingenuity, and does everything but keep time. The vulgar taste for horrors and monstrosities has been pampered too long. The public stomach rejects the coarse food it has been so long crammed with. A healthier school is arising, which, while avoiding the sickly idealism of the poetic-religionists, makes a bold stand against the reckless prostitution of art to trickery, and the elevation of mechanical skill in copying above the faculty of conceiving what is to be copied.

At the head of these reactionists stands Doré, not perhaps of his own intention, or by his own unaided genius, but placed there by the accidents of circumstance, which have made his works more generally known than those of any modern painter.

The two works which are principally known to the generality of English readers, are *Elaine* and the Bible. The former is engraved on steel, and though softer than the wood engraving of the latter work, is not to be compared to it in point of artistic beauty. The illustrations are nine in number, but only four are worthy of note. Doré shines chiefly in his handling of masses, in single figures he fails. His lights and shadows are wonderful, but the effect is somewhat too frequently repeated, and in his penchant for violent contrasts he sometimes offends. In the picture "Lancelot approaching the Castle of Astolat," which is a marvellous piece of drawing, the obtrusive brilliancy of the white towers of the castle against the black and thunderous sky is too marked. This fault, however, is redeemed by the wonderful rendering of distance. The knight is riding through a wild and ancient forest (unwarranted by the text). The shadows of the lofty trees fall across the track that leads on and on through miles of woodland. At the extreme end the white towers of Astolat gleam, "fired from the west." The "depth" in the picture is extraordinary, and the exquisite delicacy of the thickets and ferns can compare even with the most finished productions of Birket Foster. "The body of Elaine on its way to Arthur's Palace" is pretty, and the sky is soft, the water well painted, and the composition artistic, but the whole effect is weak, and though the action of the rower is powerful, the appearance of motion is not given with the artist's usual skill. To our thinking the "Finding of the Brothers' Skeletons by King Arthur" is the finest picture of the series. The scene is a mountain pass. The king has reined up his horse on the side of a hill which terminates in a craggy precipice, beneath which the black tarn sleeps in hideous shadow. The moon shining out of a storm-threatening sky lights up the profundity of the chasm, and tips with silver the helmet of the King and the bleaching bones of the two bodies. The diamond studded circlet, displaced by the hoofs of the startled horse, rolls flashing in the moonshine down into the lake. There is a horrible grotesquerie about the skeletons, and a wild, weird unreality about the scene that is peculiarly remarkable, while the distant mountains showing in the "misty moonshine," and the depth of the silent tarn, are rendered with admirable skill, and the whole composition breathes—

"The horror that lived about the tarn, and clave,
Like its own mists, to all the mountain side."

To give anything like a critical notice of all the published illustrations to the Bible would be impossible in the limits of an article like this; we propose, therefore, to take only those pictures which illustrate some peculiarity of the artist, and out of such a selection only to refer to those in which that peculiarity is strongly marked.

To Doré's wonderful power of painting groups we have before alluded. In this faculty he is superior to Martin, who, perhaps of all modern English painters, is in the popular notion the "grandest." Without pausing to consider this fallacy (Martin's speciality was architecture, not figures) we will glance briefly at Doré's most crowded pictures. These are "The Drowning of Pharaoh's Hosts in the Red Sea," "Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still," and "The Slaughter of the Philistines by Samson." The first has one great and almost damning fault—the water is extraordinarily bad; the carelessness of the artist has been carried to excess. His billows may be mountains, and his waves white wool, for any pains that he takes to prove the contrary. But the conception of the composition is grand in the extreme. The sun is setting in a stormy sky, throwing out in bold relief a lofty hill, on which stand the Israelite host. In the centre of the foreground and running up into the middle distance is the Egyptian army. The divided waters are recoiling with overwhelming force upon a confused mass of men, horses, and chariots, and the panic-stricken and doomed host of Pharaoh are turning in vain to gain the lately-left shore. The waters have already closed over the leading portion of the multitude, and the monstrous waves are hanging over the heads of those in the foreground. Stumbling horses and terror-stricken warriors are massed in wild confusion, while the tossing spears and waving plumes of the cavalry as they bear down in flight for life upon the shrieking mob of footmen in the rear, add to the life-like motion of the scene. The figure of Moses is outlined against the glowing sky, as with both hands raised he calls down the curse upon the host. The figures are marked by that wonderful observation of nature which characterises the artist. The riderless horse, smelling affrightedly at the ooze of the channel,

and the horseman who in mute despair raises his hands to heaven, are well conceived. In the second picture Joshua and his generals stand on a little eminence. A black cloud obscures the sun, whose rays dart out from beneath it upon the distant fugitives. In the foreground, and immediately beneath Joshua, the hosts of Israel are charging with wild shouts and uplifted spears to the pursuit. The figure of Joshua is weak and insignificant, but the bent heads and braced muscles of the charging armies, and the mob of horses and men in the distance, are in the artist's best manner, while the figure of the furious soldier who, leaning back with one hand resting on the crupper of his galloping steed, waves his sword with encouraging shouts to those behind, is a piece of bold and vigorous drawing, and prevents the eye from becoming wearied with the necessary sameness of the composition. But by far the best of the three is the "Destruction of the Philistines." The scene is laid in a table-land of the mountains, where the Philistine host is encamped. A panic seems to have seized the horses, who are rearing madly in the press. A precipice falls abruptly to a lake in the foreground, and on the top stands Samson, clutching with one hand a rearing horse by the bridle, and with the other wielding the weapon of destruction. A heap of slain are around him, and though the infuriated warriors rush their frantic horses up to the steep sides of the rock, the press of men is too great to enable them to reach their solitary enemy. In all directions are seen the dead and dying, and those behind pressing on those in front, force the struggling wretches over the precipice. Some of the figures are wonderfully foreshortened. In the immediate foreground a group of warriors are preparing for flight, and in their varied positions, as their horses, wildly snuffing the breeze as the huge bit, plucked hard by the unconcious arms of the terrified chiefs, flings them on their haunches, seem actually starting from the canvas. "Samson Destroying the Temple" is also a fine picture; but the figure of Samson is too small, and his attitude weak. The toppling pillars and falling masses of human beings, however, in some measure redeem this glaring fault in the composition. Doré does not shine in isolated figures; his genius lies in his delineation of groups, and his rendering of light and shade. Where the interest is centred wholly in the principal figure he often

becomes puerile. Notable exceptions to this rule are "Achan Stoned," "Hagar and Ishmael," and "Moses before Pharaoh." "Eliezar and Rebekah" is good, but its charm lies principally in the wonderful rendering of the eastern atmosphere than in any special characteristic of the figures. We have spoken of Doré's extraordinary completeness of composition and reckless disregard of detail. Two excellent examples of the effect of this are shown in "The Destruction of the Amorites," and the "Murrain Among the Beasts." The first is the simple statement of the camel guard of the army flying before the shower of mighty hailstones. There are but three principal figures; the rest are but indicated, but the effect is wonderful. The camels seem alive, and the hailstones falling; the arms of the riders rise and fall as they lash their terrified beasts to speed, and the fallen camel in the foreground seems to have barely reached the earth. The "Murrain Among the Beasts" is a more pretentious picture. The desert stretches with its sandy waste far as the eye can reach. On the barren plain a camel-train is passing. The beasts, loaded with their huge saddles and burdens, have gone suddenly frantic, and are even attacking their drivers. A group of women are bearing away the furniture of the dead beasts, and in the foreground two men are removing the saddle from another carcase. The back track is marked by the bodies of the animals already left behind, and a long string of vultures is coming up out of the desert to feed upon the flesh. The figures are very spirited, and some wonderfully foreshortened. Doré delights in violent contrasts. He is powerful in effects of light, and often carries this speciality to excess. "Samson carrying off the Gates of Gaza" is a simple trick of light and shade. The Israelitish champion is ascending a steep and rocky mountain that overlooks the city. The sun is setting behind huge bars of black clouds, and his last gleams are reflected from the lake beneath. The ponderous and enormous gates, with the figure of Samson bending beneath them, are drawn in bold outline against the blazing sky. The city walls are dimly visible in the distance, but the whole of the foreground is in the deepest shadow. "Gideon Choosing his Soldiers," and the "Flight of the Midianites," are both good specimens of this peculiar rendering. In the former the water and figures are both excellent; the latter is too much an affectation of Rembrandt, and the

error of extreme exaggeration is committed. The figures of the Midianites are too large, they are out of proportion, and despite some vigorous drawing, the general effect is poor and confused. The finest pictures in the collection are "Hagar and Ishmael," "The Plague of Darkness," "Achan Stoned," and "The Levite Bearing Away the Body of the Woman." For intense gloom and horror this latter picture may compare favorably with almost any production of any artist. It is at the best but a mere sketch, but the power displayed is immense. The body of the woman thrown across the back of the mule, and bound with cords to the saddle; the priest who, leading the beast over the rocky eminences above the town, shudderingly uplifts his arm to curse the polluted city; the stormy sky, from which the struggling moon gleams out with misty and uncertain light; and the black shadows that overhang the valley, combine to make up a scene of gloom fitting to the subject treated. "The Plague of Darkness" is one of those weird and improbable pictures in which Doré delights. A number of Egyptians, assembled apparently on the steps of some temple, are lying and standing in various attitudes, a dim half light is seen streaking the distant horizon, and shimmering through the arches of one of the vast palaces with which Egypt abounded. On the plain a multitude are encamped. The groups in the foreground are seemingly overcome with dread and terror; they grope about for each other, and extend their hands as if praying for some glimpse of light. Out of the thick darkness in the right of the picture hideous beasts, crocodiles, and leopards are crawling up the broad steps to the temple emboldened by the continued night that reigns around, to seek their prey. The wretches on the platform seem paralysed by fear, and are helpless under the weight of blackness which has fallen on them; huddled together they await the approach of their unseen enemies without an attempt at resistance. An unearthly horror broods over the picture, and the whole composition seems as a wild impossible dream born of darkness and terror. We have reserved the two best engravings for the last. Had Doré drawn no other picture but "Hagar and Ishmael" he would still lay claim to be considered an artist of the highest order, and "Achan Stoned" is almost equal to it for boldness and power. Night has fallen on the valley of

Achor. The thief lies on his back with stretched-out arms, and face staring blankly up into heaven. The stones cast by the Israelites are piled over him, and from out the darkness a train of vultures are slowly winging their way to the carcase. The spot seems like a tomb; the mountains on each side rise up like walls, and the darkness hangs over it like a pall. "Hagar in the Wilderness," though in some respects faulty, is by far the finest picture in the series, both for treatment and design. The light, however, is not warranted by the text. Ishmael was laid "under the shadow of a rock," not on the sand, as Doré would have it. The sky, also is too gloomy. But the central figure of Hagar redeems everything. The attitude expresses the wildest despair and supplication, and, unlike Doré's female figures generally, is most graceful. A huge rock towers above the figures and is continued beyond the point of sight. Desolation is expressed in every line of the composition; the exhausted figure of the boy stretched listless and dying upon the ground, the prickly cactus plants, the emptied water-bottle, the drifted sand hollowed by the footprints of the woman who has staggered to the rock, the lofty mountains, and the threatening heaven, all breathe desolation and despair. The rock is drawn with wonderful accuracy, and is eminently suggestive of height and solidity.

Doré's genius lies more in grostesquerie than in sublimity. He terrifies, not awes us. His pictures are like farces become tragedies. The desire to ridicule is so strong that it peeps out with hideous pertinacity, and, like the skeleton at the feast, thrusts its unwelcome presence among the maskers. But his grotesquerie is too near to sublimity merely to amuse. His laughter is like the grin on the jaws of a death's head—it warns, not ridicules us. This element in his character has, in a measure, prevented him from making his biblical pictures as complete as could be wished. The subjects are out of his line. In simple majesty he fails wofully. His illustrations of subjects which we expect to find grandly conceived are poor. "Moses Breaking the Tables," for example, and "The Brazen Serpent," are both very tamely rendered. He is too careless. He has drawn too much to draw always well, and though he seldom repeats his figures, his fondness for black shadows and high lights becomes wearisome. But as a painter of *diablerie* he is unsurpassed. Even the "Famous Temptation of St. Anthony" is

equalled, if not excelled, by some of his sketches. His "Don Quixote" breathes the very spirit of Cervantes, his "Inferno" the very horror of Dante, and if his "Paradise Lost" lacks the calm majesty of Milton, it shines with a lurid light which seems the reflection of the "glowing marl" that paves the nethermost hell. For gloomy power he stands midway between Holbein and Michael Angelo. He blends the sublimity of the Italian with the grim realistic horror of the German. If he does not always reach to the massive grandeur of the one, he goes beyond the mere sensual terrors of the other. His fiends are more akin to Mephistopheles than to Satan. His sardonic humor makes us shudder. He magnifies all the passions. He paints despair not remorse, passion not love, horror not fear. The faults in his pictures are exaggerations. He goes beyond nature, not falls short of her. We have not attempted to criticise minutely; our wish has only been to point to generalities. Europe has artists of greater merit than Gustave Dorè, but she has none who so powerfully embody the feelings of the age. Dorè is emphatically the artist of the people, and we have chosen his works as a subject for comment, because they display that mixture of satire, poetry, materialism, exaggeration and impatient daring that characterise the present generation. His faults are positive, not negative; they are virtues pushed by excess into vices; and the rising class of thinkers, which his works tipify, will err like him, not by doing too little, but by seeking to do too much.

BALZAC AND MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

FRENCH ignorance of English customs is proverbial. Despite all the railways, telegraphs, and handbooks, an ordinary Frenchman is still of opinion that his island neighbors are ruled over by "le Lord Maire," are infatuated with "le box," are patrons of "le sport," drink "porter-biēre," and sell their wives at Smithfield.

* "Œuvres de Théophile Gautier." "Critiques par Jules Janin." "Les Causeries de Lundi par de Saint Beuve." "French Authors at Home." "Le Revue des Deux Mondes," &c. "Œuvres de George Sand." "Balzac in the Jardies."

Some modification in the original idea may have been made of late years, but Jules and Edouard are still of opinion that every second Englishman is called "Sir Brown," is possessed of vast wealth, of a "château en Manchestére," and a son who is entitled "le jeune horseguards," drinks unlimited "grogs," and divides his time between practising "le box" with his servant John Jack, caressing his "boule dogue," and driving his "tocar." We, on the contrary, pride ourselves on our intimate acquaintance with all things French. We adopt French fashions, French phrases, French dishes, and French wines. Every boarding-school girl fills her letters with French idioms. We cannot take up a newspaper without seeing French words scattered, like plums in a pudding, broadcast through its pages. To all outward appearance an educated Englishman knows rather more about France than a Frenchman himself. The great names of the French literary world are bandied about on all sides, but they are but names. The average knowledge of French literature is most superficial. Everyone talks of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Moliére; but most persons, if closely questioned, would be obliged to confess that their knowledge of them was confined to the facts that the first was a little old man who wrote atheistical books and lived at Ferney; that the second was the author of some unpleasant confessions; and that the third wrote laughable comedies and read them to his housekeeper. The works of Victor Hugo and Dumas are certainly well known to Englishmen, but only because their works are translated into the English language. French novels translated into English are admissible, but French novels in the original are considered the *crême de la crême* of iniquity. A book in a yellow cover causes as much rage to a British parent as a red rag does to a bull. In the prurient literature of the *demi monde*, French novels are exalted on a pinnacle of vicious cleverness which they are by no means qualified, as a rule, to occupy. The naughty heroine always reads French novels. The languid, clever man of the world retires from the contemplation of the hollowness of society to smile sardonically over a French novel. The fair demon who ruins a millionaire a year to keep herself in *bouquets*, soothes her moments of elegant repose with French coffee, a French poodle, and a French novel. To read French novels is to be out of the pale of

respectable conventionality; to write them, is to belong to that select circle of gay spirits whose deeds are written in letters of gold in the *Newgate Calendar*. The prejudices of Englishmen are hard to uproot. Our forefathers cursed French "kickshaws" and French customs, and we have not made any very astonishing progress towards a better state of feeling. But the "delicate-handed *dilettante*" readers who shudder at the impurities of the French press, would be astonished if they knew how much their own contemporary literature owes to it. Not to speak of the open plagiarism of the Albert Smith school from the novels of Paul de Kock, or the hints taken from Dumas by the sensationalists, the works of Honoré de Balzac form the ground-plan of modern realistic literature. No Frenchman, save perhaps Rabelais and Montaigne, has done more for English literature, and no man has been worse treated. To that class of moralists whose stronghold is in Clapham, and whose disciples tear Christianity to tatters from the platform of Exeter-hall, the name of Balzac is synonymous with that of Asmodeus. He is regarded as the head and leader of that army of immoral and pernicious writers who paint life as they find it, and not as it ought to be found. Mention the author of *La Physiologie du Mariage*, and all Podsnappery is up in arms; hint at an acquaintance with *La Femme de Trente Ans*, and all the vials of virtuous stupidity empty themselves on your devoted head. Balzac is, in brief, regarded as infidelity, atheism, materialism, licentiousness, and Bohemianism compressed into one terrific whole. His works are pitfalls for the righteous youth of Britain. *Matres metuunt juvencos.* No booby of a collegian whose ill-fated feet have led him into the flowery paths of French literature but is deemed by his shuddering parents a second Count de Grammont—a Don Juan in the provinces. With the usual ingenuity of the perverse and the ignorant, the errors of his disciples have been attributed to their leader. Balzac was the apostle of realism. His disciples preached a gross materialism. They mistook the horrible for the sublime. In their eagerness to avoid all false sentiment, they rushed into depths from which only the genius of their leader could discover gems worth setting. They ignored the beautiful and the good, and elevated the hideous and the repulsive upon a pedestal of fine writing; and the

impatient judgment of the majority accepted the copy for the original. Balzac was born when the world was tired of conventionalities—when the attempt to paint life as a bed of roses had failed. Fresh from the furious outburst of popular feeling which signalized the Revolution, with the triumphant smoke of Napoleon's cannon yet before their eyes, men called for the material and the real. Sentimentality had exhausted itself. The ideal was worn threadbare. People, tired of one type of human nature, demanded its opposite, and found it. The school of Rousseau and St. Pierre worshipped the beautiful only; Balzac established the maxim—"*le beau c'est le laid.*" He was to literature what the pre-Raphaelites were to art. He insisted upon the natural as opposed to the imaginative. God-like men and things had gone out of fashion. The literary world was shaken to its foundations. The Revolution of 1830 mitigated the censorship of the press, and hence arose the new censorship of criticism. Before this era there were no professional French critics, and freedom of authorship would have degenerated into license. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, published in '31, and numbering among its writers such names as Jules Janin and Saint Beuve, stemmed the torrent, and marked a new era in literature. Never was talent so highly appreciated, and so well rewarded. The reign of birth was replaced by the reign of intellect, and the union of politics and literature effected the Revolution of '48. Of course the new-found liberty was abused, and the excess of realism, which the prurient and obscene followers of Balzac affected, disgraced, and still disgraces, French contemporary literature. But though the originator of the school, he was far removed from the errors of his disciples. He painted vice with voluptuousness, but he showed its hideousness with equal vigor. He overturned many prejudices, but he established many truths. He was born in a destructive age. All tender and social ties were openly violated, and the creeds of all sects attacked with equal impartiality. Balzac was the type of the bold thinkers of the day. His genius was revolutionary. He wished not to improve upon the old models, but to set up fresh ones. He was cradled in revolutions, and his works smell of the barricades. He struck fearlessly and struck hard, and his boldness and daring demolished at a blow the sickly sentimentalism of the

school of Rousseau and St. Pierre. In his own person he was the incarnation of Parisian Bohemianism. Shrewd, observant, careless, generous, and defiant, he was the very man to grasp the anomalous life of the Parisian of the day. His *Comedie Humaine* was intended to portray all the phases of human life. It was a gigantic scheme, but the genius and industry of the schemer were as gigantic. But to foreigners the works of Balzac seem incomprehensible. His *Comédie* was a comedy played with Paris for a stage, and not the world. To a Frenchman the world is France; in France the world is Paris. To depict the ever-shifting scenes in that huge kaleidoscope was the task Balzac attempted, and it was no easy one. The indomitable industry of the man conquered at last. But the struggle for fame and bread killed him. The pages of his finest works are written with his life-blood. To the easy-going *dilettante* author who thinks to step into fame and name without an effort, the life of Balzac will seem terrible. It was one long struggle with debt and difficulty. From his earliest childhood he had decided upon authorship. Madame de Staël found him reading Swedenborg at four years old, and found, also, that his imagination had realised its visions. At nine he wrote an essay on the *Power of Will*, which he fondly thought would complete the theories of Bichât, Lavater, and Descartes. His parents laughed at his attempts at writing. He fled to Paris, and lodged in a garret. "Here," he says, "I wrote night and day with no relaxation. My only solace was study." His sister was the only person who believed in his powers. To her he wrote—"In literature one must either be a scavenger or a King. I will be a King!" At length he completed his first work, *Cromwell*, a tragedy in five acts. This was to bring him fame and fortune. Alas for his hopes! Stanislaus Andrieux, professor of literature to the College of France, to whom the work was submitted, said, "I find in this work no evidence of a single germ of talent or capacity for composition." With his friends against him, and in the face of such a verdict as this, most men would have given up the contest. Not so did Balzac. Between the years '21 and '29 he wrote sixteen romances under various pseudonyms, but without success. He lived on threepenny-worth of bread and a sausage a day. His lodging cost three sous a day. He lived the life of a Bene-

dictine monk. He had no luxuries, no vices, no follies. His only amusements were writing and observation. "Dressed like a workman," he says, "I would mix among them in the various streets. I would listen to their conversation, and view their bargaining at shops. My power of observation seemed to be intuitive; it penetrated into the souls of others without overlooking their bodies; or rather, so quickly did it seize upon externals, that it went instantly beyond them. While listening to these people I was wedded, as it were, to their life. I felt my feet in their shoes. I felt their ragged clothes upon my back; their desires, their wants, their hopes, their fears, all passed into my soul, and my soul into theirs. This was to me a joy, a species of moral intoxication, to live the life of another, and to exercise this power at will." "Balzac," says Théophile Gautier, "like the Indian god Vishnu, possessed the gift of *Avatar*. He could transpose himself into a marquis, a banker, a *bourgeois*, a man of the people, a woman of the world, or a courtesan." It was this faculty which enabled him to describe so accurately. It is this faculty that gives to all great descriptive and dramatic geniuses their power of realising the feelings of others. While thus the future "Grand Balzac" laid up stores of information to be used in his future writings, he was in the depth of misery. He had written thirty volumes of *etudes*, for which he barely received the price of the paper. The publishers of Paris were at that time at the height of their power. They held the hopes of authors in their hands, and they cruelly abused the trust. Balzac felt the injustice done him, and his dearest hope was to realise enough by the sale of some of his works to print others in his own way. Urged by his friends to quit literature, he accepted a loan of 30,000 francs from his father, and established himself as a printer. Unhappily, political influences were at that time adverse to the Press; he was compelled to sell his stock-in-trade at a ruinous loss, and return to his old vocation as author, poorer than ever, and more deeply in debt than before. This burden of debt increased daily, and he would have succumbed under it altogether, had not the publication of *Le Peau de Chagrin* startled publishers and readers into attention. This book was followed by the biting satire *La Physiologie du Mariage*, and Balzac at once rose to fame and fortune.

This latter work was the herald and exponent of popular feeling in France. St. Simonism and Madame George Sand were just making themselves heard, and the Revolution of July was about to work a change in the social policy of Paris. Women were on all sides exclaiming against the chains that had so long bound them. The *Lettres Parisiennes* of Madame de Girazdin were attacking all subjects, and the author of *La Femme de Trente Ans* and *La Physiologie du Mariage* was hailed at once as the apostle of the new creed. From this time his success was brilliant and rapid. He was rich, courted, and honored; but his long struggle with ill fortune had left its mark upon him. Here is his portrait, painted by himself in *Albert Savarus*:—

"A superb head, black hair prematurely tinged with white, like the hair of St. Paul or of St. Peter in pictures, but strong and curling; a throat round and white as that of a woman; a magnificent forehead, marked between the brows with that one powerful wrinkle which great thoughts and great projects inscribe on the foreheads of great men; a complexion olive, but rosy; nostrils which dilate; eyes of fire; cheeks marked by two long lines ploughed by suffering; a mouth which smiles sardonically; eyes hollow, gleaming from beneath arched eyebrows like burning globes; a voice of penetrating sweetness, sometimes cold, and sometimes insinuating, but though thundering when used in sarcasm, soft and most incisive."

Having experienced the evils of poverty, he was now constantly engaged in preposterous schemes for the rapid accumulation of wealth. His works teem with descriptions of the miseries of poverty. Balzac-like, he made his sufferings productive. He wrote *Mercadet*, a comedy which may be termed the incarnation of debt. His own generosity impoverished him. He was constantly spending, giving, flinging away money. While silk to others, he was adamant to himself. While working himself into a fever to repay a debt incurred to the former editor of the *Chronique de Paris*, he paid 3000 francs for Charles Bernard to enable him to write for that journal. It seemed as though debt would never leave him. The establishment of various papers, all edited with ability, only served to impoverish him. *Le Feuilleton Litteraire*, *Le Revue Parisien*, and *Le Chronique de Paris*, were so much dead weight to drag

him further into the mire. He was alternately between poverty and wealth, between a debtor's prison and a palace. It was with the hope of realising some of his golden dreams that he bought the little estate of the *Jardies* on the road from Sèvres to Ville d'Avray. Here he intended to plant vines, to force 500 feet of pineapples, to be sold for 5 francs each, to realise a profit of 500,000. On this estate he built his celebrated house, which was devised on his own principle, but which, when finished, was found to have no staircase!

"For years," says Leon Gozlan, "this house was furnished only in imagination. On the bare walls were inscribed such sentences as these—'Here an image in pure Parian marble. Here a carpet of Aubusson. Here a ceiling painted by Eugéne de la Croix. Here a mosaic inlaid floor formed of all the rare woods of the isles.'" It was in this house that he wrote the chief works of his later years. His work was murderous. Often in a morning he would be found with bare head, in dressing-gown and slippers, in the Place du Carrousel, having walked in meditation all through the night. During these wanderings he would invent a story, and rush home bareheaded to make it tangible in some fifty pages of manuscript, which would be the terror of printers and the delight of romance readers. His writing was most illegible, and the numerous corrections, emendations, and revisions with which he would scrawl the proof-sheets, caused the printers to bargain with the publishers that they "were only to have so many hours a day of Balzac." He was indefatigable in correction, wonderfully painstaking in research. He would never describe any place within easy reach without first going to examine it minutely. He carried his realism to excess. At his house in the Rue des Batailles he fitted up a boudoir on the model of the one assigned by him to the heroine in his *Fille aux Yeux d'or*. "The carpet was like an Oriental shawl. A silver lustre hung from the ceiling. The furniture was white cachémire relieved with black and scarlet." A little door, however, led into a room furnished only with a table and an iron bed. This was the study of Balzac. He was careless of his dress and appearance, not from affectation, but from insensibility. He would lounge in his gorgeous rooms, or pass through the well-dressed crowd, with his coat ill-cut and worse worn, his pockets

crammed with proof-sheets, and his head teeming with projects, with his trousers inky, and his linen soiled, with no hat, with eyes staring into vacancy—"a nondescript being, half Hercules, half Satyr." But yet no one presumed to take him for a common unknown. "At sight of him," says Théophile Gautier, "even the jeers of the *gamins* were hushed, and an attempted smile on the lips of serious men died out. His character was as *outré* as his dress. Peurile and powerful, sincere to modesty, boasting to lies, very good and very foolish, cynical in chastity, drunk in drinking water, intemperate in work, and sober in all other things, positive and romantic, credulous and sceptical, he was by turns the most opposite of his own characters.

But the terrible strain he put upon himself could not last long. His desperate struggle for fame wore him out just as he had grasped the crown. His early dreams were at length fulfilled. He was celebrated, he was loved. At Wierschowina, in Russia, he met the Countess Eveline Von Hauska, to whom he was married in 1850. To this lady he dedicated some of his finest works. *Pierette* and *Séraphita Séraphitus* were written under the influence of the passion with which she inspired him. Scarcely, however, had he brought home his bride, when envious fortune snatched him from her, and the political rivalries which at that time convulsed Paris were suspended for a moment over the coffin of Balzac.

The estimate which modern English readers have formed of the character of the author of the *Comédie Humaine* is a singularly unjust one. Balzac, who lived the life of a monk of La Trappe, is considered the epitome of impurity. The man who was the first advocate for the social regeneration of women, is regarded as the incarnation of Oriental sensuality. The profound satirist who attacks vice with all the weapons that genius, industry, and observation place at his command, is sneered at as a profligate; and—acme of ignorance—the author of *Le Medicin de Campagne* is accused of inhumanity! The style of his writings in a great measure prevents his appreciation by the generality of English readers. As we have said, the *Comedie Humaine* is more properly a Comedie Francaise. But the profound knowledge of human nature that his works display redeems all their faults. He touches both extremes of feeling.

The Rabelaisan humor of *Les Contes Drolatiques* is tempered by the sad philosophy of the *Peau de Chagrin*. He painted vice in glowing colors, but he gave the reverse of the medal with equal fidelity. He was the founder of the realistic school; and it is not going too far to assert that the pen of Balzac was the magic wand which called into existence the modern school of authors, not only in France but throughout Europe. His imitators ruined his reputation. Without his industry or his genius, they copied his treatment and travestied his errors. They held up a cracked mirror, and the world took the distorted reflection for the reality. To copy Balzac's vices were easy, to copy his virtues difficult. "Pastiche!" cries Delatouche, "be Balzac if thou canst!" To be Balzac in debt, at war with duns and destiny, Yes! To be Balzac the worker, Balzac the genius, No! The influence of his writings upon the authors of the day is incalculable. Lammenais, Gozlan, Hugo, Gautier, Madame George Sand, and Madame Girazdin, all were, to more or less extent, his disciples, and their reverence for his genius may be known from the panegyric pronounced by the greatest of all of them—Victor Hugo:—"All his books make but one book—a book living, luminous, profound, in which coming, walking, moving, real but terrible, is the whole of our contemporary civilisation,—a wonderful book! called by its author *Comédie*, but which is rather history,—a book which takes all forms, all styles; which, passing beyond Tacitus, reaches to Seutonius; which, surpassing Beaumarchais, reaches unto Rabelais,—a book which lavishly displays the true, the secret, the *bourgeois*, the trivial, the material, and which at some moments reveals all reality, at the next the most gloomy, tragic ideality. Bodily did Balzac seize modern society. From all things he plucks out something; from some illusions, from others hope; he rakes up vice, he dissects passion; he digs into the depth of man; he penetrates into the soul, the heart, the tenderness, the brain, the abyss which each man has in himself."

Like most geniuses he was misrepresented. The Paris journals were full of accounts of his political perfidy and of his domestic inhumanity. His "Vautrin" was hissed off the stage by a packed house, and condemned by a venal Government. His private character was blackened, and his memory is to this

day assailed. Prejudice and ignorance go hand in hand, and the consummate and impenetrable obstinacy of Englishmen has hitherto in all ordinary cases, withstood all argument and all proof. Let us hope that with the spread of national intercourse will come the removal of national prejudice. Honoré de Balzac did much for religion and humanity. The language of Coleridge concerning Rabelais may be applied with equal force to the author of *Le Comédie Humaine*:—"There are things in him which would make the church stare, and the conventicle groan, and yet be but the truth, and nothing more than the truth." He founded a dynasty of letters, and his throne was a tomb in the cemetery of Pére la Chaise. He shattered the chains of conventionality that bound mankind, and was reviled by the helots he had freed. Alas Balzac! As was said of Moliére.

"Tu reformas et la ville et la cour,
Mais quelle en fut le récompense?"

VERSES, GRAVE AND GAY.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA.

SING the land we live in, lads,
Though few its annals be,
Where shines the Southern Cross, above
The broad Pacific sea;
The land our fathers found for us
To till it and be free,
Young liberty's first heritage—Australia.

CHORUS.

Advance! Advance! Though no banners beat the air;
Advance! Advance! Though no blazonry be there.
An independent manhood, with its sturdy bosom bare,
Will rally at the cry—Advance Australia.

TEN YEARS AGO.

I.

DOST thou remember the old garden, where
We used to steal,
To build our silly castles in the air,
My pale Lucille?
I was thy Knight; and thou, my love and Queen,
No shame didst know—
For had we not played—babies on the green—
Ten years ago?

II.

We part. We meet. Thou statelier grown, and cold,
I gaunt and grey,
For thou art rich, and I—in sorrows old
Since childhood's day.
"Lucille! at last, my love!"—Your pale cheek flames.
"Did you not know
My husband, sir; we met—when was it, James?—"
"Ten years ago!"

III.

Well—mine the fault was if I did not please.
You judged the best.
You feared for poverty, and longed for ease,
Comfort, and rest.
His horses stepped as high, your diamonds made
As brave a show,
For all he won them in the tallow trade
Ten years ago.

IV.

Yet that white brow, methinks, is less serene
Than in that time,
When bright birds sang and trees and fields were green
In youth's fair prime;
When all the world smiled rosy at our feet
In fancy's glow—
Ah, me! what wondrous dreams we dreamt, my sweet,
Ten years ago!

V.

Now you are sadly learned, I am told
Five tongues you speak,
You sing, compose—what leaf is that you fold?
Plato in Greek!
I see—you study at all times—you fret
At progress slow;
—You had not needed Greek, dear, had we met
Ten years ago!

VI.

Nay, never blush, Lucille. I am not base
To him or you.
From thy soul's cell no love must his displace
Thy whole life through.
His safeguard and thy solace lies in this—
Is it not so?—
His constant kindness since the bridal kiss
Ten years ago.

VII.

We meet. We part. If life's bright best be lost,
Much still remains;
Perhaps a higher heaven for *him*, the cost
Paid with thy pains.
Good-bye, my dear, and if this tale you tell,
These verses show;
Say only, "This man fought a hard fight well
Ten years ago."

VIII.

And ever fights! For if, as churchmen say,
In skies above
Soul mates with soul, as ray melts into ray,
And Heaven is Love,
He will be there, and—if he still loves *thee*—
Must never know
That thou on earth hadst e'er a thought for me,
Ten years ago.

VANISHED YEARS.

I.

Those vanished years when I was young—
When skies were bright, when songs were sung;
When bright birds sang in summer air;
When all was fresh, when all was fair.
Ah! Days then held in gay disdain,
We seek ye now with tears.
Alas! No tears can e'er again
Recall those vanished years.

II.

Life's work begins. Life's duty calls.
Illusion's veil is rent, and falls.
We dare the Cross! We hope the Crown;
Nor care if fortune smile or frown.
Yet, oft with memories overblown,
The strong heart melts in tears.
A perfume borne—a touch—a tone—
Recalls our vanished years.

THE MYSTIC.

WHEN sick men turn and lights are low,
When wailing winds through forests go,
When half the world is hushed in sleep,
And ghosts about old houses creep,
When ebbing tides reveal again
The bodies of unburied men,
When dreamers sweat with pricking flesh,
And murdered corpses bleed afresh,
When the white Moon in horror hides,
As o'er the heath the hag troop glides,
And Death upon the pale horse rides,
What time the Werewolf casts his skin,
And to his grave returning in
The Vampire stalks with bloody chin;
That hour when blessed Night is done
And healthful Morning not begun—
That hour when God is Selfwithdrawn—
That pause between His dark and dawn.
In that unwholesome eèrie hour,
When Sin and Death have double power,
Let me on lofty tower be set,
Like muezzin on minaret,
And far from all sane sense holds dear,
Drink deadly deep delight of Fear!

Priest of the rite of spirit-birth,
Dread ruler of the under-earth—

Those who from deepest Hell can'st rise
And clutch the keys of Paradise!—
In every passion's ebb and flood,
Thou rul'st the current of our blood;
Thou lurkest in the Hermit's cell,
In desert Chapels thou dost dwell,
And breathest in the organ-swell
When swings the Minster vesper-bell.
Thou crown'dst great Alexander's bowl,
Thou sigh'dst in Rousseau's sickly soul,
Tasso fell smitten at thy gaze,
And Dante took from thee his bays,
The virgin-Saint's ecstatic prayer
Shivered her soul and found thee there!

O, Master of the beating brain!
Lord of the Dark-house and the Chain!
Great Monarch of the Terrible!
In what form wilt be visible?

Wilt write upon the palace wall?
Wilt show the awful face which Saul
Saw ere the witch the lamp let fall?
Wilt come in storm, in wind, in fire?
As, Love, Ambition, or Desire?
Or wilt—more subtle still—disguise
In baby smiles that mother's prize?
Or be the "still, small Voice" that crept,
And stung the prophet as he slept?

The mystic Lamps are duly lit,
The Pillars twain in order sit,
The Circle and the Pentagon
Proclaim the seat of Solomon.
A yellow twilight fills the Heaven,
Enveloping the Pleiads seven,
And sole of all his fateful clan
Glows the red star Aldebaran.
The Seven Vowels barely spoken
Have syllabled the dreadful token,
The Seven Powers now may claim
The speaker of the Awful Name,

"Tremendous THOU ! Great Ever-being !
Burst—if thou blindest—on my seeing !"

The gloaming green is filled with eyes,
There is a murmur in the skies,
A shadow o'er my spirit slips,
I feel a finger on my lips,
My fell of hair uprises slow,
My freezing blood forgets to flow,
My brow a burning cincture sears,
The roar of torrents fills mine ears,
I feel the earth beneath me float,
The Thrill upshudders to my throat.
Now—by the Death I dare not die—
Great Enemy I know thee nigh !

THE SPHINX-RIDDLE.

(*From the German of Heine.*)

I.

THE fabled fairy wood at night's high noon :
From bloomy lindens clouds of perfume roll,
The wonderful white splendor of the moon
Enchants my soul !

II.

What mystic music through the forest rings,
As pressing onward through the shade I go ?
'Tis the lone nightingale who sobs and sings
Of love, and of love's woe.

III.

She sings her sad refrain of lovers' wiles
In sweetest tones that all of sadness take,
She sings of love and woe, of tears and smiles ;
Ah me ! what dreams awake !

IV.

Onward I press, and lo ! a lawn spreads wide,
Where, in embattled might, a castle stands,
With shafted pinnacles on either side,
Built not with hands.

V.

Behind blank windows Mystery doth roam,
O'er all the house the hush of silence falls,
It seems as though sad Death himself had home
In those deserted walls.

VI.

A carven Sphinx in doorway lies at length
Ah! beauteous terror, neither beast nor human,
While claws and body boast a lion's strength,
Thy breast is Woman!

VII.

O Woman! Woman terrible and fair!
Those eyes unwinking shine with passion's fire,
Those silent lips are curved—half as in prayer,
Half as in wild desire!

VIII.

Dost hear the nightingale? She sings, she sings
Of love and woe, of agony and bliss.
Passion her veil upon my spirit flings,
The stony lips I kiss.

IX.

I kiss! The marble glows! O Love! O Death!
Her lips on mine my kisses quick return!
Fiercely she drinks my kisses! drinks my breath!
I suffocate! I swoon! I burn!

X.

She clasps me closer in her lion's paws,
My body bleeds, my spirit swims in bliss;
O keen sweet torture of those tearing claws!
O keener rapture of that murderous kiss!

XI.

The nightingale sings on: "The mystery show,
"O beauteous Sphinx thy riddle dark explain—
"Why, amid all the raptures mortals know
"Thou minglest pain?"

XII.

" O wise one, why in human history
" Does sweetest love aye mix with saltest tears?
" I've tried in vain to solve the mystery
" A thousand years ! "

THE MIND'S KINGDOM.

" My minde to me a kingdome is."

—BYRD.

I.

" Thy mind to thee a kingdom is !"
Take heed to rule it well,
For in it thou shalt find, I wis,
Thy Heaven or thy Hell.
Thou art the monarch of the land,
None can dispute thy sway ;
For good or ill do thou command,
Thy subjects straight obey.

II.

Say !—Would'st thou win Heroic fame,
And play the Patriot's part ?
In Youth's fierce sun thy banners flame,
And Hope drums in thine heart.
Give onset, and against Life's foes
Thy legioned thoughts advance,
While Poesy the trumpet blows
And Satire shakes the lance !

III.

But when the fiery fight is done,
When sinks the drawbridge down,
When thou Fame's citadel hast won,
And glowing grasped the crown,
Thy shattered hosts wail forth thy fate,
And bid thee homeward haste
To find thy Hearth left desolate
And all thy Kingdom waste.

IV.

Would'st Joy and Pleasure entertain,
And sport with lusty Love?
Thy fields are fair with April rain,
The sky bends blue above.
Pavilioned in thy bowery Spring
Clip close thy Beauty bright,
While wanton birds about thee sing
Of Dalliance and Delight.

V.

But when thou'st plucked red Passion's flowers,
And drained Life's Chalice dry,
Unbidden to thy fading bowers
Comes foul Satiety—
Joy droops and dies, Love shuddering flies,
And bids thee homeward fare
To find grim winter in the skies
And all thy kingdom bare.

VI.

Ah! Would'st thou rule thy realm aright,
Let foolish Fame pass on,
Bid fond Ambition quit thy sight,
And Passion wild begone.
With Health and Labour till thy fields.
Then, when thy Spring is spent,
Thou'lt reap—nor Fame nor Passion yields—
The Harvest of Content.

VII.

Let Poesy have welcome's dole—
Yet ever as she sings—
Fast to thy Duty bind thy soul
With Wisdom's golden strings,
So shalt thou in its prime possess
Thy kingdom fair and free,
And crown in all her loveliness
Thy Queen—Tranquility!

THE SOUTHERLY BUSTER.*

I.

With naked spars the lugger lay
In the dull and deadly calm;
But Phil the Fisherman scanned the bay,
With his hand on his comrade's arm.
"See! away to the South'ard, that cloud so black,
And that rolling line of foam;
It's stand by the fores'le halyards, Jack,
We shall have to run for home."

CHORUS:

"Ho cheerily, steadily, hearts afloat!"
Is ever the fisherman's cry;
"The Southerly Buster may buffet my boat,
But I'll beach her high and dry!"

II.

A curtain of clouds trails over the sea,
And the sky grows dark as night;
And a terrible wave comes hissing a lee—
A wall of water white.
"Haul fores'le halyards! Haul! with a will!"
She rides like a gull on the foam.
"Keep her dead away, Jack!" says Fisherman Phil,
We're bound to fetch her home."

CHORUS: "Ho cheerily, steadily," &c.

III.

Now the mate of Fisherman Phil had a wife,
And she watched on the distant strand;
And she whispered a prayer for her husband's life,
As she stood with her boy in her hand.
But the bonny boy as he watched the boat,
He lisped his father's cry—
"Ho cheerily, steadily, heart's afloat,
And we'll beach her high and dry."

CHORUS: "Ho cheerily, steadily," &c.

* Set to music by Mr. David Cope.

THE OLD, OLD LESSON.*

I.

A YOUTH and maiden sailed away,
Beneath a summer sky,
In flashing showers broke the spray,
Swift sped the waters by.
The breezy air blew sweet and rare,
They laughed as on they flew,
For should not life be always fair,
And lovers always true;
For should not life be always fair,
And lovers always true.

II.

High rose the gale; with faces pale
They drove through storm and rain;
The land was lost, and tempest-tossed,
They steered for home in vain.
The old, old lesson—luckless pair!
We all must learn it, too;
Life's voyage is not always fair,
Nor lovers always true;
Life's voyage is not always fair,
Nor lovers always true.

ALBUM VERSES.

What can I write in thee, O dainty book?
About whose daintiness faint perfume lingers,
Into whose pages dainty ladies look,
And turn thy dainty leaves with daintier fingers?

Fitter my ruder muse for ruder song;
My scrawling quill to coarser paper matches;
My voice, in laughter raised too loud and long,
Is hoarse and cracked with shouting tavern catches!

*Set to music by Mr. David Cope.

No melodies have I for ladies ear,
  No roundelays for jocund lads or lasses;
But only brawlings born of bitter beer,
  And chorussed with the clink and clash of glasses.
Go tell thy mistress pretty friend for me
  I cannot do her 'hest for all her frowning;
While dust and ink are but polluting thee,
  And vile tobacco-smoke thy leaves embrowning.
Thou breathest purity and homely worth—
  The simple jest, the light laugh following after,
I will not jeer upon thy modest mirth
  By harsher jest, or by less gentler laughter.
So some poor tavern haunter steeped in wine,
  With staggering footsteps thro' the streets returning,
Seeing thro' gath'ring gloomy night a sweet light shine
  From household lamp in happy window burning.
May pause an instant in the wind and rain
  To gaze on that sweet scene of love and duty,
But turns into the wild wet night again,
  Lest his sad presence mar its holy beauty.

IF YOU LOVE ME—LEAVE ME.*

I.

Ah! love, I know fulfilled desire is sweet,
But joy, dear love, disdains again to greet
Those bowers where once have paused his flying feet.
  Love, if you love me, leave me!

II.

Ah! love, my love no more be pleading so;
Unclasp thy clinging arms, and let me go;
I dare not grant, I cannot answer no.
  Love, if you love me, leave me.

III.

Ah! turn away thine eyes, they must not see!
Forbid thy amorous hands caressing me!
Ah! ere I yield, be gen'rous, let me free!
  Love, if you love me, leave me.

*Set to music by Mr. David Cope.

Ho ! up with the Standard. Oh, high let it wav
The Standard whose fold never sheltered a slave.
The stem strikes the earth, and the silk meets th
And he who would win it may come if he dare,
For united we stand on our own Saxon land,
On our own Saxon land.
When the Standard of England's set up for the K

II.

Our freedom's the stake and our kingdom's the g
We strike for true hearts that love us the best ;
We strike for our honor, we strike for our lives ;
For our homes, for our country, our children and
Our country and lives, our children and wives,
Our children and wives.
When the Standard of England's set up for the K

THE OLD FRENCH CORPORAL.*

I.

When first from fall of fire and smoke
The sun of freedom rose,
And France to liberty awoke,
Disdainful of her foes,
Against the legioned hosts did I
With comrade lads advance,
And this our boyish battle cry—

Glory or death each morning brought,
Small matter which the chance,
Our General knew his soldiers fought
For Liberty and France.

III.

Our work is done, no more to roam,
We back to village creep;
And each one near his childhood's home
Shall sleep the soldier's sleep.
No tears above my grave be shed,
Yet think sometimes, perchance,
Here lies a man who fought and bled
For Liberty and France.

LOVE AND WINE.

Let wisdom, sitting side by side with sorrow,
The cypress with the laurel twine;
We kiss, we drink: For why? We die to-morrow,
Then to-day we'll drown in love and wine.

When deep in cushions' velvet depths reclining,
I kiss thy wealth of love-locks fine;
I see thy glorious eyes with passion shining,
And drink deep draughts of love and wine.

If worldly cares and grief thy heart be fretting,
Then press thy dewy lips to mine;
With each delicious kiss a grief-forgetting,
I'll drown my cares in love and wine.

Then fill up the goblets to o'erflowing,
And kiss those lips rich with love and glowing;
The tide of time is ever onward flowing;
We'll cheer his course with love and wine.

THE EIGHT HOURS' ANNIVERSARY.

The English air is fresh and fair,
The Irish fields are green;
The bright light gleams o'er Scotland's streams,
And glows her hills between.

The hawthorn is in blossom,
And birds from every bough
Make musical the dewy spring
In April England now.

Our April bears no blossoms,
No promises of spring;
Her gifts are rain and storm and stain,
And surges lash and swing.
No budded wreath doth she bequeath,
Her tempests toss the trees;
No balmy gales, but shivered sails,
And desolated seas.

Yet still we love our April,
For it aids us to bequeath
A gift more fair than blossoms rare,
More sweet than budded wreath.
Our children's tend'rest memories
Round Austral April grow;
'Twas the month we won their freedom, boys,
Just twenty years ago.

Though Scotland has her forests,
Though Erin has her vales,
Though plentiful her harvests,
In England's sunny dales,
Yet foul admist the fairness,
The factory chimnies smoke,
And the murmurs of the many
In their burdened bosoms choke.

We hear the children's voices
'Mid the rattle of its booms,
Crying, "Wherefore shut God's heaven
All your golden afternoons?"
Though here the English April
Nor song nor sun imparts,
Its spring is on our children's lips,
Its summer in their hearts!

We've left the land that bore us,
Its castles and its shrines;

We've changed the cornfields and the rye
For the olives and the vines.
Yet still we have our castles,
Yet still we bow the knee;
We each enshrine a saint divine,
And her name is Liberty.

Liberty! name of warning!
Did ye feel your pulses beat
As ye marching, moved this morning
All adown the cheering street?
In your federated freedom,
In your manliness allied,
While the badges of your labor
Were the banners of your pride.

Did your fancies speak prophetic
Of a larger league than this?
With higher aims and nobler claims
To grasp the good we miss;
When in freer federation
In a future yet to be,
Australia stands a nation
From the centre to the sea.

Cheer for Australia, comrades,
And cheer for England, too;
Who loves them both will not be loth
To give each land its due.
So cheer for England, comrades;
Our fathers loved the soil,
And the grandeur of her greatness
Is the measure of their toil.

But never let our sons forget,
Till mem'ry self be dead,
If England gave us birth, my lads,
Australia gave us bread!
Then cheer for young Australia,
The empire of the Free,
Where yet a Greater Britain
The Southern Cross shall see.

We'll not forget, nor yet regret,
The land from whence we've flown ;
But Britain was our father's land—
Australia is our own, my friends,
Australia is our own.

A VENETIAN LOVE SONG.

(*From the Italian.*)

Kiss the red lips ! kiss !
To-morrow thou art with the dead.
Kiss while thy heart is young ! kiss !
Kiss while thy blood is red !

Grey hairs, the flowers of death.
Soon will tell thy youth is fled.
Kiss while flame is in thy breath !
Kiss while thy blood is red !

Draw close the golden curtains, gondolier !
No curious eye my love may see.
We gaily glide through kissing wavelets clear,
The wavelets kiss ! The wavelets kiss ! and so do we !

Comes swiftly on the weary winter time,
The love-lit hours of youth too quickly go.
Kiss when thy youth is in its golden prime
Ere age shall chill thy blood with frost and snow !

THE LADY OF LYNN.

The moonbeam bright, with its silver light,
The topmost foliage laces ;
But under the wall, in a shadow lies all,
Where the wind and the leaves run races ;
And the tombstones white,
Through the murky night,
Gleam out like dead men's faces.

Up the alley
Of the rising tombs,
Along the path valley
A shadow glooms.
'Tis my Lady of Lynn,
That woman of sin,
Who through the church porch enters in.

My lady entered her curtained pew,
And with nervous hand back the curtain drew,
And looked around with a searching view
To see if the people were many or few.

For on the eve of St. John, 'tis said,
That those who in the year will wed,
By some pre-resurrection dread,
By some spiritual creation,
To hear a spiritual oration,
Assemble in ghostly congregation.

My lady looked around with a hurried glance,
And up the aisle she saw advance
A figure so tall, so gruesome and grim,
She shuddered as she looked at him.

Up the pulpit stair
With a knowing air
He slowly stepped. His neck was bare,
Like some foul vulture's, so long and thin ;
And he grinned with such a devilish grin,
That it froze her very marrow within.
With his long green hands
He smoothed down his bands,
And puffed out his big black gown ;
As he mouthed out the text from a big black book,
He looked like some big black eldritch rook ;
A rook with a shaven crown.
A taper burned on the pulpit rail,
And flickered over his features pale ;
As he picked his teeth with his horny tail,
And twitched up his mouth to the roots of his hair,
While his yellow teeth gleamed ghastly and bare,
And his sodden eyes had a filmy stare ; .

So cold, so deadly, decaying and dull,
Like a fish's eyes in a dead man's skull.
The taper wavered, then burnt up strong,
And flung his shadow the wall along.
My lady shuddered, she caught her breath!
Ho! The church door has slammed and shut them in,
The shadow, the priest, and the Lady of Lynn!
My lady her eyes from the figure tore,
And rushed in horror to the door;
But Sir Preacher leapt down upon the floor,
And hopped along after on one lean limb,
While his robes behind floated grey and dim,
And laughed with a merriment ghastly and grim,
Shrieking a laugh in terrible glee
As the devils laugh in their agony.
She could feel his hot, rank breath behind,
Like the blast of a pestilential wind.
She tugged at the heavy door of oak,
But with outstretched claw he clutched her cloak.
Then came a whiff as of churchyard mould,
Or a cholera corpse that is nine days old.

"Lady mine, subdue thy fear;
For I tell thee by this token,
By the law that thou hast broken,
By the capital sins seven;
By all thy lost hopes of Heaven,
By each unrepented sin,
Thou'rt mine for ever, Lady of Lynn!"

He kissed her brow with his fleshless jaw,
And patted her cheek with his horny paw.
She lost her sight, she lost her hearing;

"Kiss me, dearest! 'Tis a sin
To faint at thy bridal, Lady of Lynn."

The thunder crashed,
The rain down dashed,
With forked fury the lightnings flashed,
And played the old church tower about,
To the music of the thunder shout;
Oh! wild was the elements' war without,

But within each beam, and pillar, and rafter,
Rang with peals of unholy laughter,
As the storm without and the fiend within
Played a wedding march to the Lady of Lynn.

THE WAIL OF THE WAITER.

A TAVERN CATCH.

All day long, at Scott's or Menzies' I await the gorging crowd,
Panting, penned within a pantry, with the blowflies humming loud.
There at seven in the morning do I count my daily cash,
While the home-returning reveller calls for "soda and a dash."
And the weary hansom-cabbies set the blinking squatters down,
Who, all night, in savage freedom, have been "knocking round the town."
Soon the breakfast gong resounding bids the festive meal begin,
And, with appetites like demons, come the gentle public in.
"Toast and butter!" "Eggs and coffee!" "Waiter! Mutton chops for four!"
"Flatheads!" "Ham!" "Beef!" "Where's the mustard?" "Steak and onions!" "Shut the door!"
Here sits Bandicoot, the broker, eating in a desp'rate hurry,
Scowling at his left-hand neighbor—Cornstalk from the Upper Murray,
Who with brandy-nose empurpled, and with blue lips cracked and dry,
In incipient delirium shoves the eggspoon in his eye.
"Bloater paste!" "Some *tender* steak, sir;" "Here, *confound* you, where's my chop?"
"Waiter!" "Yessir!" "*Waiter!*" "YESSIR!!"—running till I'm fit to drop.
Then at lunch time—fearful crisis! In by shoals the gorgers pour,
Gobbling, crunching, swilling, munching—ten times hungrier than before.
"Glass of porter!" "*Ale* for me, John!" "Where's my stick?" "And where's my *hat!*"
"Oxtail soup!" "*I* asked for curry!" "Cold boiled beef and cut it fat!"

"Irish stew!" "Some pickled cabbage!" "What, no *beans?*" "Bring *me* some pork!"
"Soup, sir?" "Yes. You grinning idiot, can I eat it with a FORK!"
"Take care, waiter!" Beg your pardon. "Curse you, have you two left legs?"
"I asked for *bread* an hour ago, sir!" "Now then, have you *laid* those eggs?"
"Sherry!" "No, I called for *beer*—of all the fools I ever saw!"
"Waiter;" "Yessir!" "WAITER!" "Here, sir!" "D—mme, sir, this steak is RAW!"

Thus amid this hideous Babel do I live the livelong day,
While my memory is going, and my hair is turning grey.
All my soul is slowly melting, all my brain is softening fast,
And I know that I'll be taken to the Yarra Bend at last.
For at night from fitful slumbers I awaken with a start,
Murmuring of steak and onions, babbling of apple tart.
While to me the Poet's cloudland a gigantic kitchen seems,
And those mislaid table-napkins haunt me even in my dreams.
Is this right?—Ye sages tell me!—Does a man but live to eat?
Is there nothing worth enjoying but one's miserable meat?
Is the mightiest task of Genius but to swallow buttered beans,
And has Man but been created to demolish pork and greens?
Is there no *unfed* Hereafter, where the round of chewing stops?
Is the atmosphere of heaven clammy with perpetual chops?
Do the friends of Mr. Naylor sup on spirit-reared cowheel?
Can the great Alexis Soyer really say "Soyez tranquille?"
Or must I bring spirit beefsteak grilled in spirit regions hotter?
For the spirit delectation of some spiritual squatter?
Shall I in a spirit kitchen hear the spirit blowflies humming?
Calming spiritual stomachs with a spiritual "Coming!"
Shall—but this is idle chatter, I have got my work to do.
"WAITER!!" "Yessir." "Wake up stupid! Biled calves' head for Number Two!"

THE LAY OF A LOAFER.

Let us loaf, and let us linger, round about the taproom door;
What on earth's the use of moiling, as we've toiled before?
See the miserable merchant, clutching at his hard-earned gains,
All day long, o'er loathsome ledgers, racks his miserable brains.
See the languid man of letters—what a precious guy *he* looks!
Wearing out his health and eyesight poring over beastly books.
See, the soldier, home returning, must for his subsistence beg;
See the doctor, see the lawyer, see the sailor—see the lot!
All for wealth or fame are slaving. Shall we imitate them? Rot!
"Life is real, life is earnest." Is it? Um. It's better far
Underneath a cool verandah, puffing at a mild cigar.
Work is all my eye, believe me! This is truth the poet sings,
That the sparrows live like princes, careless what to-morrow brings;
And the lilies, never spinning, are so gorgeous to the view
That King Solomon, beside them, looks like any other Jew.
I ain't as lovely as a lily; but for sparrows—oh, my word!
I'm a precious sight more useful than *that* overrated bird.
Therefore, let me loaf and linger; I need no poetic wreath,
Save the one which floats above me when the pipe is 'twixt my teeth.
Pierian springs are rankest duffers; if I want to cool my throttle
Let me sip the spring that gushes from a soda-water bottle.
Love's all very well with money, and I trust I sha'n't be rash,
But before I wed the lady, I'll *find out all about the cash.*
Not for me the dingy parlor in a by-street, far apart,
Where a sodden leg of mutton weeps beside a ruined tart.
Even wealthy love's a nuisance, though I easily might choose—
But I never saw the woman who was worth a pint of twos.
And I'd rather keep my freedom, rough and ragged tho' it be,
Than become a sickly Samson sighing at a rich Delilah's knee.
I have been unlucky always; in my childhood I'd no toys;
And if I had I smashed 'em sooner than did any other boys.
I never played cricket but I missed an easy catch;
I very nearly killed my brother shooting at a pigeon match.
All my relatives illuse me; never write a single line,
Though I'm anxious for my uncle, who is nearly eighty-nine.

And a glorious gout, *en permanence*, has settled in his toe
(Had he been *another's* uncle 'twould have killed him long ago).
Heigho! Well, perhaps some fortune yet is held in store by Fate,
And the only thing one *can* do is to loaf about and wait.
Ha! here's Jack—"Wilt toss for nobblers?" High in the air the shilling spins.
"Heads it is; no, tails, by jingo. Just my luck, he *always* wins.

BILL JINKS.

BILL JINKS was a miner on Ballarat,
A most tremenjious bloke,
He lived in a cabin in Murderer's Flat,
And did nothing but swear and smoke;
And when he'd got on his "whisky hot,"
"My word," says Parson Parr,
"When Bill Jinks drinks, I always thinks,
The gate o' hell's ajar!'"

There was a report that Bill was brought
From the Island of Cockatoo,
Where the cheerful wretch had got fifteen stretch,
With five still left to do.
'Twas Porky Clarke made that remark,
As a sort of amusin' rumor;
But Jinks let drive with a bowie-knife,
And spoiled his sense of humor!

Now, drinking one night at the old Napier,
Where Bill would oft retire.
Then comes in a horror upon us there
Of someone crying "Fire!"
We rushed the door, and Bill before
A blessed soul could speak,
Cries, "By the hoky, it's Kinder's store,
My mate on Gaffney's Creek!"

The flames ran roaring like the sea,
All yellow, blue, and green—
"It's all along," says Bill to me,
"O' that blasted kerosene.
Serves Kinder right for being an ass,
An' storing the cussed stuff;
Say, let's go back for another glass,
I guess we've seen enough."

I thought the same, when the roar o' the flame
Was split by a woman's shriek
That cleft, all quivering clear and keen,
The rolling fire reek.
The place was two-story high, and wood,
And there at the garret winder
Old Maggie Dodd, the cripple, stood—
She as minded the kids for Kinder.

Out jumps our Bill—I feels a thrill
When I think o' the figger he made.
(Just then came thunderin' over the hill
The Ballarat Fire Brigade.)
"That woman," says he, "is a puzzlin' Brown,"
But the crowd said never a word;
"Who'll come with me to help her down?"
But never a man of 'em stirred.

"You curs," he says, "if that bag o' bones
Was a woman plump and young,
A callin' for help in her fresh young tones,
There'd be all of ye givin' tongue;
But because she's nought but a rum old sort,
A virgin of eighty-three,
You'll—well, you'll see her d—d, in short,
Ere you'll burn for such as she.

Now how he did it no one knows,
It has always been a puzzle,
But he seized the end of the engine-hose
And seated himself on the muzzle.

"Now pump like furies, my boys," he cries,
"And pump me up to glory!"
They pumped! and Bill on the steam jet flies,
Borne straight to the upper story.

He gripped a hold o' the window ledge
(Old Maggie was turning brown),
And waited hanging on by the edge
For the jet to take him down.
They pumped! And Bill on the sinking stream
With Meg in arms descended,
When something got wrong with the engine beam
And the water suddenly ended!

An awful thud—a splash of blood—
A silence, then a roar,
As through the crowd the one that lived
The cheering fireman bore.
'Twas Meg survived,—This smoke I guess
Just makes my eyelids smart;
But Bill was just an unpleasant mess,
Like a trod-upon raspberry tart!

Perhaps in heaven there ain't no bars,
Where friends can meet each other
(I haven't made out this world yet,
Lord, let alone the other);
But if there be, I'll there meet him—
For God is just, I thinks—
And liquorin' up with the Seraphim
Sits the soul of William Jinks.

"THE CAFE PANARD."

(By the MacGillicudy O'Donahoo.)

I.

Oh! the Café Panard is an illigant spot,
There is much that we need there and much we do not;
The tenderest steak and the crispest *roti*,
And a lashin' of furriners takin' their tea,
Ohé! Vive le Café Panard.

II.

It is there that Bohemia expands in its force
With *Chasseurs d' Afrique* and captains of horse,
And bald Jock McLaverty smilin' benign
At a *demi-bonteille* of second-rate wine.
Ohé! Vive le Café Panard.

III.

Monsieur is attentive, Madame is the same,
And they serve you with dishes no Saxon can name;
While the mirth and delight from the callers that flow
Would puzzle the hermit of Ballinasloe.
Ohé! Vive le Café Panard.

IV.

Now, not long ago, to the café there came
An artist of note, with a curious name,
And—jinglin' his guineas—he says, "Oh, I say,
Can you give me a *petit souper commande?*"
Ohé! Vive le Café Panard!

V.

The repast was tremendous—soups, oysthers, and tarts,
And the foreignest things from the foreignest parts,
While the fierce fusillade of the corks as they flew
Was remoindful of Paris and Gin'ral Trochu.
Ohé! Vive le Café Panard.

VI.

But when the great artist had eaten his fill,
Madame with celerity brought him his bill,
"*Cre nom de bon homme!*" says the artist, says he,
"'Tis a great deal too much for such *cochonnerie.*
Ohé! Vive le Café Panard.

VII.

"You 'ave dine eight'in'pence," says Monsieur with a shrug;
"You 'ave *omelette becasse* champagne *a la* Krug,
"And by Ould Owen Roe, you shall pay me," says he,
"Or we fight with the sabre as *en Algerie.*"
Ohé! Vive le Café Panard.

VIII.

Cried the artist, " May Poniatowski come down,
" If I pay you one ha'penny more than a crown ;
" And as for the duel, 'tis yet to be seen
" If you're *chef d'escadron*, or but *chef de cuisine !*"
Ohé ! Vive le Café Panard !

IX.

Then at it they went, sirs, in roaringest style ;
You might hear the *sacres* at the space of a mile,
And bald Jock M'Laverty calmly sat by,
And swigged the champagne when he felt himself dry.
Ohé ! Vive le Café Panard !

X.

But my muse is unable to follow the strife
When the one seized a fork and the other a knife,
And but for Madame's intercession, I fear,
There would have been murther and Irish, me dear.
Ohé ! Vive le Café Panard.

XI.

Now all *bons enfants* who are anxious to dine,
Beware how you sample the second-rate wine ;
And if at the dinner askance you may look,
Why, it won't make it better to wallop the cook !
Ohé ! Vive le Café Panard.

XII.

And all you French cooks who the world entertain,
If you see a man tipsy don't give him champagne ;
And ask not to fight him *comme en Algerie*,
But call in Pleeseman X of the *gendarmerie*.
Ohé ! Vive le Café Panard.

THE REAL MOUNTAIN DEW.

Let the Frenchman rejoice in his Burgundy bright,
The absence the Celt will ne'er rue,
For the best of potations by day or by night,
Is a flask of the real Mountain Dew.

Let the Irishman boast of his famous LL,
Or the Saxon of Perkins's brew;
But believe me they'll none of 'em bear off the spell,
From a flask of the real Mountain Dew.

Then my bold Highland lads to brim your cups fill,
And let the brave liquor go round;
For the Saxon and Frenchman may prate as they will,
But here the true nectar we've found.
Let his ale a dull joy to the Saxon impart,
To his whisky the Celt will be true;
For the drink of all drinks to a Highlander's heart,
Is a flask of the real Mountain Dew.

MARK CLANCY'S LEAP.

(*After* LINDSAY GORDON.)

Trampling, trampling over the heath came the horse's-hoofs fast flying;
Shivering, shivering over the moor the wail of the bittern was dying;
And Mark Clancy's horse, not a mile from the course, took a fit of bucking and shying.
"Come hither, come hither, my little foot-page, and tighten the girths for me;"
But never a word said the little foot-page, as he louted low on his knee;
For he had drunk of the wine of the foaming Rhine, and was very far gone on the spree.
Mark Clancy's spurs were full twelve feet long, and his rowels were inches four;
He was feet thirteen in his stockings, I ween, and as broad as a big barn door,
And never a pugilistic 'coon could Mark Clancy stand before.
The Bermondsey Buffer turned out a rank duffer, for Mark made him soon look pale;
And the Tipton Slasher, he got such a smasher, he went home at once by the rail;
While Mendoza, the Jew, at round number two dropped as dead as an old door nail.

Of Rhenish in flaggons full, he tippled whole waggons full, and measured his beer by tuns;
He'd been twenty times married, and twice nearly buried, and *owned* some fifty odd sons,
But for all said and done, he was still "on" for fun, and a terrible fellow for nuns.
Oh! Thingumy Tower's remarkably high, and Thingumy moat is deep!
But the fat friar's benison over the venison must have sent the porter to asleep:
For the ten men in mail are all swigging the ale on the top of the donjon deep.
"What, ho without!" Did you hear that shout, or was it the driving rain?
Says the fair Lady Isabel, "Surely it is a bell; I heard it, I thought very plain."
But the jolly fat friar, dead drunk at the fire, just turned him to sleep again.
Mark Clancy measured the moat with his eye, 'twas just ninety feet—rather big fly,
And they'd turned off the water and left the ditch dry.
"By Saint Jingo," said he, "but I'll do it or die. Gee Dobin! Hàày! Steady boy! now then there, lad—Hi-i-i-i!"

* * * * * * *

They picked up his body when morning dawned, but there was'nt a sign of his soul;
And the drunken old porter, he said to his daughter, as he scratched his obfuscated poll,
"Here's some poor wight has got tight over night, and has broken his neck in a hole."

GLYCERA.

(*After* HENRY KENDALL.)

Glycera, my loved, my lost one, give me whiskey over proof,
In the moonless, mild mid-winters, when the rain is on the roof.
You that love, and you that listen, black in breaths of stormy straits;
Drift with me to death's division, driven by the fierce-eyed fates;

This and this you have to reckon, when the wind on window beats,
And the little schoolboys trembling put their heads beneath the sheets;
When from out his chamber leaning, he the lord of lyre and lute,
Sees thee strolling after dinner through deep gardens flushed with fruit,
And, with all the might of Bacchus, furious from the forest fine,
Drains a most tremendous beaker of the worst colonial wine.
I am all alone without thee, beauteous nymph of briar and brake,
Murdered for thy mouth's marred music, murmuring for thy music's sake.
O thou splendid Spaniard listen, I am famished for a note,
Broken by surpassing passion, caught and strangled in thy throat.
All my blood is flame and fire; all my brain is turned to ice;
Now I burn, and now I shiver—O Jerusalem, it's nice;
Now I feel the poet's passion in the days that used to be,
When the west wind wildly warbling sighed it's sorrow to the sea.

(FRAGMENTS FROM AN UNFINISHED OPERA BOUFFE.)

(Set to Music by Mr. David Cope.)

THE VAGABOND'S SONG AND CHORUS.

I.

THE vagabond's life is the best of all,
He cares for no man he;
He owns nor hut, nor house, nor hall,
But haunts the forest free.
He pays no rent, he owns no law,
No king commands his knee;
The bird that flits through greenwood shade,
Knows no more liberty.

CHORUS.

The world looks down
With scorn and frown,
As we tramp on our travels so merrily;
But 'tis little we care,
For were hearts laid bare,
You'd find that few men are more honest than we.

II.

The vagabond's wisdom is passing and wise,
He laughs at worldly fame;
Let men or monarchs fall or rise,
His fate is still the same.
Wrapped safe from storm secure he lies,
Or basks his tent before;
He eats and drinks and sleeps and dies,
A king can do no more!

III.

Scoundrels, rogues, and vagabonds we,
Masters of fraud and of knavery;
Lying and cheating we live so free
'Neath the grim grey shade of the gallows tree.
Chorus, &c.

THE GIPSY'S SONG.

The storm is my brother,
The zephyr my sister;
Fear us not little one,
All the winds whisper;
The white moon my mother,
The red sun my sire,
Pale as the moonlight and
Fierce as the fire.

The forest birds hear me,
And come at my chiding;
Lives nought to fear me
In woodland hiding;

The nightingales sing me
Their sorrows divine;
All the sweet leaves
Of the forest are mine.

Strong must his arm be,
He who would grasp me;
Wild must his charm be,
He who would clasp me;
Inconstant as sun gleam
And tender as night,
Free as the mountain stream,
Subtle as light.

THE POLITICIAN'S SONG, WITH CHORUS.

CEASE, rude ruffian, blustering railer,
Listen rascals all, to me;
Would you set at naught the gaoler
Robbing festively and free?
Quit this dull delusive lay,
And thoughts on loftier swindles fix;
Learn the lore of Mill and May,
And nerve your souls for politics.

CHORUS—

Politics! Politics! That's the trade,
Turn 'em out, keep 'em out,
Fortune's made.
Robberies! Jobberies! many be,
No robbing like the jobbing of the Treasury.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

THE effect the untimely and unexpected death of Marcus Clarke had upon the Australian community generally is best shown by the following extracts from some of the leading journals in the colonies, and the memorial verses of two—his friends in heart and brothers in genius.

They speak for themselves :—

IN MEMORIAM.

(BY HENRY KENDALL.)

I.

The night winds sobs on cliffs austere,
  Where gleams by fits the wintry star ;
And in the wild dumb woods I hear
  A moaning harbor bar.

II.

The branch and leaf are very still ;
  But now the great grave dark has grown,
The torrent in the harsh sea-hill
  Sends forth a deeper tone.

III.

I cannot catch its perfect phrase ;
  But, ah, the touching words to me
Bring back the lights of other days—
  The friends that used to be.

IV.

Here sitting by a dying flame
  I cannot choose but think in grief
Of Harpur, whose unhappy name
  Is as an autumn leaf.

V.

And domed by purer breadths of blue,
Afar from folds of forest dark,
I see the eyes that once I knew—
The eyes of Marcus Clarke.

VI.

Their clear, bright beauty shines apace;
But sunny dreams in shadow end.
The sods have hid the faded face
Of my heroic friend.

VII.

He sleeps where winds of evening pass—
Where water songs are soft and low.
Upon his grave the tender grass
Has not had time to grow.

VIII.

Few knew the cross he had to bear
And moan beneath from day to day.
His were the bitter hours that wear
The human heart away.

IX.

The laurels in the pit were won;
He had to take the lot austere
That ever seems to wait upon
The man of letters here.

X.

His soul was self-withdrawn. He made
A secret of the bitter life
Of struggle in inclement shade
For helpless child and wife.

XI.

He toiled for love, unwatched, unseen,
And fought his troubles band by band;
Till, like a friend of gentle mien,
Death took him by the hand.

XII.

He rests in peace. No grasping thief
Of hope and health can steal away
The beauty of the flower and leaf
Upon his tomb to-day.

XIII.

So let him sleep, whose life was hard!
And may they place beyond the wave
This tender rose of my regard
Upon his tranquil grave.

MARCUS CLARKE.

(By Garnet Walch.)

LINES SPOKEN AT THE MEMORIAL BENEFIT AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MELBOURNE, AUG. 18, 1881.

A tear-drop fell upon a poet's grave,
From eyes that welled their sweet oblation forth,
Yet owned no kinship to the happy dead—
And he who wept was only rich in tears;
Gave them as Sorrow's tribute and his all.
A passing angel saw the radiant flash,
Marking the sunlit transit of that tear;
And when the widow came to mourn her lot
She found a diamond of priceless worth,
All Hope's bright hues reflected in its depths—
In rainbow-promise of still happy days.

So runs a legend I have somewhere read,
Or dreamed about—it matters little which.
The *moral* of the fable is my theme—
Heaven makes true pity truly practical—
We, with our grief, can act that angel's part,
And, aided by the Alchemy of Love,
Transmute our friendly tears to solid gold,
Stamped with the hall-mark of a human heart.

The brightest genius that our land could boast,
Whose gifts outweigh'd the gathered golden ore
Of thrice ten years—is dead at half Life's span.
Dead! when coy August-buds are whisp'ring "Spring,"
And nature wakes to trill her matin song.
Asleep! asleep too soon! For thee, dear friend,
No golden harvest and no aftermath,
No ripened vintage of the full-globed grape;
No luscious Wine of Life—no fruited Fame,
No flowers, save those pale blooms that deck thy grave.
Oh! cruel blast—oh! keen-edged, callous frost;
Killing the tree that blossomed earliest, best—
The one brave tree, whose growth we watched with pride.
But stay thy stroke! the tender ivy-vines
That lack the lord they loved, and lie along
Trailing in tear-dew—widowed—fatherless—
Shall feel fresh warmth—the warmth of beating hearts—
Nor fear thy further spite—the self-same hands
That scattered gold when India's millions starved,
And drew the purse-strings wide at Erin's call,
Will surely help their own, their best beloved,
Who sit at Home beside the joyless hearth!
Aye! Even so! Behold the answer *here*.
Sleep! Marcus, sleep! thy dear ones are *our* care.

FROM "THE AGE."

THE death of Mr. Marcus Clarke deserves to be noticed as something more than matter of passing regret. Mr. Clarke was one of those exceptional men who are rare in any community, and almost priceless in a young country. He was not merely a consummate literary man—such as are manufactured by the dozen in London—with real knowledge of books, with real sense of style, and with infinite versatility of power. He was all this, and something of the art student as well, and admirable in conversation, but he had also the rare gift of originality. Whatever he borrowed was transmuted into something new and strange; whatever he saw was seen so definitely and described so vividly that it became a treasure for all who studied him. Where common men saw only common things, Marcus Clarke's genius discerned intuitively what was lovely, or weird, or grand, and gave it in an imperishable record to the world. The novel, "His Natural Life," which was his most consummate work, is the essence of old official reports, buried newspapers, forgotten philanthropic energies; and we do not hesitate to say that it stands in its own line above the similar labors of Charles Reade, or Dickens, or any other novelist in that particular field of labor. The writer's success is the more remarkable as in this instance it seems due to that quality of steady industry in which Mr. Clarke was generally lacking. He had saturated himself with the record of bygone days and convict experiences till Hobart Town and Macquarie Harbor and Norfolk Island were as real to him as Melbourne or St. Kilda. From first to last there is no mere scissors work in it. The characters again are the men and women of all time; admirable for the variety of portraiture which distinguishes one from another on so small a canvas. The one circumstance which has kept the book, European as its reputation is, from achieving a circulation second to none, has been the ghastliness of the subject, which the realistic treatment only enhanced. Precisely because Marcus Clarke's novel is a page from one of the saddest records of history has it fallen just short of the requirements of the ordinary novel reader. It is confessedly the author's best work. But he threw off good work year by year with an ease that would have been surprising in any one. His Old Tales of a New Country were another genuinely Australian work; and we owe it in great measure to him that our most characteristic poet, the late Adam Lindsay Gordon, has become a household name among ourselves, and is beginning to be known in England. The importance of a sterling critic is not to be measured only by the value of his own contributions, however admirable these may be. The best man on the press sets the standard up to which others try to write. Much of Mr. Clarke's work was of the slightest possible kind, written for the moment, and such as he himself would not have cared to embalm for posterity. But all had the master's touch about it; the light inimitable style; the spontaneous mirth; the perfume of literary taste. A score of patient and meritorious literary Gibeonites give less pleasure to the world, and are of less account with after generations, than a single spiritual presence, even in the person of a man whose genius was always erratic and often negligent.

"H. M.," IN THE "BALLARAT STAR."

IT is a sad task I have set myself to do, but it is a task of love for one whom I knew, perhaps, better than anyone else, save the lady who has been left so suddenly a widow. As is unfortunately too often the case, my friend was one of those many geniuses who appear to be born to prove the vast amount of contradictory elements which can exist in the same individual. In his case these contradictions were so glaringly apparent, and, if I may use the term, so contradictory, that unless one knew him intimately it was impossible to believe what his nature was. On the one hand, he was recklessly generous, impulsively partizan, morbidly sensitive, and highly chivalrous; on the other, forgetful of obligations, defiantly antagonistic, unnecessarily caustic, and affectedly cynical; and it was these very opposite characteristics of his nature which made a life so full of promise a comparative failure. I say so with no wish to place on record a single word against the memory of one whom I loved. What he was capable of, and how far he failed in reaching this standard no one knew better than he did. Oft have we, within the past few months, discussed what might have been and what was, and readily did he admit his shortcomings; always, too, with a prognostication that his end was near. To the public generally Marcus Clarke was known only as a brilliant writer of the French school. His articles were always sparkling and caustic. No one could mistake his style —terse and pointed. His fancy was as lively as his pen was bitter. He revelled in attacking the "powers that be," and the standing order of things, not because he had any special objection to either, but simply in order to tilt at so-called orthodoxy in any form. He has passed from us at an early age, leaving behind him some enemies, made, perhaps, by his own waywardness; but he has left many friends too. Friends who loved him for the good that was in him; and they will not forget the many pleasant hours passed in his company. Marcus Clarke was a spoilt child of genius, and he had the misfortune of not knowing the guidance of a mother. His life was one of impulse, and the direction of the impulse depended solely on surrounding circumstances. The ballast which is so essentially necessary for a man to possess who wishes to succeed in this world was wanting, hence the small result from so much natural power. But enough! "He should have died hereafter."

FROM THE "SYDNEY BULLETIN."

HIS wit was keen and polished, his humor delicate and refined, and his powers of description masterly. Evidence of all this will be found, not only in "His Natural Life"—certainly one of the most powerful novels of the present epoch, and the only Australian novel, we believe, which has been translated into foreign languages—but even in his shorter works. Marcus Clarke's existence was a singular one. His life—like himself, poor fellow—was a paradox. It was a series of literary successes and commercial misfortunes. In literature, he was a lion—in commerce, a visionary. He knew not how to care for money, yet he had none of those vices which ordinarily reduce men of genius to destitution, and are cloaked beneath the hackneyed phrase, "He

had no enemy but himself." We have him now, in our mind's eye, seated at the table of his pleasant room in the Melbourne Public Library, evolving wondrous schemes for newspapers that were never to come out, and books that were never to be written. His face was a remarkable one—remarkable for its singular beauty. Like Thomson, the poet, he was "a noticeable man, with large grey eyes," and one had but to look into them to perceive at once the light of genius. One peculiar fancy he had was to wander about the city in search of "faces." The writer has accompanied him on many of these weird pilgrimages, which embraced all quarters of the city—from the slums about Little Bourke-street to the aristoctatic precincts of Toorak. In these expeditions, the deceased author's strangest fancies were exhibited. For instance, he would pretend to recognise in living members of the lower orders startling portraits of dead-and-gone celebrities, whom he insisted lived again on earth in their persons. Thus a Collingwood 'bus driver was Julius Cæsar, and a barmaid in a Bourke-street hotel the "positive presentment of Cleopatra." In a like manner he would discover extraordinary beauty in various types of both sexes where none to the ordinary observer existed, and, in the same spirit, was (or professed to be) an enthusiastic admirer of obscure novelists of "Minerva Press" and "Della Cruscan" schools, whose effusions, he would insist, were superior to the best efforts of Lord Lytton. When more than ordinarily pressed by creditors, he used to do what he called "a temporary levant," which consisted in getting a buggy from Cleal's stables, and, accompanied by a friend, driving away in the country. Once well out of the city, he would stop at a small hotel, and, getting out, gravely purchase two long clay pipes and tobacco, and other refreshments, and then drive to some unfrequented spot and "luxuriate." Comfortably settled on the grass, he would assess with great care, the exact salary Dr. Johnson would command on the *Argus*, could he be resuscitated, and would whimsically canvass the position Robespierre would occupy in the Victorian Parliament, could that blood-thirsty person once again figure in the world. These, perhaps, are but trifling reminiscences, but, Heaven knows, they are written in a tender spirit. To those who truly love the literature of this country, every little recollection of the greatest of Australian authors will be eagerly read, and sacredly cherished. He who is gone, cannot be replaced. The gap in the ranks of our literature cannot be filled up.

* * * * * * * *

ALL that is said concerning his eccentric views and eccentric ways of expressing them in conversation is strictly accurate; but it was always difficult to know whether Clarke was altogether in earnest. For Balzac and Victor Hugo he had the profoundest and most sincere admiration; but George Eliot's exquisite pictures of English provincial life had few attractions for him. Dickens, he said, had more genius but less literary culture than Thackeray; and he thought "Barnaby Rudge" Dickens's greatest work. I doubt if he got as much pleasure from either, though, as from Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." His views on religion are public property, and, however much we may disagree with his "Civilisation Without Delusion," there can be no doubt that it displayed a capacity for sustained reasoning on an abstruse subject which few, even among his intimate

friends, had previously given him credit for. His Lordship the Bishop of Melbourne thought it not unworthy of an episcopal reply, which gave rise to Clarke's clever, though too flippant, "Letter." On the subject of politics, at any rate local politics, he was far too artistic by nature to feel the slightest interest. Even the wider problems of political economy had no charm for him, and I can well remember him on being appealed to, after an exhaustive and exhausting economic discussion, in which one or two of our M.L.A.'s had taken part, saying—"There is nothing I have such a contempt for as protection—except free-trade." He was one of the best talkers I have ever met. Like Charles Lamb he had a stutter, which seemed to emphasise and add point to his witticisms. As in his writings, he had the knack of saying brilliant things, and scattering epigrams and *bon mots* with apparent ease, so that in listening to him one felt the pleasure that is derived from such books as Horace Walpole's Correspondence and the French memoir writers. I well remember sitting in his room in the Public Library and listening while he read the opening chapters of his unfinished novel "Felix and Felicitas," which struck me as the beginning of a most brilliant story. It should certainly be published as he left it, and one cannot help regretting that he did not find time and opportunity to finish it. Among his other talents was that of versifying, and some of his more serious efforts rise into the region of poetry. Certain lines of his, which I remember seeing in a lady's album some years ago, had the relish of Mat Prior about them, and he had a rare talent for imitating and burlesquing the style and rhythm of his favorite poets. But I must not run on like this, or I shall fill more than my column with comments and reminiscences about him whose rare gifts all Australians, who have any love for literature, must acknowledge and appreciate.

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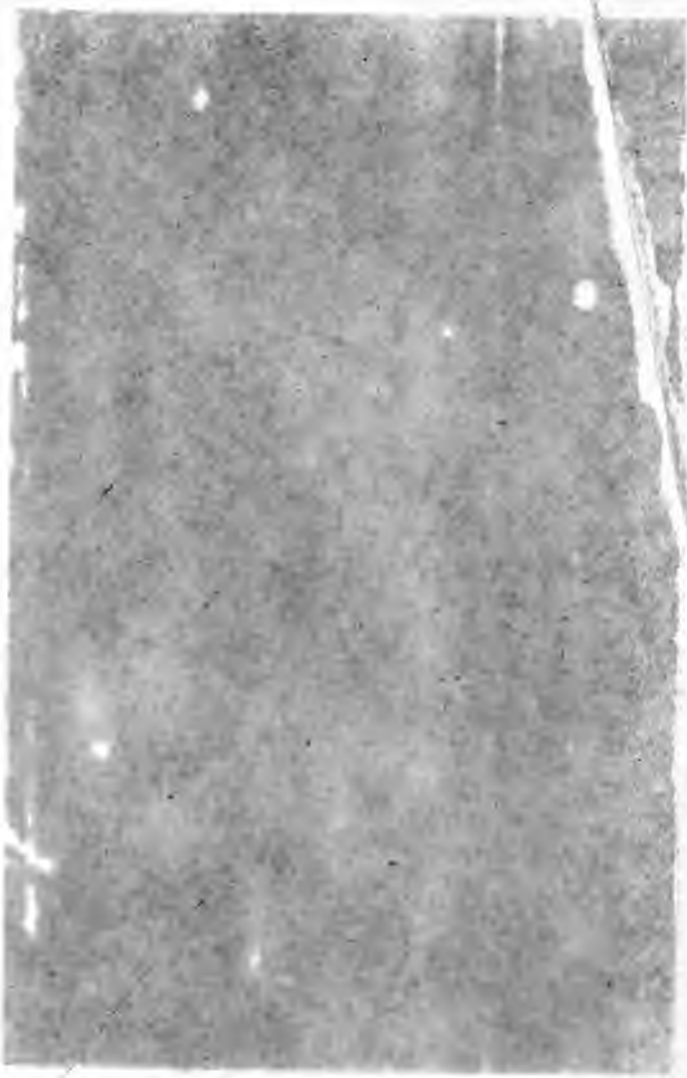

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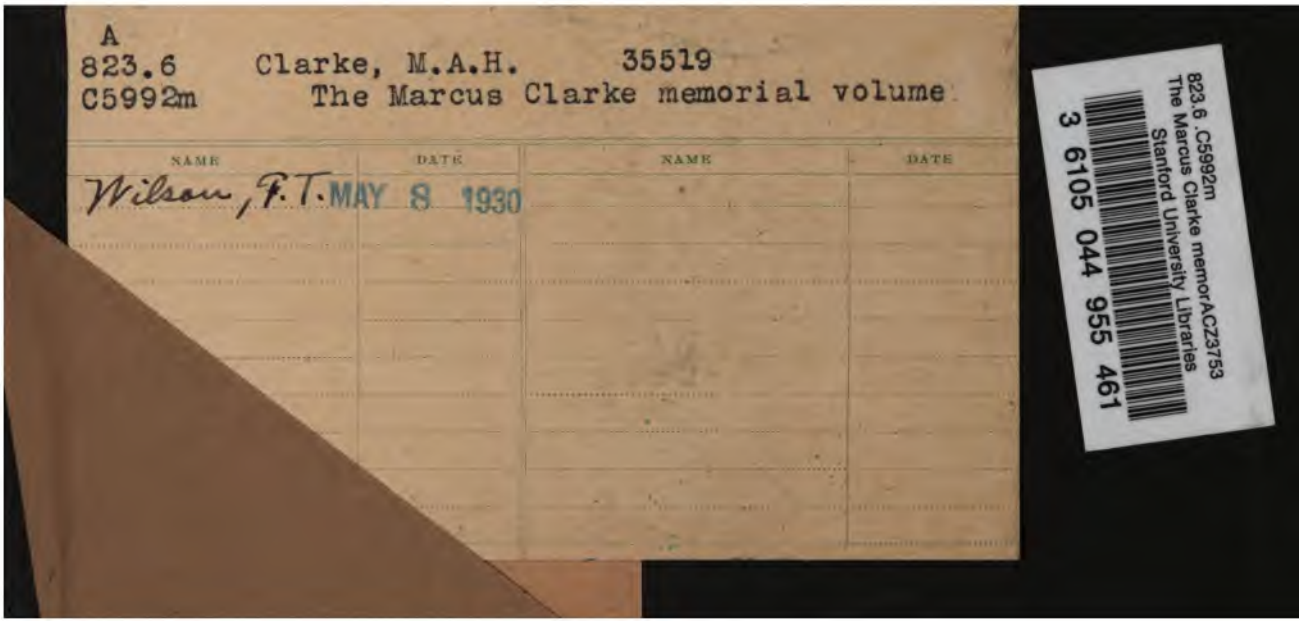
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